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JULY, 1894.

NO. CCCLXIX.



ART. I.—1. *The Life of E. B. Pusey, D.D.* By H. P. LIDDON, D.D. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. London: 1893.

2. *The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster.* By ROWLAND E. PROTHERO. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1894.

THE University of Oxford gave birth in the earlier years of the present century to two rival schools of thought which could not fail to produce a deep, if not a lasting, effect on the Church of England and the secular opinions of the age. These schools of thought were radically opposed in their principles and their tendencies, and the conflict between them, which may be said to have lasted for about thirty years, though it has now lost much of its interest, will be remembered as one of the most important controversies of the century. It shook off the torpor of the Church and the University, and undoubtedly served the cause of progress by directing a keener attention to the fundamental principles of ecclesiastical policy.

The names of the leaders on each side of the battle at once suggest and define the character of the two parties. On the one hand, speaking of them without their titles and offices, were Newman, Manning, Pusey, Keble, and Hurrell Froude, to be followed in another generation by Liddon and Church; on the other, the tradition of liberal opinions in Oxford may be traced back to Whately, Hampden, Arnold, Tait, and Arthur Stanley, down to the Master of Balliol, whose recent loss we deplore. All these divines, to say nothing of their lay coadjutors, were men of great piety and learning, and of unimpeachable sincerity in their vocation. But how great is the contrast!

On the one hand the movement was retrograde, on the other in the direction of light and progress. The Tractarian party was bent on reviving a system of mediæval ecclesiasticism. They adopted as much as they dared of the dogmas and sacraments and ritual of the Church of Rome; they repudiated the fundamental principles of the Reformation; they professed no reverence for the martyrs of Anglican Protestantism; they sought to denationalise the Church of England by reducing it to the limits of a sect, defined by their own narrow dogmatism, and by straining her creeds and formularies; and the ablest members of the party sealed their abjuration of Anglican theology by falling back into the Church of Rome. The fundamental principle of their opponents was to strengthen and extend the influence of the National Church by asserting that a church founded on a Protestant basis, and established by law, must make large concessions to the right of free inquiry, and measure its utility by its comprehensiveness.

Dr. Pusey and Dean Stanley may fairly be regarded as representatives of the two parties, and the recent publication of the biographies placed at the head of this article enables us to follow in some detail the personal details of the contrast. Dr. Pusey has been singularly fortunate in his biographer, who shared to the fullest extent his confidence and his opinions. The life of Dean Stanley has passed through the hands of several eminent men—too eminent indeed to attend to it; but it has been successfully executed at last by a gentleman of great literary ability, less personally acquainted with the subject of his memoir. Mr. Prothero found himself in the position of a sculptor who undertakes to produce a posthumous bust or statue from photographs. He has had to rely chiefly on written evidence. The result is that although he has given us a faithful record of the ecclesiastical contests in which Stanley engaged, we miss something of the marvellous versatility, the gaiety, and the playfulness which shed such an attractive charm over the Dean in social life. As far as their respective lives are concerned, Dr. Pusey was a fossil, embedded in his library, and the only events which befell him were mere domestic incidents. Stanley, on the contrary, was a man of the world, a traveller, a polished writer, an attractive preacher, an admirable *raconteur*, and one of the most brilliant and interesting members of society.

It is certainly a disadvantage in Pusey's life that (regarded as a mere biography) it is planned on too large a scale, the

reason apparently being that Dr. Liddon and his coadjutors, taking that life as a biographical basis of the history of the Church of England during the present century, have made it a kind of nucleus around which the course of events might be permitted to form, co-ordinate, and arrange itself in due chronological order. Nor is there anything particularly objectionable, so far as we can see, in 'a History of England' in the Nineteenth Century according to Dr. Pusey and his 'Evangelists.' Considered from this point of view, of contemporary Church history, we can imagine, due allowance being made for its necessarily *ex parte* nature, few histories possessing a greater interest than these volumes. The events they chronicle, the persons they describe, the controversies they handle, the varied energies, ecclesiastical and political with which they deal, the thousand-form aspects of English society and family life which they portray and illustrate, all combine to give them, even when we are compelled to disagree with the opinions they advocate, a personal and engrossing influence.

Like all eminent men, both Pusey and Stanley owed much in the formation of character to the influence of their mothers; both were ready to admit the force and extent of these filial obligations. The mothers of Pusey and Stanley represent the temperaments and idiosyncrasies of their famous sons. A maternal power and training better calculated to educe a special formation, such as that which Pusey in his 'increase of wisdom and stature' manifested to the world, it would be impossible to conceive. There was, indeed, no need of more than directing his inborn aptitudes and tendencies in the course Nature had already prescribed for them, and for this no mentor could have been better qualified than Lady Lucy Pusey. The enhanced and combined result of a pious austerity on the part of the mother, and a sombre, serious temperament on that of the son, must have been to induce an ungenial, unjoyous gravity in the latter far in excess of his youthful years. Everything, indeed, seems to point out that young Pusey, like a mediæval saint, was a matured ascetic long before he was in his teens. Formalism and asceticism were ordinary conditions of his mother's daily life. Thus we are told:—

'Her time was laid out by rule: a certain portion was always given to reading the Bible and another portion to some book of established literary merit—generally an historical author. She would read this book with a watch at her side (this hyper-cloistral régime is interesting), and as soon as the self-prescribed time for such reading had elapsed,

she eagerly turned to the more congenial task of needlework for charitable purposes. On Sundays, the time before, between, and after the Church services was regularly spent in taking short walks or in reading sermons.

Still more instructive is Pusey's earliest relation to the Church Catechism and the orthodox teaching pertaining to that compendium. Here also the semi-clerical influence of his mother was paramount;—

‘When he had not yet learnt the Church Catechism he used to sit on a footstool at his mother's knee while his elder brother Philip stood and answered questions. One day his mother told him that the time had now come for him to learn the Church Catechism too. He said “I know it.” His mother asked him how he had come to know it. “By hearing Philip say it to you” was the reply . . .’

In later life, when the serious dogmatic youth had developed into the austere orthodox divine, Pusey had no difficulty in analysing the root thought of his mother's influence:—

‘Commenting in 1879 on some statements which had been made in America respecting his religious history Dr. Pusey wrote to a friend:—

“I was educated in the teaching of the Prayer Book. . . . The doctrine of the Real Presence I learnt from my mother's explanation of the Catechism, which she had learnt to understand from older clergy.”’

After a few years' tuition at a private school at Mitcham in Surrey, under the Rev. R. Roberts, Pusey in company with his brother Philip was removed to Eton, then under the rule of Dr. Keate. At Eton his pursuits, studies, and amusements all took for the time being a different direction. It is not without a sense of amusement that one reads the naïve confession:—

‘Of what is called Divinity . . . Eton boys are generally shamefully ignorant.’

Leaving Eton in 1817, Edward Pusey was placed by his father under a private tutor, Dr. Maltby, who many years after became Bishop of Durham. It does not seem that his tutor exercised a very powerful influence on young Pusey's mind. Dr. Liddon informs us characteristically, ‘Maltby, though an excellent scholar, was in no serious sense a theologian,’ by which we are probably to understand that he was not an enthusiastic or ritual religionist—indeed he would seem to have been guilty of something approaching heresy, for Dr. Liddon, adroitly manipulating the wealthy vocabulary pertaining to the *odium theologicum*, accuses him of

doctrinal latitudinarianism, though apparently on no better evidence than his subscribing to a Socinian chapel and to a volume of sermons published by a Socinian minister. But he was well known to be a man of liberal opinions and a Whig.

Before Pusey left the tuition of Maltby, an event befell him which was destined to be of the utmost importance in his after life. He fell in with the lady whom nine years afterwards he married. This was Miss Barker, the youngest daughter of J. R. Barker, of Fairford Park, Gloucester. Pusey was at this time eighteen years of age, while his intended wife was no more than seventeen years old. Dr. Liddon thinks that his preoccupation with reference to Miss Barker may have been one reason why his attachment to University life was not of the warmest kind. It seems evident that Pusey did not derive from the earlier portion of his University life that stimulus, whether intellectual or spiritual, which one might have anticipated from his scholarly and thoughtful disposition. The first great and broad influx of varied excitement which roused his whole being and set him moving in a course, we will not say of progress in the sense of a straight line forward, but in a somewhat vague and indefinable direction of mere intellectual and religious unrest, came from a foreign source. Indeed, if any European country more than another acted the part of an intellectual electric battery, administering through the works of its foremost thinkers a series of shocks to mere traditional convictions and stagnant methods of ratiocination, that country was Germany. With these stimulating influences Pusey came in contact during a residence in Germany, chiefly at the University of Göttingen. He was induced to take this step by his friend Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, and undoubtedly for a young scholar like Pusey, whose dogmatic training still left unexpended no small quantity of intellectual curiosity and receptivity, no advice could be wiser. Those were days when the names and influences of men like Gesenius, Wegscheider, and De Wette on the one hand, and Schleiermacher, Neander, Hengstenberg, and Tholuck on the other were powerful and paramount, not in Germany only but in every country of Europe. But the name of all others by which Pusey was fascinated, and by whose teaching he was especially benefited, was that of Eichhorn and by the still more famous name of Eichhorn's greatest pupil, Ewald. Although the fame of the latter is still a living power of no small activity and efficacy, the

name and learned labours of the former are, it may be feared, fast passing into oblivion. Yet it may be doubted whether a fame of greater potency in theological and biblical learning diffused its lustre during the second and third decades of the present century. That Eichhorn exercised on Pusey that peculiar stimulus which marked his intercourse with young students is certain, though Pusey's admission of the fact is qualified by the narrower range of his theological sympathies. Thus we are told that when Pusey attended a course of Eichhorn's lectures on the Book of Moses 'he was struck by the lecturer's total insensibility to the real religious import of the narrative.' It has always seemed to us that Pusey was 'harder hit' by his intercourse with Eichhorn, Schleiermacher, and other liberal German teachers than he was at the time aware, or cared subsequently to avow. Especially on the crucial point of biblical inspiration he repeatedly took occasion of explaining his own semi-German exposition of the doctrine so that it should harmonise with the verbal dictation, which was substantially the view he maintained of it up to the end of his life. It can hardly provoke surprise in the case of a thinker so morbidly narrow, and we must add so superstitious, as Pusey, that his deliberate and written defence of 'Liberalism in theology' became the one great sin of his life, to be expiated if possible by ascetic usages and self-sacrifices of every kind. Thus when he regarded the early death of his wife as a punishment for sins of his own, it would seem that the greatest of the sins which demanded such an expiatory sacrifice was his publication of his 'Enquiry into the Probable Causes of the Rationalistic Character of the Theology of Germany.' It is certain that after 1841, when the book was made a charge against him, he suppressed it, and confirmed the suppression in his will. What is still more curious in this particular relation, and is a further illustration of his general opinion that he was the victim of a certain Nemesis of unexpiated guilt, is his famous inscription for the porch of St. Saviour's Church at Leeds—itsself built with expiatory money and as the expression of a profoundly penitent and expiatory resolve—'Ye who enter this Holy place, pray for the sinner who built it,' as well as that on the first stone laid, 'In the name of the Penitent.'

The year 1828 was signalised for Pusey by two events of prime importance. He was appointed to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew, and he was married to Miss Barker. The earlier years of his married life were probably the

happiest he ever knew, though in this, as in every other phase or incident of his lot, his environment, or the circumstances amid which he acted, were of an extremely austere or pietistic kind. We are assured, perhaps unnecessarily, that his letters to his future wife were largely hortatory, and dealt with religious questions and doctrines. Dr. Liddon seems a little doubtful how far the term 'courting' could be applied to a correspondence in which the rôle of father confessor pairs off, not unfittingly, with that of a humble and submissive penitent. In any case, the young lady was—as it behoved a future Mrs. Pusey to be—thoroughly disciplined and well grounded in all the dogmatic requisites of what was beginning to be recognised as Anglicanism. The result was that in most respects the match was a most happy one. True, the felicity was partly chequered, partly also enhanced and intensified, by the trials of married life. Pusey's occasional illness and the death of his children served to increase the devotion with which he regarded his wife; so that her own gradual debility, and in the course of a few years her unexpected death, produced a severance in his own life and its vital interests which was never afterwards completely healed.

But his marriage was not the only event which made the years 1828 to 1830 noteworthy in Pusey's career. In 1829 he took up his residence at Christ Church, and commenced his Hebrew Lectures. At this juncture also the death of his closest friend, Lloyd, the liberal Bishop of St. Asaph, threw him more closely and exclusively into the arms of Newman and his school. We may note in passing that the death of Lloyd was one of the most critical events of Pusey's life, and produced a greater influence on his future career than either himself or his friends were able at the time to prognosticate. Pusey, as he is known to Englishmen—the leader, for the time being, of political and ecclesiastical society in Oxford—a recognised religious teacher of a growing party in the English Church—a commentator of biblical and expounder of patristic writings, whose authority was increasing at a ratio in considerable excess of its real merit—in a word, Pusey as the many-sided embodiment of an idea of a particular learning, culture, and school, whose leavening influence, though not perhaps on the increase, is still active in our Church and nation, begins at this point.

Here, therefore, by the mere exigencies of a position continually becoming more influential and commanding, we come in contact with Pusey as a controversialist. It was, in

sooth, a critical and controversial time. The political and ecclesiastical worlds were becoming arenas of restlessness and conflict. Already camps were being formed, troops were being drilled, schools of thought were being demarcated; in every direction the battle was being set in array; indeed, the noise of the contending forces might be said to be already penetrating the inner circle of Pusey's family life. Both zeal and activity were needed in the coming contest. To the morbid apprehensions of Pusey, as of Newman, the foes, not of the Church National, but the Church Catholic, were bringing up their forces. What was at stake were not the interests of the English Church, but those of the so-called Anglicanism—the Church that was based on the Apostolical succession, on the supernatural grace of the Sacraments, and by those bases manifested her share in the Church Catholic, which included the Roman and Greek Church in its œcumenical limits. To these men the Church as the spiritual teacher of the nation—as, indeed, the *nation itself* regarded from the standpoint of Englishmen's opinions, wants, and aspirations—ceased to exist. Instead of reason, or faith qualified and sobered by reason, Englishmen were assigned a spiritual and sacerdotal authority as the basis of their creed and the foundation and proof of all religious truth. It does not need a very profound reading into the main scheme of Pusey's life and thought to perceive that all the controversies in which he was engaged, leaving out the few that were political, and which occurred at the starting point of his Oxford life, turn round this as the one great centre of all his spiritual and intellectual activities. We need only to remember this in order to account for, and in no small measure to justify, the antagonism which beset him during his ecclesiastical and professorial career. For however much we may deprecate such an antagonism, we must not forget that the new directions of thought and religious feeling into which Pusey, Newman, and their Oxford allies would fain lead the minds of their countrymen were wholly un-English. What they condemned in bulk as 'Liberalism in theology' duly analysed and investigated represented principles which for the last three centuries had been recognised standards of English thought, not only in theology, but in politics, and in scientific and general culture. Thus the substitution of the Church, the power of the priesthood, the doctrine of sacramental grace *ex opere operato*, was a virtual surrender of all the most cherished principles of the Reformation. The claims of the Bible, ancient, well-authenticated, and approved, were

compelled to yield to those of the Church. The principle of toleration; the theory that the limits of Christianity were comprehensive enough to embrace every form of it, which on the highest view of divine Revelation had some claim to such comprehension; the large and wholesome doctrine that the *Church of England* meant what the words so obviously implied, the inclusion of every Christian belief which Christ would hold to be such; the belief that individual fitness, religion, and learning in the clergy were to give place to supernatural, extraneously communicated grace, derived from apostolical succession—a belief which Arnold rightly designated as ‘a mischievous superstition’—all these principles would have to be surrendered if the new ecclesiasticism were to take root and be promulgated in their stead. Englishmen had only gained this civil and religious liberty by a series of hard-fought struggles, the remembrance of which was still keenly operative in the memories of their forefathers. Were these old times of sacerdotal intolerance again to return? Certainly the signs of the times, the characters, aims, and tendencies, whether overt or disguised, of ruling powers and persons in Church and State were strangely alike. Then, as now, there were claims of sacerdotal privilege, sanctioning the most unscrupulous exclusiveness and intolerance. Then, as now, the autocratic power of the priesthood, the potency of the Sacraments were regarded as primary truths. Then, as now, the sin of schism was magnified, and Dissenters were sentenced without compunction to everlasting punishment.

The immediate cause of the ‘Tracts’ is a matter we need not here discuss. The recent death of J. H. Newman has once more brought the Oxford Movement prominently before the notice of the cultivated people of England. Dr. Liddon thinks it ought to be ascribed to a reaction against the thought of the eighteenth century combined with certain minor agencies of a diversified kind, such as the renewed attention to mediævalism both in speculation and in action (a phase of thought popularly represented by the *Waverley Novels*); the rise and developement of that hybrid spiritualism commonly identified with the name of Coleridge; and lastly with Evangelicalism, to which it was related as a complementary force. At first sight nothing can seem more philosophical than this elaborate enumeration of secondary causes. Unfortunately, however, like most of Dr. Liddon’s incursions into the domain of the philosophy of history, it will not bear investigation. The movement is too confined in its objects,

too merely local in its reach, to make such a broad basis needful. Besides which, the causes enumerated are too recondite and obscure, and they have the further disadvantage of ignoring what seems to us one of the chief factors in the general movement, viz. the enormous personal influence of Pusey, Newman, and Keble. If it were only possible to separate those of the Tractites who were dominated by the personal character and writings of these leaders from those who were actuated by either, any, or all of the causes enumerated by Dr. Liddon, the disproportion in point of numbers and influence would be simply overwhelming.

Indeed, Dr. Liddon's own feebleness and perversity when he has to deal with large philosophical issues of an historical problem are instructively shown by his estimate of the cause or origin of broad or latitudinarian opinions in the English Church. He attributes the inception and developement of these broad opinions to one man, Blanco White. We confess to a feeling of more than surprise at this preposterous judgement, not less because it contains an aspersion on the moral outcome of his teaching which can only be attributed to a sudden and virulent outbreak of *odium theologicum*. The passage runs as follows:—

‘Of Blanco White’s positive influence it is not too much to say that he is the real founder of the modern or latitudinarian school in the English Church. Whately and Hampden were in different senses his pupils, Arnold and even Hawkins felt his positive influence, so less directly. Many years before he became a professed Socinian, his eager, remorseless, unappeasable dialectic was gnawing away at all that was fundamental in the Christian creed and life. To minds with a bias towards a meagre creed and an *easy theory of living* he was a welcome teacher. Whately and Hampden sat at his feet as he laid down his theories in subjects of which they knew nothing, or pointed out supposed corruptions of Christianity, Primitive, Anglican, and even Protestant no less than Roman, with the confidence that no one among his hearers could answer him.’

It is impossible to animadvert too strongly on the words above italicised. If they have any meaning at all they imply that Blanco White’s painful search for truth was consciously attended in the minds of his most illustrious pupils by a proportionate laxity of moral conduct. Either Dr. Liddon was acquainted with his life (by Thom) or he was not. If he was he must have known that increase of breadth and freedom in his speculations was attended by an increased austerity of his morality and life.

To start the ‘broad’ among the other sections of the

English Church with Blanco White seems hardly less preposterous than to ignore all the other emotional and evangelical stirrings in the Church in mediæval as in modern times. We cannot therefore wonder at the alarm of Englishmen, or be surprised at the popular belief that 'the Tracts' indicated a conspiracy against their liberties, political and religious. Doubtless they overrated the danger, and they estimated at far less than their real profundity the firm hold which the principles of Protestantism and Biblical teaching had long since obtained over the English mind. Looking back over the last six decades of our ecclesiastical history, we are now able to perceive how true this is, and how brief was the sway of 'the Tracts,' and even of 'the Library of the Fathers,' over the convictions of cultured Englishmen and Churchmen.

Dr. Liddon seems to us not to have laid that stress on the personal influence of the leaders of the movement which he ought to have done, and this is a defect which in a biographer of the chief among them cannot easily be condoned. We may accept Pusey's relation to the Tract movement as giving us the keynote of his creed and the theological activity of his subsequent life. What that creed was we need not further investigate. In all likelihood his actual approach to Romanism has been occasionally exaggerated. This seems sufficiently shown by his relations with Newman after his friend had passed the Rubicon. Just as Wilkes protested that he never was a Wilkite, so Pusey would have denied that, in the extreme sense of the term, he ever was a 'Puseyite.*' But though he was never a professed Romanist, he approximated closely enough to that system to partake of its most salient mischiefs. It is indeed difficult to see what misbeliefs he could have derived from Romanism *pur et simple* which he did not acquire from that deteriorated form of it which he actually possessed. Intolerance, exclusiveness, narrowness, sacerdotalism, official pride and ritual ostentation, from whatever source they

* It is said that he greatly objected to the word, substituting for it the term Newmanism, which some of his friends also employed. Dr. Liddon tells us (ii. p. 139) that he greatly disliked such a use of his name: it reminded him of the party tries at Corinth condemned by St. Paul, it contradicted that feature of the English Reformation which he was never weary of extolling, that it had not been identified with any human name, such as that of Cranmer or Ridley. In later life, in his more playful moods he would sometimes speak of a man's being condemned for being an ITE—but he never pronounced the word in full.

proceed, are *ora mala*, and the crow, which according to the proverb must have laid them, must needs share their ill quality.

On the remaining incidents of Pusey's life, as they are set forth in these volumes, we need dwell no further. He had now taken up, not altogether of his own choice, the position he retained to the end of his life—that of leader of the High Church, Tractarian, or Puseyite party. For such a position his qualifications were obvious. Besides the training of the greater part of his life his disposition and temperament—narrow, severely austere, intensely obstinate, and passionately dogmatic—fitted him to be a leader of a dogmatic party. His learning was of a patristic, ecclesiastical kind, fitting him to be, what he soon became, an authoritative referee on all questions and issues of an ecclesiastical kind. This authoritative position soon proved a source of danger. Whatever university societies, ecclesiastical and cathedral cliques might think of the Tract movement and its propaganda, there was no question as to its unpopularity among the middle classes of English society. This class formed the backbone of English Nonconformity and of political Liberalism, and their preponderating influence soon made itself felt in a rapidly growing anti-tractarian agitation. Besides these were the Evangelical party, both without and within the bounds of the Church. The influence of missionary and other societies, the *clientèle* of every prominent organ in the religious press, each proved a focus of a more or less anti-Romanising movement. It was no use to deny that the effects of the Tract movement were Romanising. Not only was this demonstrated by the new doctrines which English Churchmen had up to this period never heard of, such as purgatory, confession, prayers for the dead, but there was still more decisive proof of the continual secessions after the memorable and leading one of Newman's. We can now hardly realise the alarm of the English Churchman and patriot when he received tidings, day after day, of some secession or act of apostasy, tending, as he thought, to prove the growth of Roman Catholicism in the English Church and realm.

Pusey was then, we may say, with the broadest generalisation his character will admit of, a born sacerdotalist: austere, narrow, and in many respects fanatical and bigoted. The conception of an extraneous authority, as that to which all men ought to pay allegiance, gives us the objective relation of the Church and its subjects; the conviction of Divine power, of superhumanly imparted grace &c. gives us the subjective

feeling of the priest and fatherly confessor. For reason, conscience, for independence and responsibility, there is no longer room. Priestly autocrats and priestly thralls: into these two categories it is proposed to divide all the members of the Church without distinction. It is a conception startlingly full of superstition, of narrowness, and of ignorance. It is wholly devoid of philosophic breadth, of scientific impartiality. The progress of science and enlightenment from the middle ages to the nineteenth century is really ignored. Pusey reasons on the laws of the world, on the relation of Deity to humanity, pretty much as a mediæval monk might do. That a righteous God could regard with favour one church or section of his people while he discarded all the rest; that he could mark with a condition of salvation his own church, while all dissidents from that church were set aside for everlasting punishment; that the mere act of being baptised with water or receiving certain consecrated elements was an infallible mode of receiving Divine grace or favour, while all other means of attaining that grace were accidental in their operation—such were some of the main principles upon which Pusey formed his conclusions, speculative and practical, as well as moulded his life. Doubtless these principles are for the most part consistent each with the other. Narrow they may be, impregnated with the most mischievous evils and tendencies of sacerdotalism.

If we take susceptibility or non-susceptibility of varied culture as forming the prime distinction between Pusey and Stanley, few homes could offer greater advantages, few centres of maternal influence and home training suited for a frank, genial, yet withal shy and reserved child, such as Arthur Stanley was in his earlier years, than his father's rectory of Alderley. Of this home, its quiet picturesque environment and charming society, Dr. Bradley gives us a very pleasing picture. Want of space, however, compels us to pass by these earlier years of Arthur Stanley's childhood and to start his intellectual life when in truth it really commenced, at his entry into Rugby School and first acquaintance with Dr. Arnold, 1829.

There is a point in the early years of every man of character when, after the period of semi-somnolence which not unfittingly follows the child ushered into the world, when paternal and home influences are ceasing to exercise their self-centred power, when the man himself, the individual intellect, the centre of independence, begins in a pronounced,

determined manner to move. This important point, which occurred to Pusey soon after the death of Bishop Lloyd and his returning to England from Germany, begins with Stanley on his leaving for Rugby and his acquaintance with Dr. Arnold. Not the least fascinating part of Dean Bradley and Mr. Prothero's combined work is the picturesque account of Stanley's first introduction to the great schoolmaster—the acknowledged leader of advanced liberalism both in Church and State. This portrayal of his revered master is all the more interesting from its reminding us of more than one similar representation in Stanley's *Life of Arnold*. The description is contained in a letter to his sister Mary, who was his most constant correspondent for the greater part of his life. After describing his journey to Rugby, the letter proceeds (i. p. 38):—

'Papa and I then walked to Dr. Arnold's, and presently Mrs. Arnold came in—she was very nice indeed. At last came the Doctor himself; but I certainly should not have taken him for a doctor. He was very pleasant and did not look old. When papa asked him if I could be examined, he said that if I would walk into the next room he would do it himself; so of course I went with him, with a feeling like that when I am going to have a tooth drawn: so he took down a Homer and I read about half a dozen lines and the same with Virgil; he then asked me a little about my Latin verses, and set me down without any more ado as placed in the fourth form.'

Of all extraneous influences to which Stanley was subjected, and to which when congenial he responded with such ready susceptibility, there was none to equal the overmastering power of Arnold. He came under this intellectual and spiritual quickening just at that period of matured adolescence when thoughtful young men are peculiarly sensitive to the electric impulse and shock of thought; and the influence as a personal force became daily strengthened in compass and sensitiveness until that fatal morning in June when the news reached him of the death of the master, and the spiritual scion and devoted disciple had to betake himself to bed to recover from the crushing prostration of his loss. To live in close touch with Arnold was to live in close communication with every noble and Christian stimulus—with every humane and moral energy—in throbbing activity not only in England but throughout Christendom. Whatever was done for human progress and enlightenment—for the diminution and extirpation of every form of human evil—for the spread of a simple form of Christianity as the culmination of man's moral and social

excellence, had the cordial sympathy of Arnold of Rugby; and Stanley, destined to become his favourite pupil, soon learned to partake of the same hopes and interests, and to exercise, so far as possible, the same energies. This influence, commenced at Rugby, increased rapidly during Stanley's brilliant university career. Of course, this does not mean merely that, as has been sometimes remarked, Stanley saw all objects through Dr. Arnold's teaching. What strikes us even more than anything in the peculiarities of character disclosed by his life at the university is his combined impulsiveness and receptivity—his eager tendency to enthusiasm, whether in spiritual or intellectual subjects. Thus he responded keenly to the tolerant breadth, the political liberalism, the masculine intellect of Dr. Arnold, but his response was hardly less eager to the attractive qualities of Newman. Like all the thoughtful young men of the time, his mind reflected sympathetically the subtle eloquence of the prophet of Highgate. He was stirred to veneration by the sober rationalism of Julius Hare, the many-sided liberal sympathies of Sterling, the robust common sense of Carlyle. In a word, his mind was in a state of perpetual excitation, irradiating different phases of current controversies, appreciating the various and oftentimes the sharply contrasted qualities of literary eminence with a sublime indifference to reasoned consistency or logic, of which he was singularly deficient, as he was of the mathematical faculty, and even of the sense of taste and smell. Not unfrequently, indeed, the impulsiveness and capacity for excitation of his mind and the catholicity of his sympathies seemed to pass into his volition, and was one primary cause of that want of decision so rightly prominent in his biography as one of the keynotes of his character, and which he himself bemoaned so bitterly in all the critical conjunctures of his life. It will probably be a cause of surprise to some of his readers, as it certainly was a revelation to ourselves, how great was his sympathy with the Newmanites and with principles which in their true meaning and outcome stood apart by the breadth of a universe from those which formed the bases of his own character. Thus we are assured by his biographers:—

‘Even when at the furthest point from sympathising in the fundamental change which had come over the views of his friend Ward, he never fails to do justice to what he considers best in the Tractarian leaders and their teaching. In every line his letters show how natural to him had already become the attitude towards opposing currents of

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religious feeling which he maintained throughout life. To his temperament it was congenial to interpret in its best sense language which those to whom he spoke or wrote regarded with aversion. . . .

‘But at the beginning of 1838 Stanley showed decided symptoms of passing from impartial appreciation into active personal sympathy with the Tractarian movement. A real, though transitory change passed over his mind. He paused to review his whole position. His disquietude both from the uncertainty of his academical future and from the religious influences by which he was surrounded is best disclosed in extracts from his letters, e.g.—

“Your letter about my turning Newmanist came strangely in accordance with my own state of mind about it, now. Not that I am turned or am turning Newmanist, but I do feel that the crisis in my opinions is coming on, and that the difficulties which I find in my present views are greater than I thought they were, and that here, at Oxford, I am in the presence of a magnificent and consistent system shooting up on every side, whilst all that I see here against it is weak and grovelling.”

The narrative of Stanley's brilliant university career forms in our judgement one of the most interesting portions of the two volumes. Its most distinguishing feature seems to us his eager, sensitive interest in all causes, questions, and controversies, political no less than ecclesiastical, which could engross the attention of the mature man of culture. Though immersed necessarily in his own university progress, especially when engaged in the task of obtaining the Ireland Scholarship, the Newdigate Prize, and his double first in ‘Greats,’ he was all the while intent on those political, theological, and generally cosmopolitan questions which lay far outside the limits of his academic life. Nor was there any abatement in his engrossing interest in those larger questions when he took orders. He was ordained in 1839, and his biographers give an interesting account of his characteristic method of allaying—perhaps more than surmounting—his doubts on the Athanasian Creed. We can readily imagine the excellent effect of Stanley's interest in all kinds of cultural, political, and semi-secular affairs in preventing the growth of a narrow clerical spirit, such as too commonly attends the exchange of academic for parochial work. Doubtless Stanley's temperament was too constitutionally anti-ecclesiastical to afford ground for much apprehension on this score. What danger there was, however, was effectually nullified by tours on the Continent, by continued attention to academic questions, by cultivating the society of learned and distinguished personages. His curiosity and love of novelty were insatiable. To visit historic places, to converse with eminent men, to witness great events and cere-

monies, were the pleasures of his life ; but his curiosity once gratified he did not return to them ; even a book once read was thrown aside. Not a little of the interest of his biography arises from the method of dispersing picturesque anecdotes, graphic and humorous touches, among the graver records of the narrative. For all of these, however, we are indebted to Stanley himself, not to his biographers, who have manifested a wise reticence in suppressing as much as possible their own literary tastes and idiosyncrasies. So far as we have noticed, nothing could be more judicious and tactful than these selections of descriptive writing. Some of the sketches have the graphic power, the accurate sketching, the unobtrusive humour, the lively colouring of a cabinet picture. Here, for instance, is a sketch which might be placed in juxtaposition with Crabb Robinson's entertaining memoranda of the same events. It describes one of Rogers's celebrated breakfast parties, when Stanley enjoyed a conversation between the poet host and Wordsworth :—

‘The great feature of the breakfast was the lively and protracted dialogue of the two poets. Whenever I had seen Wordsworth before he was stiff or prosy, but on this occasion he not only gave birth to several wise remarks on words and metre, but it was beautiful to see the playful way in which he and his brother poet sported together and bantered each other on their respective habits. It was exactly the *town* and *country mouse*. The *town* mouse a sleek, well-fed, sly, *white* mouse, and the *country* mouse with its rough weather-worn face and grey hairs, the *town* mouse displaying its delicate little rolls and pyramids of glistening strawberries, the *country* mouse exulting in its hollow tree, its crust of bread and liberty, and rallying its brother on his late hours and frequent dinners.’ (l. p. 298.)

Of a more serious and enthusiastic kind is his anecdote of Arnold's inaugural lecture. He had been appointed Professor of Modern History in 1841, after some years of obloquy and misrepresentation as the leading and most outspoken Whig both in political and ecclesiastical matters. Not the least of his Liberal misdemeanours was his celebrated article in these pages on ‘The Oxford Malignants and Dr. Hampden,’ which, to Stanley's rose-water methods of settling such controversies, seemed to be vitiated by ‘intemperate language.’ The disciple ventured, indeed, to remonstrate with the master, but with the effect only of drawing from him a reply, not of penitence, but of sympathy. The illustration of the contrasted moral fibre of two such variedly constituted men is instructive. Great was the excitement which pervaded not the University only, but the whole of

England, on the occasion of Arnold's delivery of his inaugural lecture. Here, as in his 'Life,' Stanley rises to the occasion. Writing home on the evening of the same day he describes the memorable event:—

'No one who has not witnessed the very thin attendance upon the usual lectures of professors can fully appreciate my delight at seeing the crowds of men standing till the theatre doors were open. There was a regular rush—you know the inside of the theatre; the whole of the area and the lower gallery were completely filled—such an audience as no professor ever lectured to before—larger even than to hear the famous inaugural lecture by Hampden.

'In the Vice-Chancellor came at last in state, and behind him Arnold in his full doctoral robes, and took his place amidst a burst of applause. It was most striking, and to all who had been at Rugby most affecting, to see him at last standing there in his proper place, receiving the homage of the assembled University, and hear him addressing them in that clear manly voice which one has known and loved so well. It lasted for an hour, was listened to with the deepest attention, and closed, as it had begun, with universal applause.'

It was not long after this memorable scene, which dwelt in lines of equal light, strength, and beauty on Stanley's memory, that he drew a companion picture, in lines of more than common blackness. Arnold died, with a suddenness nothing less than terrific and overwhelming, on June 12, 1842. The effect of this event on Stanley it would be impossible to estimate. Its full importance he himself probably never appreciated at anything like its equivalent. With a suddenness which added tenfold to its weird solemnity, the main prop of Stanley's intellectual life was removed, and the fate of those who rely on external support was illustrated in his own case. Indeed, there seemed to be a boding coincidence between the immediate physical prostration which the bereavement caused and its crushing mental effect for a long time after. We are told that 'the shock 'so completely overwhelmed Stanley that he was obliged to 'take to his bed for some hours.'

The death of Arnold we take as one of the turning points of Stanley's life—the death of his wife being the other. The effect of the former was largely moral and intellectual, while the result of the latter was to no small extent physically weakening and depressing: We have noticed, incidentally, how greatly Pusey's career suffered, intellectually and religiously, from the death of Bishop Lloyd. At a critical conjuncture of his life the event took away that influence of a calming, moderating kind which Pusey most needed, and to a much greater extent the same remarks might be made

of Stanley's loss. Throughout his early life, almost from the day he entered Rugby, Arnold had been in every sense Stanley's master. He was strong especially in just that point of his character formation where Stanley was weak—in moral and intellectual strength, in masculine robustness of character, in vigorous and unwavering determination of volition; for though Stanley possessed, in its ultimate determinations, a mind of his own, and this in reference even to Arnold himself—indeed, we have seen how he ventured to expostulate with his master for his intemperate language in his paper on 'The Oxford Malignants and Dr. Hampden'—yet he was subject to moods of indecision which not only made his conclusions uncertain to his friends, but imparted no little distress to himself. There is, indeed, no point of his character which he bemoans more frequently or more profoundly. Now as long as his revered master lived he had a counsellor at his elbow. There was no hesitation in his mind as, e.g., to the issues of the Hampden controversy, the Tract movement, the relation of the State to the Church, or any other question mooted at the time. But with his death were removed the strong masculine self-assertion, the vigorous, coherent, sometimes lengthy ratiocination—the clear, decisive volition—faculties, processes, and issues of which Stanley was incapable, or at least greatly impatient. It has been said that Stanley was incapable of those mental processes which precede definitive conclusions. Some measure of truth must be allowed to the allegation. This was the keynote of his abhorrence of arithmetic, geometry, mathematics, logic, ratiocination, especially of a formal kind, and as we have seen is quite homogeneous with his mental habit of holding important conclusions, both speculative and practical, in a kind of uncertain flux. It is frequently insisted on by his biographers, who, however, have not pointed out that it probably had a physical source. This seems to us both suggested and confirmed by a correspondence which appeared some years ago in the pages of the 'Athenæum.' Here Mr. Lemuel Chester, the well-known antiquary, *à propos* of Stanley's notoriously bad handwriting, mentions that some letters of Stanley's, which he had supplied to American friends as autographs, had been returned by them with a request for *translation*, since they were written in a language which American scholars could not understand. Whereupon another correspondent, Mr. Max Müller, relates an anecdote of his once complaining to Stanley of the difficulty he found in writing

on account of his having what the Germans call *Schreibekrampf*, on which his interlocutor replied, 'Don't you know that I have had something of the same kind all my life? I cannot control my fingers, and that is why my handwriting has always been so wretched.' It does not need a large amount of medical knowledge, and especially of nervous diseases and functions, to be aware that this inability of moving the fingers or hand in a particular direction is symptomatic of irresolution on a much larger scale. In point of fact, though the symptom is physical, it is conjoined with, and is often an indication of, mental irresolution and instability. Arnold's death took away what would have been the best possible intellectual tonic for Stanley's mental weakness, the most effective antidote for his occasional attacks of what would seem to be a kind of neurosis. It is plain to any one who knows the controversies of the time that Arnold, in the lifetime of the two men, inspired far greater fear than Stanley. Manifestly Arnold was the stronger of the two. Not only was Stanley too indecisive, he was too amiable and gentle—if the term be allowed, too effeminate—to carry out *vi et armis* a controversy, not only to an extreme point, but even to a stage of approximate or probable victory.

His biographers have not neglected such an obvious factor in his mental history as is furnished by Arnold's influence; and if we pass over certain blemishes from which other portions of the volumes are not free, such as repetition and desultoriness, the pages in which they have treated the subject are among the best in the book. The subject is combined naturally and effectively with the event by which Stanley asserted definitively his academic position, taking equal rank with Pusey as one of the leaders of opinion in Oxford. This was the preaching of his University sermons on 'The Apostolic Age.' It was inevitable that Oxford discerned the significance of the new aspect of things disclosed, as so many Oxford changes have been, from the pulpit of St. Mary's.

'Henceforward he was regarded,' say the authors, 'as one of the leaders in the movement which culminated in the appointment of the University Commission—the foundation of the Museum for the encouragement of scientific studies, and the removal of all restrictions, theological, local, and professional.'

In short, Stanley had now taken up that position which he never afterwards relinquished, and if we add to it the influence of Jowett, which fills up the later half of Stanley's

life as Arnold did the earlier, we have it continued without break or failure to the present day.

The next few years of Stanley's life were marked by domestic trials of a very severe kind. The death of his father, the wise and liberal Bishop of Norwich, was followed, at the interval of only a few months, by the deaths of his two brothers. Ampler space and a more detailed consideration of the liberalising influences which fostered so wisely the same tendencies in Stanley's own career must needs have included paternal teaching and example. These, indeed, were wholesome influences, regarded not only as family legacies, but as teachings of a 'Father of the Church' to his ecclesiastical scions and descendants.

As a solace in his painful bereavements Stanley plunged heart and soul into hard work. Besides completing his delightful *Life of Arnold*, he undertook the arduous duties of secretary to the University Commission. The office added, to his ecclesiastical pre-eminence in Oxford a political position equally commanding. Henceforward his name must be identified with that series of legislative measures which transmuted a sectarian seminary, the home of intolerance and exclusive privilege, to a national, imperial, we might almost pass to the ultimate stage of comprehensiveness, and add cosmopolitan, institution. Every inducement that could urge Stanley in the noble career he henceforward pursued was present in his adoption of ecclesiastical liberalism. Not that he desired to identify himself and his political aspirations with the popular measures of the Whig Government, though it is true that they shared for the most part his interests and energies. University reform had been the dream of the most enlightened statesmen and ecclesiastics for at least a century previously. It had been the cherished wish—one of many similar in a large, liberal, comprehensive creed—of his father, 'the Whig Bishop of Norwich.' Above all, Arnold had taken up the question with the far-sighted fearlessness, the inborn zeal for toleration and charity which were fundamental points of his character. Though for a long time vehemently opposed by some prominent statesmen—and by no man with more combined determination and ability than by Mr. Gladstone—the Oxford University Commission was ultimately granted by Parliament. The report, however, was not issued till nearly two years afterwards, May 1852, the two years thus covered by its labours being probably the most hard-working of Stanley's life.

Probably few of those who now have the opportunity of

looking into the various and diversified energies by which his life was at this period marked have been aware of the enormous amount of hard work he contrived to compress into it. He undoubtedly would never have been able to accomplish it without the occasional refreshment of foreign travel. About every two years, sometimes even oftener, he contrived to steal a few months for a species of learned relaxation specially adapted for a man of his intellectual temperament and emotional susceptibilities. There are men who may be described, by an image taken from nerve structures, as bundles of enthusiasms. Stanley might be described as a naked bundle of intellectual nerves and ganglia of varying degrees of sensitiveness and excitation. Among the most sensitive of these enthusiasms was his intense passion for travel, especially over historic ground. For magnificent scenery, for scientific objects of travel, for works of art, he does not seem to have cared; but when historical associations, whether biblical or classical, or those of later history, came in, his passionate eagerness was of the most persistent and devouring kind. Hence his tours were undertaken in relation to some series of historical events, or for the actual realised illustration of learned works. His learned interests were thus largely confined to antiquarian or archæological knowledge, or to the verification or geographical representation of some scene or event in history, and were chiefly confined to tours in countries of ancient tradition, such as Palestine and Egypt, Greece and Italy. One such classical tour he undertook in 1840 and 1841; another, the first of his Palestinian tours, in 1851-2.

It was on his return to England from this excursion that he received his next ecclesiastical preferment, being made a Canon of Canterbury Cathedral. The appointment certainly lent itself to his historical pursuits. Next to Westminster there was no cathedral city so well adapted to Stanley's historical and antiquarian tastes. To be connected so closely with the spot where Cæsar landed, with ruins and localities associated with Augustine's mission, to share the duties of a cathedral wherein, in addition to other hardly less important associations, an event took place so dramatic and sensational as the murder of Thomas à Becket, seemed to be the very climax of fitness. What Canterbury was for Stanley, he has himself told us in his well-known 'Historical Memorials.'

But however natural was Stanley's connexion with Canterbury, it was not destined to long continuance. In 1856 he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford,

and began his lectures in the following year. As far as his literary works are concerned we may regard this as the most important event in his career. The duties of the professorship were, it is true, not wholly unsuited to Stanley's type of intellect; but however great his attachment to history, especially to its picturesque phases, Stanley was not a philosopher, nor in the fullest sense of the term a theologian. He could never have written a good *Dogmengeschichte*, or considered the growth of dogma from the point of evolution. Nor could he have written a Church history like Neander's, 'the *pectoral* theologian' as he was called. Indeed, his method was the very opposite to that employed by that eminent theologian, and might be termed the objective or historical method. To him theological systems and doctrines presented themselves mainly in the form of actual events or historical facts. A Church council was not primarily for him an assembly for discussing metaphysical systems or fixing metaphysical definitions. It was an assembly convened for discussing certain truths or forms of doctrine which might be put in a concrete form and illustrated by picturesque imagery, it was a meeting of eminent personages, whose lives, characters, and meetings might be described, in the manner of the best biographies, by a sequence of picturesque anecdotes, joined by lively, interesting narrative. Specific dates, times and seasons, dress and demeanour, picturesque and highly coloured environment, striking and memorable peculiarities were employed. Doubtless there was a danger, as there must always be in these highly coloured products of a vivid imagination, of exaggeration. On the whole Stanley's good taste prevented any excess of this kind, and the literary habit had the excellent result of extending the general outlines of his picture, and as a useful effect, it helped to secularise and, so to speak, humanise pictures and sketches which might easily suffer from over-much ecclesiastical or traditional treatment.

Stanley's return to academic duties at the University and the commencement of his lectures on ecclesiastical history were attended by some notable incidents, which demonstrate the combined arrogance and intolerance of the Tract school. They are the more worthy of notice as showing the most marked contrast with his own genial tolerance. Against all the persecutions to which the High Church party had been subjected—the degradation of Ward for the publication of his 'Ideal Church,' and the growing animosity against Pusey which followed the publication of 'Tract 90'—

Stanley had contended with all his energy; but no sooner had the new Professor of Ecclesiastical History and the author of 'Sinai and Palestine' come back and begun work than he became the object of attacks in which the courtesy of English gentlemen and fellow professors contends in vain with the hostility to breadth and tolerance which has always followed in the wake of ecclesiasticism. Pusey lost no time to tell him that he viewed his appointment with sorrow and fear; he sees in the 'Sinai and Palestine' the shrinking from the mention of miracles, which 'in the next generation develops 'into disbelief in them,' while the reports he (Pusey) has heard of Stanley's lecture on Abraham have been very distressing to him (I. p. 509). With a similar animus, though, as became his gentler temper, with more suavity, Keble finds fault with the 'Sinai and Palestine,' for that 'in no part of 'it is Christ's person spoken of as properly Divine.' The expostulations, at once so arrogant and in Pusey's case so impertinent, did not imply any sudden or transitory access of the *odium theologicum*. Much the same language was held when, several years after, Stanley asked Pusey and Liddon to preach in Westminster Abbey. This intolerance was the pronounced settled antagonism which the leaders of Oxford ecclesiasticism thought themselves justified in maintaining against Stanley and all his works. It is evident that if their narrower dispositions could have determined the matter, Stanley would never have been allowed to lift up his voice in any lecture room or pulpit within the confines of the University.

The best and most permanent part of Stanley's life-work, whether as professor or teacher, whether regarded from the standpoint of personal or literary influence, is undoubtedly connected with his professorship of ecclesiastical history.

'It may indeed,' says Mr. Prothero, 'be questioned whether he would not have exercised a deeper influence on his time had he remained at Oxford. There might have been less ground for the sad complaint which he uttered not long before his death: "This generation is lost, it is either plunged in dogmatism or agnosticism. I look forward to the generation that is to come."

'If he had remained at Oxford,' continues Mr. Prothero, 'he might have mediated between the two extremes more effectually than at Westminster, for while he charmed older men he led the young. "My heart leaps up," he would say, "when I behold an undergraduate," and the delight which he felt in the society of young men was warmly reciprocated by the young men themselves.'

Allusion has already* been made to Stanley's intense

passion for foreign travel, and his extraordinary aptitudes for this form of intellectual relaxation. In addition to an antiquarian curiosity which was unappeasable, he had long habituated himself to read the history of the past in the monumental and archæological records it has transmitted to the present. An old ruined castle or monastery, an ancient earth mound, pyramid, or cairn of stone, some authentic inscription or manuscript, conveyed to his intellect, or his imagination, a more adequate story, a more highly coloured picture, than a book could possibly do. In his first tour through Sinai and Palestine, when he rambled over those sacred localities with Robinson's 'Researches' for his guide book, he really *read his Bible*, as he was wont to say, for the first time in his life. Instead of words translated from an alien tongue and saturated with Oriental imagery, he now saw actual things, living men and animals, real scenes and well-authenticated localities, the picturesque commixture of mountain and plain, wooded ravine and river, all calculated to stir his enthusiasm to its extremest point of rapture. This speciality, which he had already manifested in his 'Sinai and Palestine,' together with his growing intimacy with the Royal family, pointed him out as the best of all possible guides to the Prince of Wales in the Eastern tour planned for him in 1856. His success in that capacity, the delicacy, tact, and refinement in which he contrived to invest his tutelage, his happy blending of picturesque spots with their associations, secular and religious, especially the glow of love and tenderness with which he followed, whenever distinctly traceable, the footsteps of the Saviour, all combined to render this one of the most memorable of Eastern tours in this country. Its effect in enhancing the admiration of the Queen and increasing the intimacy of his relations with all the other members of the Royal family needs no more than this passing mention.

During his Eastern tour Stanley met with the greatest domestic bereavement that could then befall him. In 1862 his mother died. The dreary blank this created in his life it is impossible to realise. Not only was the loss one which pertained to his innermost domestic circle, he felt it hardly less in his intellectual and literary interests. Mrs. Stanley had been the thoughtful, sympathising critic of all his writings, and few of his literary projects were decided on before they had obtained her approval.

'No one was aware,' says his biographer, 'what mother and son had been to each other, how great the debt which he owed to her, how all

that he did was done with a view to her approval, how implicitly he relied upon her quiet wisdom and tender sympathy.' (II. p. 77.)

But the blank, though profound enough, was destined before very long to be at least partially filled up. Intellectually, he had been drawn into the maelstrom of one of the greatest ecclesiastical controversies which England has witnessed during this century—that on the 'Essays and Reviews,' which had commenced its noisy surge and stir some two years previously. Domestically, the intense craving of his heart for feminine sympathy and companionship was satisfied by his marriage with Lady Augusta Bruce, the daughter of one of his closest friends. Mr. Prothero seems to have treated the great theological commotion with equal insight and ability. Stanley's conduct in reference to it is marked by his usual chivalrous impulsiveness, as well as by a desire to shield his personal friends among the essayists, at the expense of those who could not claim to be classed in that category. With the final judgement of the Privy Council, which terminated the controversy—so far as its legal aspects were concerned—Stanley was fairly satisfied. It confirmed definitely that legal sanction of free thought and liberalism in the national Church for which he had so long and so energetically contended. Doubtless one result of the whole discussion was to increase considerably his own unpopularity. His article in this Journal—the only important defence of the Essayists in an almost universal storm of obloquy from every section of the press—gave Stanley the opportunity which his intrepid courage and fierce sense of justice and generosity invariably embraced, even when the headlong chivalry thus displayed was opposed to the calmer judgements of his friends. He stood like a mediæval knight in a tournament holding the lists against all comers, or as it were a single soldier defending a breach attacked by an army. From this time to the end of his life he often occupied the position—it harmonised with his noble unselfishness, his courage and magnanimity—of defending, not always those whose opinions had won his assent, but who were persecuted above everything else for availing themselves of the liberty which every man should enjoy of promulgating his beliefs and conclusions without let or hindrance. Mr. Prothero's remarks on the causes of Stanley's unpopularity are just:—

'His anxiety to avoid the discussion of disputed dogmas was misconstrued into a denial of the mysteries of the Christian faith. Eager to discover common ground in the midst of wide divergencies of opinion, he often irritated those whom he desired to win, by ignoring radi-

cal differences and assuming an identity between conflicting views. Fastening upon the permanent importance of the moral and spiritual aspects of religion, he depreciated the value of the ceremonial observances in which they were enshrined. With "the clear-headed and intrepid Zwingli," he held that the operations of the divine influence can only be through moral means, that the true significance of rites lies in the souls and spirits of the receivers, and that the essence of all acts of Communion is the moral and spiritual fellowship with Christ.' (II. p. 184.)

That Stanley was peculiarly a favourite of fortune, and that he was indebted in more than one happy conjuncture of his life to adventitious circumstances, is evident, but of all the favouring gifts of fortune there is none which can compare with that which came to his lot by marriage. With Lady Augusta Bruce he had already been acquainted for some five or six years, during which time they had been gradually drawn together by mutual interests of the very closest kind. Indeed, Lady Augusta was one of those cultured women of whom it has been said that '*to know them is a liberal education.*' It may have been the merest coincidence, but it was none the less happy, that Stanley's highest domestic preferment was nearly contemporaneous with his highest ecclesiastical preferment—his appointment to the Deanery of Westminster. Here for the next eight years he enjoyed what might be called the 'St. Martin's summer' of his later life. Happy in the possession of an admirable wife, who sympathised with all his tastes and efforts, intellectual, literary, and social—happy no less in the enjoyment of a preferment of peculiar freedom, in which his antiquarian tastes, his ecclesiastical aspirations, his passionate love of independence, his ardent desire to present, as it were in miniature, an example of national comprehensiveness and ecclesiastical catholicity, his appreciation and enjoyment of social opportunities all found reach and scope for their energies, all contributed to enhance the rest and peace which made this period of Stanley's life a continued daily beatitude. Mr. Prothero has described his Westminster life with more than common unction and enthusiasm. Especially does he bring out the more picturesque aspects of that life, those manifold social opportunities which went far to make the Abbey a kind of centre of the manifold diversified ecclesiastical life of the English Church. Doubtless this was that portion of Stanley's decanal functions which most struck the public with admiration. It was such a thoroughly 'new departure' for a Dean to throw open his cathedral to the public, to take away restrictions and obstacles of every kind from one

of the great heirlooms of English Churchmen, to conduct parties of working men round the venerable building, while he pointed out its antiquarian treasures with more than his ordinary enthusiasm. The life of the Abbey during Stanley's occupancy forms, indeed, in our judgement, the most interesting episode in the history of cathedral establishments of our time. The relation of the Abbey and its functions to all events of combined national and ecclesiastical significance; the part it took in the Pan-Anglican Synod; in the Revision of the Bible Committee; the true catholicity exemplified in his invitation of Dr. Vance Smith to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, to which all the Revision Committee were invited; the opening of the Abbey to mission services, in which the address was given by laymen; his introduction, though utterly unskilled in and indifferent to the music, of Bach's 'Passion Music,' or the other efforts, energies, and enterprises—some of them more remarkable for generous enthusiasm than for wise and sober judgement—by which he tried to make the Abbey subserve his ideal of becoming the centre, equally national and catholic, of the religious life of the English Church. Nor can we pass over in silence the extraordinary attractiveness of his preaching, and the life his own eloquence infused into the services of the Abbey. All these measures sprang from what was the cardinal principle of Stanley's life and works—the extension and strengthening of the NATIONAL CHURCH by toleration, by enlarged liberal views, and by the fervent application of the spirit of Protestant Christianity, as most opposed to the teaching of Dr. Pusey and the Anglo-Catholic school.

'The doors of the Deanery were open to all comers. In society as well as in ecclesiastical politics or theological controversy Stanley habitually made toleration a living principle of conduct. . . . Under his roof Church dignitaries who an hour before had denounced their host in Convocation with unmeasured vehemence learned to love him as a man as heartily as they abhorred him as a theologian. Here gathered foreign ecclesiastics of every country and every shade of Christian creed.' (II. p. 348.)

But this happy life and this salutary influence were not destined to long continuance. His beloved wife's health began to fail, and soon gave occasion for the gravest apprehensions. The dark empurpled clouds that threatened the serenity and destroyed the happiness of Stanley's existence were beginning to gather round him. The ecclesiastical career so nobly useful, so dignified, gracious, and amiable, combining so many partially antagonistic attributes, social

splendour with humility, profound learning with simplicity, was drawing to a close. The conjugal life, so complete and perfect, so charged with tenderness and mutual sympathy, showed signs of rupture and death. After some years of alternating hope and fear Stanley was finally compelled to abandon hope on January 1, 1876. From that day to March 1 the afflicted lady's failing life was scarcely more than a protracted pain, relieved, however, by the untiring attention of her husband and friends, and borne with a resignation made up of a natural sweetness of disposition and a profound sense of devout trust in her heavenly Father's love. At last the end came, and the broken-hearted husband had to turn away from the bed of death to resume his duties in a world which had for him almost lost its identity.

"I live on," he writes to one of Lady Augusta's closest friends, "and sleep. I perform my indispensable duties, but the sunshine, the spring, the energy are gone. Will they ever return to me? Shall I be able to draw them from the memory of that brilliant, that inexhaustible past?" (II. p. 169.)

Probably few scenes in the old Abbey—certainly no scene in Stanley's life—were so charged with every human element that could kindle profound sympathy and pity as that of Lady Augusta's funeral, culminating as it did in her sorrowing husband's pronouncing the blessing over the congregation. It was a scene that will ever live in the memory of its eyewitnesses.

The conclusion of the service awaited only its most solemn and heartrending portion—the pronouncing the final blessing. This the Dean was expected to give, but when his turn came to do so he seemed for a moment to have forgotten his resolve, as if he could not shake off the stupor of grief in which he was overwhelmed. The deep silence, however, that pervaded the solemn space after the last amen had been said, and which was unbroken save by the sighs of the mourners, had the effect of rousing Stanley. Slowly he lifted his face, pale and haggard with grief, and for a moment seemed to be collecting all the forces of his nature for the performance of his trying task. With laboured breathing, ending like a broken sob, he began the solemn benediction, whose clauses, themselves rhythmically broken, appeared to lend themselves to the sobbing breath of the mourner.

"*The peace of God,*" he breathed rather than uttered articulately, "*which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.*" Here the voice grew more indistinct and the breathing more laboured. "*And the blessing of God Almighty,*" he continued after a pause, "*the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be with you and remain with you always.*"

The 'burden,' as a Hebrew prophet would have styled it,

was delivered, the heavy task ended. With a deep sigh that seemed to shiver the fragile frame, and leaning forward as if all his physical strength was expended in the supreme effort, heavily and helplessly he bowed his head on his arms on the desk before him.

In the grave of his wife was also buried the enjoyment of Stanley's life. Mechanically and superficially, so to speak, he continued to exist. He went back to his duties a broken-hearted man, but at the same time a Christian mourner recognising the truth that in their fulfilment he was bound to find the greatest possible solace for his sorrow. During the five years that elapsed before he was himself called upon to join his beloved wife he was engaged largely in the task of *binding up his sheaves*, completing, i.e., his different literary works, pursuing at the same time with undiminished resolution his Abbey work.

'In the spring of 1880,' says the biography, 'anxieties and troubles occurred which weighed heavily on Stanley's mind and caused a conspicuous failure in health. His frail figure shrank, his hair grew more white and silvery, his voice became enfeebled. These outward symptoms of physical decay were not the only signs that the lamp of life was burning low. As time advanced his old interests began to lose their power.'

Physically and mentally, in other words, he was nearing the portals of the grave. At last, and somewhat suddenly, the end came. After a brief illness, he expired on Monday, July 18, 1881, leaving behind him a gap in the Church and nation which the twelve years since passed seem to prove is one not likely to be filled up.

By the Queen's command, Stanley was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel by the side of his wife. His funeral was phenomenal, even in that vast arena of great funerals.

'The most representative gathering that ever had collected within the walls of the Abbey on such an occasion bore witness to the unique position which he had held and to the bonds of personal friendship, love, and respect by which he had bound to himself the miscellaneous multitude of mourners.' . . . Leaders in Church and State, the foremost men in science, literature, art, and learning, representatives of all the various churches in the country, ministers of all denominations, persons of every variety of religious belief . . . followed him with tears to his grave in the Abbey of which for seventeen years he had been the soul, the glory, and the charm.'

To sum up Stanley's character as a whole, as it is recorded in these able and well-written volumes, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it a rare combination of some of

the noblest qualities that can adorn humanity. Whether regard be had to his great intellectual gifts, or to his moral and social qualities; whether, again, we consider the many-sided directions of his energies and activities; whether, i.e., we estimate him by his life or by his work and writings, he emphatically deserves to be classed among the greatest of English churchmen, English politicians, and English scholars which the present century has seen. •

Intellectually, as we have seen, he does not represent to us the very highest type of mental greatness and power. He was inferior in this respect to Arnold, to Coleridge, to Maurice, perhaps even to Whately. He had not in him the faculties needed for making a philosopher. He could never have become the founder of a *School of Thought*. His intellectual shortcomings were too markedly conspicuous, as no one would have admitted more readily than himself. His deficiency on its mental side in its originality; his incapacity for business; his inability to understand mathematics, or even arithmetic; his hatred of syllogistic logic, or, indeed, for that matter, of any processes of pure ratiocination; his determination of all conclusions by pure impulsiveness, by instinct and intuition, rather than by reason and judgement—all betray defects in intellectual strength, in mental solidity. At the same time—and this is one compensating feature on which his biographers have hardly laid sufficient stress—that very defect in mental greatness was the basis of what was for a man in his position another class of excellencies. It was because he was so distrustful of himself, because he could not always guide his volition, because his defect in one prominent excellency gave secondary qualities a chance of asserting a kind of equilibrium among themselves, that he was able to maintain a kindly indifference to particular dogmas, that he was able to keep his own persuasions in a kind of calm, philosophic reticence, that he could assign to varying beliefs a similarity of respect or deference, that he has become our greatest contemporary example of genuine tolerance, that rare love of freedom which presupposes and allows that a similar love might actuate those from whose conclusions he wholly differed.

From a philosophic point of view he was largely an Eclectic. He maintained the right of every man to select or reject his intellectual or religious conclusions. He was infinitely more affirmative and constructive than he was negative. The person of Christ, the simplicity and self-evident truth of His Revelation, formed central points in his

creed, around which as central suns his other beliefs revolved, and from which they drew their warmth and vitality. That in his abstention from dogma, *not so much for himself as for others*, he found serenity of mind, unabating confidence in the truth and wisdom of the path which he had chosen, might be taken as a proof that the similar claim of the old Greek undogmatising philosophers to attain *ataraxia* was by no means unfounded.

Of his enthusiasms we have already spoken. They were emotional substitutes for intellectually grounded dogmatic beliefs. They animated and intensified his inborn passions for travel, for novelty of scene and work, for antiquarian pursuits, for that high conception of Christianity which should ideally make the nation a Christian community—Arnold's great ideal—too noble, alas, to be realised in this imperfect sphere—for the spread of tolerance, for the universal recognition finally of every genuine form of truth, goodness, justice, and love.

But with these great mental qualities we must not forget his rare social gifts. In no respect are these two volumes more commendable than in their innumerable exemplifications of these marvellous gifts. Nothing, indeed, could exceed for those who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance the genial, kind-hearted, generous impulsiveness which attracted irresistibly men of all classes, creeds, and ages. Nothing—not even the cold cruelty of the *odium theologicum*—could always and for ever resist that indescribable fascination.

Comparing him for a moment with his great contemporary Pusey, we may take as enduring tests of the men their written works. By these they will continue to live in English literature and in Church history. For the most part they cover largely the same ground: Church history, patristic knowledge, commentaries on the Bible, essays on political and ecclesiastical questions, together with, in Stanley's case, works on travel and antiquarian subjects. But though largely alike in subject they differ *toto orbe* in method, in style, and treatment. While Pusey's writings, grave and austere as a schoolman's commentary on 'The Sentences,' evince a decided flavour of monasticism, and are arid and heavy with more than cloistral dryness and ponderosity, Stanley's works, on the contrary, are permeated with light, with vitality, with picturesqueness, with literary polish. In one word, the mark of Pusey's writings, as of his intellect and aspiration, is *medievalism*; of Stanley's the

common characteristic of himself and all that emanated from him is *modernism*. If one is the seer of the past, looking backward on ages of so-called faith and tradition with a melancholy mixture of regret and half-despondent hope, the other is the prophet of the future. He looks onward with serene, happy, confiding demeanour, with a joyous, eager expectancy, with an aspiration and an unfaltering faith, begotten of trust in the rule of the world, to the continued advance of mankind in the paths of genuine Christianity, in other words, in the well-recognised direction of liberty, independence, justice, mutual tolerance, and love.

Wide also as was conceivable or possible were the differences between the men as to the definition and function each would assign to the Church, or the relation each would conceive the Church to hold to the nation. Pusey's notion was that of ecclesiasticism and sacerdotalism. The Church was a spiritual community, divinely instituted by God, directed by men gifted with a special and infallible commission, to whose teachings all men are in duty bound to be subject—'the house and mother of sick souls,' as Dr. Liddon called the Church of England, by whose teachings and rites these men are saved, and without whose rites and ministrations such salvation is impossible. It needs no more than the bare enunciation of such a belief to show how wide a door it throws open to fanaticism, to exclusiveness, and intolerance. There really is no difference in principle between such a creed and that of the Romanist who measures all truth and all knowledge by the standard of the Pope's infallibility or the principles of the Syllabus. Stanley's conception of the Church, on the contrary, was not a community based on exclusiveness, but on comprehension. Starting from the principles of the New Testament, but trained also by teachers such as Arnold and Coleridge, he desired to make the Church commensurate with the nation. The outcome of this creed was an enthusiastic belief in the union of Church and State, in the cultivation of morality and virtue as the bases of religion, and in the toleration, not merely of distinctive creeds and dogmas, but of lives, aspirations, and tendencies which had goodness for their aim, efforts and energies which, in the oft-quoted words of Matthew Arnold, made for righteousness.

It is, of course, too soon as yet to attempt a prognosis of English culture, whether regarded from its religious or secular side; but interpreting the future from the revelation of the past, the oracles give us no uncertain voice. It is

clear that the advance of science and of human progress implies a side-by-side progress of cautious liberalism both within and without the Church of which Pusey and Stanley were ministers. The prognostication is one which our readers are aware was long since made by Archbishop Tait. The Church of the English nation is bound to be the Pantheon of religious liberalism as well as of secular culture and knowledge—the Church, to revert to our parallelism, not of Pusey but of Stanley. Englishmen and English churchmen will certainly never again take Romanism, or the hybrid *semi*-Romanism which Pusey advocated in his various writings, as the religion of the national Church, they will never again bow their necks to fanaticism or to priestly and sacramental rule. The principles of the Protestant Reformation, with whatever drawbacks it may be accompanied, will never again lose their hold on the affections of our countrymen. The ground thoughts of the New Testament, the earliest and most fundamental teachings of duty, divine and human, will never again recede from the points of vantage it seems to us they have occupied in this country during the last half-century. In other words, Pusey is, and must continue to remain, the representative of a Church and creed altogether alien to the great body of our countrymen; while Stanley will be found to minister to the imperative wants of their religious culture and aspiration for an indefinite future.

ART. II.—*Old Dorset : Chapters in the History of the County.*

By H. J. MOULE, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. London : 1893.

THE readers of this slim volume must have felt a slight surprise when they remembered the huge folios in which Mr. Moule's subject has usually been discussed. To the author himself, as he tells us; it seemed almost 'a guilty thing' to write so lightly upon so august a theme. 'How can you be so forward,' asked certain candid friends, 'as to hold out to us a new Dorset book? With Hutchins's folios and Warne's folios standing in front of you, how can you be so forward?' The first answer that the author found was that those histories are of such a majestic bulk that a smaller and cheaper book seemed to be required. 'Hutchins and Warne can be read by but a small minority of Dorset folk, simply because their books are grand in size, and therefore great in price.' The reason is hardly sufficient, because it has always been easy to find small compilations in which the good things of Hutchins have been preserved. Some of the most voluminous of the historians, moreover, have also been the most fanciful, as witness the Rev. Dr. Stukeley, a Don Quixote of antiquarian lore, of whom Professor Hübner said that of course he found at Dorchester the very Amphitheatre that he desired. Mr. Moule has, in truth, very good reasons for publishing his interesting essay. His aim is, of course, quite different from that of the professional historians, and there cannot in the nature of things be any competition between their monumental works and a volume of lectures that 'came into existence almost unawares.' The origin of the book is indicated by its author's simple words; but we should preface his description by saying that he has been known for many years as an earnest student of antiquity, not easily led into adopting any sudden fancy of the day. 'Asked by some friends, artisans and others,' he says, 'to tell them something of the history, I did my best to comply. A weekly lecture—chapter if you will—was prepared. The weeks went on, and so did the chapters; for there is a great deal to say even about little Dorset, and he must be a cold-hearted Dorset man who does not warin to the subject as he goes on.' There is one fault which he hopes that no one will detect, and that is a lack of love for his home. 'It is almost a cult with us to love the very shire;' even the

fee of the soil, the body of the county, or *corpus comitatus*, is idealised into an object of affection. He praises 'the 'downs and dells of it,' the wild heaths, and the rugged line of coast. 'Within this limit is relief enough.' He loves the simple country folk, and quotes their homely proverb, 'Use 'em well, they'll use 'ee better,' and those lines on 'Dorset dear,' by a poet honoured in the West:—

'We've a mead or two woth mowen,
We've an ox or two woth showen,
In the village,
At the tillage,
Come along, and you shall vind
That Dorset men don't sheime their kind.'

We wish, for our own part, that the lecturer had somewhat enlarged his scope. We would give up some of the memories of the Glacial epoch, the men of Cromagnon, or the problematical Iberians, for a little more about the swans at Abbotsbury, Miss Anning with her pterodactyles and sea-dragons buried under Goldencap, and 'the Cobb,' as Miss Austen described it, when 'the young people were all 'wild to see Lyme.'

Mr. Moule must be allowed to give his lectures in his own way. His first object, he tells us, is to furnish 'a simple 'unlearned sketch' of the soil out of which Dorset is made, a study of geology, 'but not for geologists.' He follows in the main the same order as the 'short notice' in the earlier edition of Hutchins. The later issue of the history contains an elaborate essay on the subject, and another scientific description was contributed by Mr. W. J. Harrison to the County Directory. There is one somewhat serious objection to the plan of following the 'short notice' instead of adopting the later sources of information. The chalk, clays, and sands are all well enough described, but there is hardly anything about West Dorset and its broken hills of greensand and lias, which must certainly have helped in conferring on the county its title of 'the garden of England.' If Charles II. had never been in West Dorset, it is a question whether he would have felt so sure that he had never seen a finer country 'in England or out of it.'

A wonderful variety in the strata has given to Dorset a certain geological pre-eminence. Mr. Ruegg pointed out in a prize essay some years ago that three at least of the local phrases have been adopted into the nomenclature of science: 'the Kimmeridge clay, the Portland oolite, and Purbeck stone are taken as types of their several formations wher-

‘ever these are found.’ Going back a little earlier, we find Dorset described after the manner of the Arabians, as divided into the three zones, *Petræa* and *Deserta* and *Felix*. It is more convenient, however, to adopt a fourfold division, according to the distribution of the principal soils. Speaking generally, we shall find the chalk-downs in the south and centre, the sandy heaths to the east, the deep clays of the Vale in the north, and the greensand and lias hills near Lyme Regis and the borders of Somerset. The author calls our attention especially to an ‘interesting district’ between Ridgeway Hill and the sea. A line of about fifteen miles in length marks the course of the great Ridgeway Thrust by which the strata below the chalk were violently dislocated, one result of the upheaval being the picturesque appearance of the coast on which the rocks are ‘tilted and distorted in ‘all kinds of ways.’ The chief importance of the matter in the author’s mind is that we are here presented with an example of the inconceivable energies by which the chalk hills may have been raised out of the deep sea and the high platforms of the drift depressed to the level of the shore. There seem to be no primary rocks in the district; of the secondary formations we have the strong Kimmeridge and Oxford clays, with the intervening beds, which, to judge by the prevalent fossils, must have been laid down as ooze in a shallow sea. An enormous lapse of time is required to account for all the strata between the newest of the North Dorset clays and the first beginnings of the South Dorset chalk. When we pass to the Tertiary sands and clays we find indications that the land may have been more than once submerged and upheaved. ‘A vast time would be ‘needed’ is the obvious suggestion. The lecturer, however, is leading up to a theory of cataclysms. ‘Yes, it may be,’ he answers, ‘and no, it may also be.’ We have no measure, he reminds us, of geological time, and if there has been any change in the earth’s movement ‘East Dorset could tell a ‘tale of its effects.’ We are all familiar with the force of the great volcanic explosions, and everyone has heard of the devastation attributed to a Siberian deluge. Suppose, then, it is argued, that these instances were brought home and applied to the tract of which Dorset now forms part, why should not the flood that dispersed the gravels of the drift or that terrific rent below the Ridgeway have had ‘the ‘Vesuvian, the Mid-Asian suddenness’?

Of some minor catastrophes occurring in the county within a recent period we have interesting accounts in Sir

Charles Lyell's writings and in the later editions of Hutchins, as well as in the work before us. We are told of numerous landslides and dilapidations of cliffs, under which the peninsulas of Purbeck and Portland are gradually wearing away. One celebrated instance occurred at Portland in the year 1792, when 'the ground from the top of the cliff to the waterside sank in several places fifty feet, and the extent of land that moved was about a mile and a quarter from north to south and six hundred yards from east to west.' There was also a well-known landslip in the year 1839, which occurred between Lyme Regis and Axmouth, just outside the county boundary. An extremely wet season had saturated the upper rocks, while the lias beds on which they rested had also been undermined by springs. These causes, says Sir Charles Lyell, gave rise to a convulsion, which began with a crashing noise; 'fissures were seen opening in the ground, and the walls of tements rending and sinking, until a deep chasm or ravine was formed, extending nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.' Mr. Moule gives us several interesting particulars as to what he personally observed on this occasion. He is speaking of the great 'Fault,' and showing that a long strip of the earth's surface cannot be moved without causing a good deal of lateral disturbance:—

'When I was a boy, a much smaller collapse actually took place just outside Dorset, beyond Lyme Regis. I saw it a fortnight after it happened, and a sight full of awe it was. There was a vast space of land, many acres in extent, which had sunk bodily down, making a cliff forty or fifty feet high on one side; and this sinking in one place had the effect of upheaving in another; the consequence was that a ridge was thrown up in the sea a few yards from the shore, where nothing of the kind had existed.'

The reef, we may add, was at first about forty feet high and more than a mile in length. Mr. Conybeare, another eye-witness, described it as a confused assemblage of broken strata 'invested with seaweed and corallines, and scattered over with shells and star-fish and other productions of the deep.'

In dealing with some of the surface deposits the author, we think, should draw a sharper distinction between the high-level gravels of the drift and the low-level beds, which seem to have been formed by the action of existing rivers. There are, no doubt, many places where the beds of the higher and lower levels can be shown to have belonged to one formation, and to have been interrupted by some mere

accident of climate. The gravels of the table-land between Poole and Bournemouth, according to Mr. Harrison, contain many pebbles of quartz and other Cornish rocks, which may have been collected in the valley of a great river running from the west before the separation of the Isle of Wight from the mainland. But the beds in which the traces of Palæolithic man have been found are apparently of a later date, being situate in the banks formed by the action of existing streams. In such a case, Sir John Lubbock has shown that we need not call in the assistance of diluvial waves, or any other agency than that of the rivers themselves, considering that the gravel beds follow the lines of the valleys in the direction of the present waterflow, 'without in any case passing across from one river system to another.' Mr. Moule seems to be of opinion that the collocation of worked flints and mammoths' remains must always be due to the action of a deluge. In speaking of the drift, he notes that here especially we find the traces of man and the remnants of the great mammalia. 'A deluge, a flood there was, past a doubt, which swept away elephants and, as it seems, the tribes of men then existing in these regions.'

About these Palæolithic tribes we find some very interesting remarks. Mr. Moule notices their curious facility for drawing animals—'probably no untaught men now could take a flint-point, and with it scratch on a bone such spirited rough outlines as those ancients did.' The French bone-caves afford examples of reindeer fighting, a man with a mammoth, another with two horses, a hunter stalking ibex, and so forth. 'But here in Dorset,' says our author, 'those far-off men have left but little mark.' A few scattered worked 'flints' have been found, as at Dewlish and near Blandford, and at Wimborne Minster; and at Broom Pit, in the valley of the Axe, a vast number of implements shaped out of chert have been taken from the low-level gravel bank above the stream. These 'flints,' as they are locally called, are in some cases of great size, as if intended for ponderous weapons, and there are others of all shapes and weights, which might have served for many kinds of domestic purposes. Speaking generally, we may say that they correspond very closely with the implements discovered in the Valley of the Somme, and found in the South of France mixed up with mammoth and reindeer bones. This is, perhaps, proof enough that men dwelt here during the 'Elephant epoch.' 'It seems to me,' says Mr. Moule, 'when

‘ I look at these Broom flints, so admirably fashioned, that, as the Palæolithic folk here equalled their French fellows in chipping, so they might also in drawing.’ Nor are we left without romantic suggestions in Stukeley’s vein that there might have been a primæval culture buried long millenniums ago by the encroaching sea. Suppose, it is suggested, our Reindeer men were the rude highlanders of a range like the Neilghefries, might there not be some fairy palace, like a Tâj Mahal, in the plains? ‘ What the best work was, who shall tell? Encrusted with *Serpulæ*, matted with *Algæ*, it lies on the deep-down sea-bed anywhere within the hundred-fathom line.’ We should note also the humorous ‘ prehistoric sketch ’ of the age when the Broom Pit men made war on the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros. ‘ Yes, that nine-foot tusk in the Dorset Museum may have belonged to a huge old rogue elephant, whose trumpeting sent half a tribe of the Palæolithic Dorset men flying—it may be (who knows?) that we may yet light on a flint-scratched sketch from nature of a Dorset elephant charging, even as they have one of a French mammoth.’

The lecturer found something ‘ strangely bewitching ’ about the people of the Neolithic period. There is a gap, we must remember, of untold ages between the extinction of the ‘ Reindeer men ’ and the appearance in Europe of the Mongoloid tribes, who used polished stone for their implements before the introduction of bronze. These tribes, according to the current fashion, are called ‘ Iberic ’ in the work before us, and some importance is attached to the idea of an affinity between the dark races in this country and the Basques of Northern Spain. Too much, we think, has been made of the suggestions recorded by Tacitus. He seems to have been discussing with Agricola the whole question of British ethnology under mistaken notions as to the positions of Spain and Denmark, and with reference to a theory of races ‘ indigenous to the soil,’ which has no place in our modern system of thought. We quote the passage as it appears in the version by Messrs. Church and Brodribb:—

‘ Who were the original inhabitants of Britain, whether they were indigenous or foreign, is as usual among barbarians little known. Their physical characteristics are various, and from these conclusions may be drawn. The red hair and large limbs of the inhabitants of Caledonia point clearly to a German origin. The dark complexion of the Silures, their usually curly hair, and the fact that Spain is the opposite shore to them, are an evidence that Iberians of a former date crossed over and occupied these parts. Those who are nearest the

Gauls are also like them, either from the permanent influence of original descent, or because, in countries which run out so far to meet each other, climate has produced similar physical qualities.'

The 'Silures' mentioned in this extract were the natives of the Severn valley, who were renowned for their strength and for the ferocious valour with which they resisted the Roman advance.

Mr. Moule selects the 'Iberic race' as the first to occupy Europe 'after its emergence from the great drowning.' He cannot tell from which direction they came, or for how long they were 'lords of Europe.' He is led to think that there must have been an 'Iberic Age' in Dorset by the occurrence of a few 'long barrows,' like those of Salisbury Plain, and the survival of a short dark-skinned and black-haired stock, somewhat resembling the dwarfish race whose remains have been discovered by General Pitt-Rivers in Cranborne Chace. The name is a matter of trifling importance; and the Spanish tradition itself will not acquire much interest until some connexion is proved between the Basque dialects and the forms of words used in our local names and inscriptions. It seems certain, however, that long before the arrival of the Celts one or more of the dark races had occupied the downlands and other habitable portions of Britain, bringing domestic varieties of the horse, short-horned cattle, goats, and swine, which had not been included in the indigenous fauna of Europe; and it has been supposed that we may trace to the same source the introduction of wheat, barley, flax, and, in Professor Boulger's opinion, 'perhaps pulse, and even fruit trees.' The intruders are shown, by the evidence derived from their burial-places, to have used nothing but 'stone, bone, horn, and wood' for their weapons and tools. After them, but how long after we cannot tell, a tall short-headed race of invaders appeared, who were acquainted with the use of metal. The barrows of the Neolithic time had been long, because the successive burials were added in a line, or so it has been supposed by eminent antiquaries; the barrows of the round-headed folk were round, because the graves were arranged vertically, one on the top of the other. Their epoch, says Mr. Moule, is known as the Bronze Age, because, though they used stone and other rude materials like their predecessors, 'they also had bronze daggers, lances, axes, and other weapons and tools of metal.'

We have no evidence about the arrival of the Celts. We know, however, that it is not safe to assume their identity

with the fair-haired Round-heads who introduced the knowledge of bronze; for the Celt of the long face and yellow hair is believed to have had a well-filled oval skull, like those of his Teutonic kinsmen. No one is able to tell us when or how the transition from bronze to iron was effected, but there is historical proof that the Celtic army at the Anio used iron broadswords long before the Christian era; and considering the nature of the Gaulish settlements, and the continual intercourse between the island and the continent, it must be accepted that the Britons used offensive weapons of iron for a considerable time, possibly for some centuries, before Julius Cæsar made his attack. There may have been survivals of old customs among the rude tribes of the Central Forest, just as in modern times men have reverted to bows and arrows, or pitchfork and flail, when there was nothing better available; but it would be a manifest mistake, in describing any ordinary conflict, to talk of the blue-painted warriors leaping from the cars, and 'with celt and palstave crashing through the helmets of Rome.' There are rock-carvings of the Bronze Age that show the savages pecking at each other over their targets with little implements of that kind; but if we come down to the historical period, we shall find that the Caledonians with their huge iron swords and sharp javelins had no chance against the soldiers who had the short stabbing weapon and a spike on the shield to dash into the enemy's face.

In a great and wide view, as our lecturer has reminded his audience, it is the distant features 'dim and blue in 'horizon haze' which draw our eyes away from all nearer objects; and so in trying to discern the 'makers of history' he admits that he seems to fasten his eyes most fixedly on the 'makers' least in sight. All these shadowy peoples of the Drift and the ages of Polished Stone and Bronze have filled up the farthest and middle distances of his picture, 'and in truth that grey distance has held us peering into it 'a long time.' But the other races of men who have 'made history' in Dorset are to be considered, we are told, as being rather the figures in a foreground, 'clearly seen, 'understood at a glance, and as nearer, so with less bewitching romance to enchain us.' So now we see marching in the Romans and Saxons, the Danes and Normans, each to take some vigorous part in the play of which almost every incident is unfortunately forgotten. We may note, our author reminds us, that many of these Romans had never been in Italy, that the Saxons of Dorset knew not Saxony,

that the 'Danish' raiders had by no means all come from Denmark, any more than all Duke William's 'Normans' had been actual inhabitants of Normandy.

It may be at once admitted that we have hardly any information as to 'Roman Dorset.' Vespasian is said to have conquered the Isle of Wight and to have subdued two powerful nations while acting as lieutenant to the Emperor and to Aulus Plautius. He fought thirty battles and took twenty of the Britons' fortified camps, or 'towns;' and some of these events may have happened in the district which grew into Dorset, though, as General Pitt-Rivers has reminded us, we have no evidence as to when Vespasian landed or fought. Mr. Moule is almost certain that his countrymen were only defeated after a desperate struggle; his local patriotism bids us recall the roar of the battle, the clanging of the chariots, the shouts of the legionaries hailing their 'Imperator' as conqueror of the Durotriges. He shows us a road leading into a camp of refuge, and the *essedæ*, or war-chariots, with long-maned, long-tailed, little pairs, tearing along, perfectly handled by their drivers. They even go at full gallop uphill when the wagons are heavily laden, if we can trust the account of the terrace track at Poundbury. To us, says the lecturer, it looks like a Celtic car-road; it seems as if the *essedæ* have many a time rushed and rattled after the tearing heath-croppers into Poundbury hold, carrying wives and children, goods and chattels, within the *vallum* and its rough stockade; and he relies on the existence of the road as constituting an 'unwritten witness' that Dorset as well as Kent had resounded with the noise of the scythed chariots that Cæsar described in his Commentaries.

Mr. Warne told a circumstantial story of Vespasian's time which perhaps could only have been properly handled by the author of 'The Misfortunes of Elphin.' Maiden Castle, we are told, is one of the finest and best-preserved camps in the world. Mr. Moule considers that it was built by the Celts, and afterwards used by the Romans, which seems to be borne out by the evidence. But Mr. Warne, whose opinions on archæology were justly regarded as important, formed a very remarkable theory about Maiden Castle. 'He attributes it to Vespasian's time; he thinks that the 'Durotriges, hearing the dread news of the Roman invasions, joined all together to do their best to defend themselves.' Up to that time, he supposed, they had been divided into several smaller tribes, each with its own camp

of refuge. If his readers grant an inch, he will carry them all the way. Very possibly Poundbury was one of these camps; Chalbury, near Preston, another; and Duntish another, and so forth; 'but they felt that these small strongholds, each manned by its own small tribe, were no good against the mighty Romans, who had vanquished all Gallia and almost all other countries then known.' Mr. Warne contended that they agreed to make a fortress they could hold 'even against Rome,' and that for this purpose they made or enlarged Maiden Castle, a gigantic work, but all in vain; for 'ere they could finish the ridging of its southern banks' Vespasian himself was upon them, 'and Maiden Castle was one of the twenty camps of refuge which he took.'

It is unwise to be too circumstantial when the 'legal evidence' is so slight. We prefer the hazier pictures of 'old Dorset,' which Mr. Moule is enabled to show us by his close knowledge of the locality and his information as to the general history of his subject. He shows us the broad vale from Shaftesbury, the barren heaths from Corfe Castle, or the site of the great barrow on Creechdown, and we are taken back in imagination for close upon twoscore centuries. The chalk-downs, as he points out, were not so trim and velvety as they became when clipped by many generations of sheep; there were few patches marked by the plough, and the 'linchets,' or terraces along the arable slopes, were not so wide; and in place of grass we are shown in many places great beds of furze and brakes of fern and thorn. The heathlands were too barren to attract the earliest immigrants, who would naturally set their huts or wigwams on the downs where their graves are still to be seen. The valleys, we suppose, were choked with fallen trees and dammed-up streams; their lower portions may have been covered with fens and meres. The Frome valley, says Mr. Moule, would be in great part, if not altogether, a marshy tract. 'Here would be a large clear pool, there a hardish patch of ground heaped up by some extraordinary flood; there again a tract, neither land nor water, a great bed of reed or yellow flag.' The valley, though water-logged, may not have been quite useless. Perhaps, we are reminded, some of its firmer portions might carry cattle on them in dry summers, like the Irish bogs; 'and I feel quite sure,' says the lecturer, 'that coracles or dug-out canoes might have been seen moving about the meres and pools and streams of Frome Vale, their crews catching fish, and kill-

‘ing wild-fowl with arrows.’ If we wish to have a peep of the same kind into the broad pastures of Blackmore Vale, as it appeared before the Romans had begun their attacks—say, in the late Celtic period twenty centuries ago—we must trust ourselves to Canon Barnes, who drew the well-known sketch of a Blackmore settlement as it appeared at the end of the summer when the grain had been reaped and the meadows mown. We should remember that our Western poet was quite sure that the valley was an oak-forest, with a few lawns and clearings interspersed, all the way from Sherborne to Shaftesbury and far beyond:—

‘ A woaken stick
Wer cheap, vor woaken trees wer thick ;
When poor wold Gramfer Green wer young,
He zaid a squirrel mid a’ sprung
Along the Dell vrom tree to tree,
From Woodcombe all the way to Lea.’

But we must return to the sketches of village life among the ancient Durotriges:—

‘The cattle are on the downs or in the hollows of the hills.’ Here and there are wide beds of fern, or breadths of gorse and patches of wild raspberry, with gleaming sheets of flowers. The swine are roaming in the woods and shady oak-glades, the nuts studding the brown-leaved bushes. On the sunny side of some cluster of trees is the herdsman’s round wicker house, with its brown conical roof and blue wreaths of smoke. . . . Birds are “churning” in the wood-girt clearings, wolves and foxes slinking to their coverts, knots of maidens laughing at the waterspring, beating the white linen or flannel with their washing-bats. The children play before the doors of the round straw-thatched houses of the homestead, the peaceful abode of the sons of the oaky vale. On the ridges of the downs rise the sharp cones of the barrows, some glistening in white chalk or red with the mould of a new burial, and others green with the grass of long years.’

It should be remembered that the shapes of the barrows varied in different districts. Canon Greenwell may be regarded as the highest living authority on the subject. He has classified almost all that has been discovered by such practical antiquarians as Mr. Warne and Mr. Sydenham about the Dorset *tumuli*, and he shows, on the evidence as it stands, that the bowl shape is the prevailing form, the mound in many cases being surrounded by a shallow fosse. These mounds, in Mr. Sydenham’s words, ‘generally present the appearance of a sphere, thrown up with great ‘precision.’ We can represent their shape by cutting off the third part of an orange and setting it with the cut

face downwards on a plate. The conical barrows of our extract are developements of the simple bowl-shaped form, and there are a few 'bell barrows,' showing a much greater advance in size and steepness, which very much resemble the huge graves near Stonehenge, of which Stukeley quaintly observed that they were 'of the newest fashion among the old Britons.' The same antiquary gave the name of 'Druid's barrow' to another variety not uncommon in Dorset; it is now more generally known as the 'disc shape.' It consists of a circular area surrounded by a ditch and bank, very carefully planned, with a small mound of very slight elevation in the middle. 'Sometimes there are two, or even three, such mounds, corresponding to as many sepulchral deposits.' The mounds, indeed, are so low and insignificant that they are often disregarded, and the space is merely called a ring or circle, without any reference to its central *tumulus*. The importance of these considerations appears in Mr. Sydenham's elaborate argument. As the explorer proceeds in a north-eastern direction towards Wiltshire, 'the barrows present increasing evidence of greater refinement and of a further advance in art.' We quote from his essay in the thirtieth volume of the 'Archæologia.' He is alluding in part to the nature of the buried objects, and partly also, as Canon Greenwell thinks, to the greater elaboration of external form. In that same north-eastern corner of Dorset is the group of bell-shaped and disc-shaped barrows at Woodyates, 'which may compete for beauty with those in the neighbourhood of Stonehenge itself.' But Dr. Guest has produced very cogent evidence to show that the whole of this north-eastern angle belonged to the 'Belgæ,' and not to the 'Durotriges,' or, as we might say in modern phrase, belongs properly rather to Wilts than to Dorset. The evidence as to the distribution of the barrows goes far, says Canon Greenwell, to show that the Durotriges were an 'aboriginal' or primæval tribe, upon whose territories the immigrant Belgæ may have encroached, but without effecting any important conquest; and it is to the encroaching Belgæ that we should attribute 'the introduction, and perhaps the invention,' of the more elaborate bell-shaped and disc-shaped barrows. As to the huts, they were shaped so as to fit the round foundations, which we know as 'British hut circles.' The immigrant tribes, as we learn from the Roman writers, used round straw-thatched houses, like those which Cæsar described in Gaul or those sculptured on the Antonine Column, and we conclude that

Mr. Moule is right in saying that his 'Durotriges' followed the same fashions of construction. We should observe, however, that his spirited sketch of a Blackmore village is a little too 'primæval' for the date which he has chosen. We can sympathise with his occasional impatience at the slow lapse of prehistoric time, and feel inclined with him to advance the Reindeer-man, with his orange-coloured stone-axe, to an 'Iberian' epoch, or some such modern period, and to give 'the strongholds all about the shire' to the Celt, the late Celtic remains to the Romans, and so on. But on almost all the questions as to the sequence of races in these parts the world will find that it has something still to learn when General Pitt-Rivers enables the general public to use the splendid stores of information acquired during his excavations at Rushmore. Here is Mr. Moule's sketch of the villages as they may have appeared about two thousand years ago :—

'A forest largely consisting of oaks; but while generally to be described as a forest, yet containing a fair number of inhabitants scattered in hamlets of round huts, each having a small clearing, where rude cultivation was carried on by means of stag's-horn picks, and also probably by large sharpened flints, fastened to wooden handles, and made to do duty as mattocks. Possibly they may even have used a very rude attempt at a plough, drawn either by small horses or oxen, for we know that both were numerous in Britain.'

And again, shifting the point of view a little more, we are shown the round high-thatched huts on many a hill and in many a little chalk-valley, each with a bit of tillage round it, 'and each hamlet with a banked cattle pound, 'such as may even now be traced beyond Poundbury, for the 'Celts were ever stock-keepers, and had small horses, cows, 'and sheep, and goats.' Even in the heaths about Purbeck he thinks that the Celts tried 'a little grubbing-up of the 'loose soil, and a little spelt-sowing.' 'That there were 'dwellers in this district we may say for a certainty, for 'scattered about it among the heath are even now several 'barrows where old Celtic chiefs lie buried.' When we come to the Roman period, and inquire into the details of the civil and military administration of the district, we find that hardly anything is known.

'We must in honesty sum up by confessing that we do not from history learn a single detail for certain. Nor' (adds the author) 'is there any word of engraved evidence; there is no inscribed stone or any other memorial giving us any glimmer of knowledge, and the case is the same as to the civil occupation, and the colonising from

Italy, to which Mr. Coote used to attach so much importance. We have no evidence, so far as appears at present, that "Durnovaria" was a "Municipium," or free town, or was the seat of a garrison, or that colonists were settled by the State "up and down in the district."

That Dorchester was a station on the Roman road which ran through Wimborne Minster to Old Sarum, and in the other direction to Exeter, appears clearly enough by the military road-book called the Antonine Itinerary. Hübner attaches importance to the existence of the ancient city-walls as a means of identification, and he is content to accept Wimborne Minster as the 'Vindogladia' of the road-book. But this only carries us to the point that there was a station-house, and probably a supply of post-horses, an inn of that kind which was afterwards called a 'cold harbour,' and a barrack or blockhouse where a military detachment was quartered. There were Thracian cavalry at Exeter, and a few horsemen would doubtless be set at the principal stations to keep the traffic open towards Sarum, Winchester, and Silchester, which were all on the same military road. The existence of Roman dwelling-houses, some of which Mr. Moule knows well from actual observation, not to mention the discoveries of Roman coins, which the rustics call 'Dorys' and 'Dorn pennies' from an imaginary King Dorn, renders it clear that a town of some kind grew up round the military station. The old 'Fosse road,' as some called it, that led to the fort at Sarum, or 'Sorbiodunum,' has been repeatedly examined; but we think that Mr. Moule has made a valuable discovery as to its antiquity. We offer no opinion as to the exact nature of the structure known as Maumbury Rings, or the Roman Amphitheatre, being content for the purposes of the argument to accept the views of the scholar who has made it a lifelong study. The passage as to the ancient road deserves a very careful consideration. It must be remembered that Mr. Moule is speaking of the prolongation of the road from Sarum, which goes southward towards Melcombe and Weymouth, instead of turning towards the Roman stations in Damnonia.

'What seems to be a sunk way running southward has been repeatedly struck, as lately for instance as April 1893, close to Maumbury Rings. It has been thought that the road led into the amphitheatre. But this latest uncovering of the road seems to me to show that it points to the north bank, not to the entrance, of the Rings—that it therefore has nothing to do with them, and is earlier than them, and probably Celtic.'

It was a road at any time 'these eighteen hundred and forty years,' and maybe a Celtic trackway a couple of thousand years before that. 'There they tramped, skin-clad, tattooed blue;' the woad-plant, we may observe, was certainly brought from Asia, perhaps by the first Mongoloid immigrants; 'there they tramped, or rode their shaggy heath-croppers, or drove them in rough little cars, with wheels loosely linch-pinned, as Irish carts are now.' But the road was crooked and worn low, and it seems to have had its place taken by a regular cross-street, or 'Cardo Maximus,' at right angles to their direct western road. Then come the Romans, 'with their drilled legions, with all things strange, and an outlandish speech, and going and coming on a firm, raised, straight road, that lasted in use up to ninety years ago.' Mr. Moule is always the typical Dorset man, and he seems to have just as much half-amused contempt for the Latin-speaking foreigners, who occupied his country for three centuries, as for the Saxon interlopers who tried in vain for so many generations to break down the Dorset defence.

There is no written record as to the occupation of the district in Roman times, but there are a great number of remains—in eighty different parishes, it is said—which serve to show the character of the settlement. 'Romans dwelling all about the county, building handsome houses, establishing potteries, making roads, &c., this tells us of a colonisation. . . . When we see a fine mosaic room-pavement at Frampton, another at Preston, just to name one or two Roman sites at haphazard, we read in very plain characters that the settlers were scattered all about the county.' In short, as the author has well said, 'there is a good deal of Roman history to be read in Dorset as plainly as if it was printed in a book.' The remains of the Villa at Frampton are especially interesting. They were found a hundred years ago by the side of a Roman road leading into Eggardon Camp. This camp is in the parish of Maiden Newton, a few miles from Dorchester. The house seems to have been built about the end of the fourth century, when the Roman dominion was drawing to a close. Three rooms contained fine tessellated pavements, decorated for the most part with conventional designs, such as the heads of the Olympic gods, and the figures of various animals of the chase. On one of these pavements was a head of Neptune with a couple of verses meant for hexameters, or a rude variation of that metre, describing the blue features of the god, his pair of

dolphins, and his sway over the shifting winds, in another corner was the form of a Cupid, with an inscription of a similar kind, almost destroyed by lapse of time; and in the recess at the head of the room was a circle containing the Christian emblem of the 'Chi-ro,' or 'sign of Constantine.'

We observe that Mr. Moule follows Bede's History in taking the year 452 as the date of the Romans' departure. There seems to be more authority for the ordinary opinion that the British cities began to assert their independence after the fall of the usurper Constantine. Their chance of safety lay in preparing a native force to repel the invasion of Gerontius, and their fate was settled even before the arrival in the year 410 of a letter from the Emperor Honorius permitting them in future to provide for their own defence.

Mr. Moule has taken a clever advantage of an accident to connect the departure of the Legions with the Roman harbour at Radipole. Sir John Millais chose the moment of the farewell as the occasion of a pathetic incident, and adopted, for the sake of convenience, a view of the Lulworth coast as the background. But whether he was right or wrong, says our author, in thinking that the Legions, or part of them, took ship from Dorset, the departure itself was an appalling event. When the 'Saxon Shore' was denuded of its garrison, and the Roman fleet had left the Narrow Seas, the pirates would soon be up Poole Harbour and into Weymouth Bay:—

'It must have been a black day in Durnovaria when for the last time the Roman garrison mustered there: when for the last time the flashing helmets and shields moved down our South Street and the "Cardo Maximus" of which we spoke: when the weeping folks following saw the Roman armour glitter for the last time herelaway, as the files marched over the top of Ridgeway to take ship at Radipole.'

We suppose that the 'Durotriges' set up as an independent State, like the 'Dobuni' and other Celtic populations. We know from various sepulchral inscriptions that the old names were revived; and there is a good deal of evidence in favour of the view that a number of petty kingdoms were set up. We desire to say little about the Arthurian legends or of 'the dragon of the great Pendragon-ship.' 'Who Arthur was,' wrote Milton, 'and whether any such reigned in Britain hath been doubted heretofore, and may again with good reason; for the Monk of Malmesbury, and others whose credit hath swayed most with the learned sort, we may well perceive to have known no

‘more of this Arthur or of his doings than we now living.’ Let us assume, however, that King Arthur lived and flourished and won many battles over the Saxons before the middle of the sixth century. According to Gildas, ‘a very ‘trivial writer’ in Milton’s opinion, the king won a victory at the *Mons Badonicus* in the year when the Querulous Historian was born; some take the date at the year 500, and others place it about twenty years afterwards. This battle is described by Gildas as separating a period of invasion from one of comparative tranquillity. ‘It was almost the ‘last, and certainly not the least, of the blows which were ‘struck at these thieves; but not even at the present time ‘are our towns inhabited as heretofore they were, but waste ‘and ruinous they lie to this day, inasmuch as, though the ‘foreign wars ceased, the civil wars did not.’ We quote the passage with little alteration from Dr. Guest’s version. The question arises, Where was this *Mons Badonicus*? ‘Near ‘the mouth of the Severn,’ says the Welsh scribe who touched up the historian’s manuscript; but it is well known that there was a confusion between the taking of Bath in 577 and the battle of Mount Badon, which has now been completely explained. ‘At the Bouden Hill, near Linlithgow,’ said Mr. Skene; and he produced some very strong evidence in support of a belief that may have originated in mere local patriotism. Mr. Fergusson was clear that it was a hill near Stonehenge, and that the great circle of Avebury was a monument of the battle. ‘It is Baydon Hill,’ says Carte, ‘on the Roman road near Silchester,’ without adducing any evidence except a similarity of names. But Dr. Guest’s authority is at least as high as any of these, says Mr. Moule: ‘and he finds the fortified hill-top at Badbury Rings, near ‘Wimborne Minster, and close to the Roman road.’ But to return to Badbury Rings; the camp is probably a mere relic of prehistoric times, though it may have been used afterwards as an occasional place of habitation; ‘it is a great fortified enclosure, much more of a round shape than Maiden Castle.’ It is placed, Mr. Moule argues, just where it would have been for a victory to have the effect described by historians. ‘It is something to be proud of that such a stand was ‘made, such a victory won, by our Dorset Britons, here ‘on Dorset ground at Badbury, and that certainly and past ‘doubt, whether there or elsewhere, they made a noble fight, ‘keeping out the Saxons for long years.’ Dr. Guest certainly felt an inclination to set the great battle at Badbury, but he was under some difficulty from the fact that, in his

belief, 'the *Mons Badonicus* was doubtless so called from 'the baths in its neighbourhood.' 'Why may it not,' he asked, 'be the Badbury of Dorsetshire?' His description of the camp shows the nature of the objection very clearly:—

'Its elevated site, its great strength and evident importance, and its name, all alike favour the hypothesis; it exhibits ample proof of Roman occupancy; though, I believe, no Roman baths have yet been discovered in the neighbourhood; it lay also on the borders of the West-Saxon territory, and in the very district where the Welsh and English were contending, and where, only the year before, Cerdic had fought the battle of Charford.'

As to the rise and fall of the little Durotrigian State we have nothing that can be dignified into evidence. There were kings in Devon and in Wales; and there were three kings at Bath and Gloucester and Cirencester, who all died in one day at the battle of Dyrham; so that we can assume the existence of a Dorchester dynasty, less famous but more fortunate in their lives. Green is our best authority on the 'Making of England,' and he confessed to having no light to throw on the advance of the English across Dorset; 'all that we know is that it could not have been till about 'the middle of the sixth century, and that it was certainly 'completed by the beginning of the eighth.' In other words, there were no West-Saxons there till some time after the victory of 'Mount Badon,' and the shire was not fully settled till the Valley of Somerset had been conquered by King Ina.

Some of the most striking passages in these lectures refer to the way of living that prevailed in Wessex before the country was devastated by the Danes. In the absence of all means of transport, a king or a great noble was obliged to keep a number of estates in hand, with a hall or mansion in each place, to which he could come in its turn to consume the produce with his retainers and servants. It was no light tax for one of the 'king's towns' to render one night's accommodation to a hundred soldiers and courtiers. It was still more difficult to find accommodation in the country districts. The mansion, we are told, consisted of a great hall with open windows and doors, and a fireplace in the middle of the floor. Mr. Moule makes good use of the apologue of man's life told by the heathen Northumbrian thane: 'A sparrow flies suddenly through the hall, entering 'through one door and straightway passing out at the 'other, and while it is inside it is not touched by the 'tempest, but that little space ended it slips from your

‘sight, passing from storm into storm : and so in some degree ‘appears to be the life of man.’ The hall, as we see, stands open at supper-time on a rough winter’s night. ‘A rude ‘place, truly,’ says our author, ‘and the huts for the king’s ‘chamber, the women’s bower, the kitchen and stable, were ‘no better than the hall, if so good.’ Then he shows us the king, Ethelred or Alfred, riding from farm to farm along the old Roman road. Coming by Radipole, a heron would rise from the harbour : ‘over Ridgeway a hare would ‘jump up, and the king would slip his hounds after that ;’ then the company would get back to the causeway, and would soon see the low solid wall and the wide ditch of ‘Roman Dorchester.’

The first arrival of the Danes is described by the chronicler Ethelward. There is an almost idyllic picture of Dorset in the autumn of 787. The quaint country-folk were ploughing their ridges smooth through the weed-grown fields, and the very oxen in the team were cheerfully straining at the yoke, when suddenly there came a message that three strange keels had entered the harbour and were making for Wareham. The king had an estate in the neighbourhood, and a messenger rode up to Dorchester, where the Reeve was staying at the time, and said that the strangers seemed more like merchants than pirates. Beaduheard the Reeve, we are told, at once leaped on his horse and rode down with a few men to the port, where he found the Vikings. He seems to have been a bold man, for he ordered his troop to take the strangers up to the farm ; but, on their making the attempt, the Reeve and every one of his men were killed by the pirates. This was the first inroad of Vikings on the English coast. Nearly fifty years afterwards Egbert had to fight a large force from their ships at Charmouth, but with little success : and in this fight, says the Chronicle, two English bishops were slain. Then in 837 the Dorset militia had ‘a spirited battle’ with Vikings at Weymouth or Portland, and within the next six years they were twice defeated on the old battlefield at Charmouth ; but ten years afterwards the men of Dorset and Somerset combined and defeated the invaders near the mouth of the Parret. In 876 the Danes occupied Wareham ; but they were forced by King Alfred to swear that they would leave the country, by their ‘holy ring’ smeared with blood, which was preserved in a temple at home. It appears that this was more than the Vikings had ever done for any people with whom they were at war, and all parties were somewhat

proud of the great oath, which, as a matter of fact, was never kept; and the men of Dorset had still to endure their ill-fortune, while 'the Norse kings rode in flame.'

The murder of King Edward the Martyr introduces us to a view of Corfe as it appeared before the Norman castle was built on the steep hill, 'in the Corf, or great cut,' which makes a gap in the heath-downs of Purbeck. There is a grey Saxon church, of herring-bone masonry, with a roof of oak-shingles or white stone, and at the top of the hill a wooden mansion with its huts, protected by a circling palisade. The young king with his huntsmen and his favourite dwarf rode up to speak with Queen Elfrida and to ask after her son Prince Ethelred. He was asked, says an historian, if he would take a horn of wine, and the butler filled the cup with good claret:—

'Li Butillers un corn emplī
De bon claré, puis l'en servi.'

But the cup was no sooner at his mouth than a knife was in his back, to use the graphic phrase of the Monk of Malmesbury: and we may add as a conclusion those grave words from the English Chronicle: 'Thus was King Edward slain at eventide at Corfes-gate, on the 15th of the calends of April, 979, and then was he buried at Wareham without any kind of kingly honours: there has not been done a worse deed than this among the English since they first came to Britain.' Mr. Moule is naturally very minute in describing Ethelred's misdeeds, inasmuch as it was certainly his massacre of the Danes on St. Brice's Day that led to the ravaging of Dorset by Swend of Denmark and afterwards by King Canute. Swend led his army from Exeter to Sarum, and would necessarily pass Dorchester, where he is said to have breached and thrown down a great part of the Roman town-walls, and Canute landed in 1015 near Wareham, and devastated Dorset and two neighbouring shires with fire and sword.

There seems to be hardly any evidence as to what took place in Dorset during the period of the Norman Conquest. The Domesday Survey, however, shows that the towns were in a half-ruined condition. In Bridport, for instance, there had been 120 houses in King Edward's time; but the commissioners say, 'There are now 100, and a score of these are in such a miserable state that they cannot pay the land-tax;' and so with Dorchester itself, where the return states that there had been 172 houses in the late reign, of

which only 88 remained at the date of the Survey. It may be that the construction of the castle, where the gaol now stands, was accountable for part of the decrease. The keep of Corfe Castle seems to have been built about the same time, though there is no actual record of its being erected. Of the other Norman buildings Mr. Moule gives us an interesting list. At Fordington Church he notes the curious south doorway, which was built by Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, between 1078 and 1099. The catalogue includes the central tower of Wimborne Minster, a richly worked doorway at Milborne St. Andrews, a groined chancel added to the old Saxon church at Studland, a chancel arch at Charminster, and the church of Worth Maltravers. 'But probably the 'most curious Norman church in Dorset is St. Aldhelm's, 'high and wind-swept on St. Aldhelm's Head, a square, 'massive little chapel, groined over to a central pier like a 'chapter-house.'

There was a castle of some kind at Sherborne even in the reign of William the Conqueror, which Bishop Osmund is said to have annexed to the See of Salisbury, 'setting a 'curse upon them that did go about to pluck the same from 'that godly use. And this bishop,' adds the historian, 'was 'a man of that integrity and holiness that he was canonised 'at Rome, and set down in our almanac as a saint.' The castle was rebuilt by Bishop Roger, who confirmed it to the see, and built a monastery near it 'to secure himself against 'envy.' King Stephen, professing to be offended at the bishop's pride, seized the castle into his own hands; and it remained with the Crown or its grantees till the middle of the fourteenth century, when the Bishop of Salisbury brought an action for its recovery, 'wherein he proceeded 'so far, that the champions had entered the lists to try the 'combat;' but the king, we are told, took up the matter at this point, and ordered the castle to be restored on payment of certain compensation. At the Reformation the Duke of Somerset procured a long lease of the property 'by menaces 'and threats,' and assigned it to his friend Sir John Horsley; after which the duke lost his head, and Sir John 'grew so 'bare that he was outlawed for 10*l*.' It pleased the fancy of the age to trace the workings of Oswald's curse, for though the castle was often in the hands of Court favourites, it was said none of them ever enjoyed it for long, 'as if 'the observation were good, that Church-lands will not 'stick by lay owners.' Among the unluckiest of its possessors was the great Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom the

property was granted for a term by Queen Elizabeth, after the bishop had been 'surprised into a consent.' A further arrangement was made with Bishop Cotton in 1598, by which Raleigh became owner, in fee. We are told how Lady Raleigh, after Sir Walter's death and attainder, implored the compassion of the king, who had already promised the spoil to an unworthy favourite; but while she prayed for mercy, the king would make her no answer but 'I mun 'have the land; I mun 'have it for Carr;' and though Prince Henry managed to stave off the 'evil day, upon his death the property was given to Carr, who soon afterwards became Earl of Somerset. Sir Walter's son, Carew Raleigh, was introduced into the king's presence, after Carr's disgrace, with a view of obtaining a new grant; but on the king's exclaiming that the boy looked like his father's ghost, and ordering him out of the room, it was thought better for Mr. Raleigh that he should travel abroad till the end of the reign. When Charles I. came to the throne the petition was renewed, and was read twice in the House of Lords. The king treated the suppliant not unkindly, and eventually, indeed, procured the reversal of his attainder and the grant of a considerable annuity, upon condition that the Sherborne estates should be settled 'on the Earl of Bristol. King Charles told him plainly 'that when he was prince he had 'promised to secure the title of the Sherborne estate to Sir 'John Digby, then Earl of Bristol, against the heirs of Sir 'Walter Raleigh; and as the earl had given him a consideration of 10,000*l.*, he was bound to make good his 'promise, being king; that therefore, unless Mr. Raleigh 'would quit all his right and title to Sherborne, he neither 'could nor would pass the Bill of Restoration.' The historian adds very justly that the earl's merits in negotiating 'the 'Spanish business' had certainly the greatest claim to the king's favour; 'and considering the Act of Attainder valid, 'he had as much right to put in his proffer of purchase to 'this estate as any other, and therefore it is evident that 'James alone was to blame.'

It is not necessary to give any detailed account of Corfe Castle. Any attempt at writing its history, as Mr. Moule points out, must be little more than an epitome of what may be found in Hutchins's History, in Mr. Bankes's 'Story of 'Corfe,' and Mr. Bond's elaborate work on Corfe Castle. The castle being a State-prison, there are, of course, many entries in the early Close Rolls as to the maintenance of such exalted prisoners; or hostages, as the Damsel of Brittany

and the daughters of King William of Scotland. It is said that when King John had captured twenty-four knights in Normandy, who were supporting the cause of his nephew, Prince Arthur, he caused all but two of them to be starved to death at Corfe in a doorless and windowless *oubliette* in one of the gate-towers of the castle.

After King John's time there is little to record about Dorset until the arrival of the Black Death in August 1348. A full account of this pestilence will be found in Dr. Creighton's learned work on the 'History of Epidemics in Britain,' from which it appears that it broke out first at Melcombe Regis, and spread rapidly through Dorset and the neighbouring counties. 'It seems probable that the smaller towns and villages all over the south-west had been infected by the end of 1348.' The plague reached Bristol on August 15, and almost immediately advanced to Gloucester and Oxford, reaching London at Michaelmas as some say, or on the Feast of All Saints according to another account. Mr. Moule gives some curious examples of the lowness of prices owing to the absence of buyers. 'A horse could be bought for 6s. 8d., and a ewe for threepence, which was remarkable because there was a great mortality in the flocks.' Dr. Creighton states that a fat ox was worth no more than 4s., and that a cow could be bought for a shilling. But when the harvest came to be reaped it was found that the price of labour had enormously increased; a reaper, it is recorded, got eightpence a day and his food, and a mower twelpence. The serfs and customary tenants fled from their homes in order to make their own terms on distant estates. The effect of the depopulation had been 'to mobilise the labouring class,' and the Parliament thought it necessary to regulate wages by passing the Statute of Labcurers.

The story proceeds with the visit of Margaret of Anjou to Weymouth on the very day when Warwick the King-maker was defeated and slain, and the flight of the queen to Cerne Abbey, as to a sanctuary, before her advance in force to the fatal field by Tewkesbury. But in the year 1471 Tewkesbury seemed to be a long way off from Weymouth, and we are told that the men of Dorset felt no very great concern for either the red rose or the white. It was very different in the next century, when England had to face the Armada, and Lyme Regis and Weymouth, and Poole and Bridport, all took their share of the preparations and played a good part in the fray. Before dealing, however, with the exploits of the little Dorset ships, Mr. Moule has a

story to tell of the Archduke Philip and his wife Juana. They were driven into Weymouth when making for Spain to claim the inheritance of Isabella of Castile. The Sheriff of Dorset, Sir Thomas Trenchard, was aware of the necessity of detaining his illustrious visitors until he had received instructions from King Henry VII.; and he succeeded by a gentle compulsion in persuading 'King Philip' and the Heiress of Castile to visit his mansion-house at Wolverton. The sheriff knew no Spanish, and his royal guests had no English. 'But Sir Thomas bethought him of his clever 'cousin at Barwick, Squire Russell, Farmer Russell as the 'neighbours called him.' He had been to Spain and talked the language well, and was fetched over at once to interpret. 'King Philip,' we are told, found his help so useful that he took the Squire with him to the English Court, where a clever man had at that time a great chance; and in course of time John Russell became Baron Russell of Cheynes, and afterwards Earl of Bedford, Lord High Admiral, and Knight of the Garter.

The story of the part taken by Dorset in the great Civil War is mostly borrowed from Hutchins, but Mr. Moule has given us in addition a very humorous exposure of some of the local traditions of Cromwell. If the rustics are to be believed, the Ironsides ran like hares at Tupp's Corner in Fordington, and Cromwell himself only escaped by hiding up in an oak-tree. Perhaps the most ridiculous version is that of 'Mercurius Aulicus,' a royalist news-letter of the baser sort, which asserted that 4,000 men under Cromwell were utterly routed on March 29, 1645, by a small body of 'Goring's horse.' We should like to quote some of the characteristics of a Dorset squire of that time, though we cannot connect him in any way with the course of the war. The sketch is said to have been composed by the first Lord Shaftesbury, who appended it to a portrait of Mr. Hastings, preserved at Wimborne St. Giles.

'Mr. Hastings,' we are informed, 'was the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting but not in warlike times. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park; a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed: they used round sand bowls, and it had a banquetting-house like a stand, a large one built in a tree. The great hall was strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks on perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with fox-skins, here and there a polecat intermixed, and gamekeepers' and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room; the windows served for places to lay his arrows, crossbows, and stone-

bows, &c., the corners full of the best chosen hunting or hawking poles, his oyster table at the lower end, which was of constant use. . . . On one side was the door of a closet wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, &c.; on the other the door of an old chapel, not used for devotion; the pulpit was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pye with thick crust extremely baked. He never wanted in London pudding, and always sung in eating it, "With my pert eyes therein-a": "My part lies therein-a," it should be. He very often put syrup of gillyflowers in his sack, and always had a tun-glass without feet stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. . . . He live to be a hundred, and never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help.'

The 'Boscobel Tracts' supply the groundwork for the story of Charles II.'s attempted escape after the Battle of Worcester. The blacksmith at Charmouth had been called in, as one of the horses had cast a shoe; and it is somewhat hard to understand why he did not send for Captain Macy and his soldiers on the chance of gaining the reward. 'This horse,' he said, 'has three shoes which were set on in 'three counties, and one of these was Worcestershire.' The ostler in attendance went off to Mr. Bartholomew Wesley, the Puritan clergyman, great-grandfather of the Rev. John Wesley, and told him what he half suspected. The minister goes to the landlady of the inn, before sending a message to the guard. 'Why, how now, Margaret?' he says, 'you 'are a Maid of Honour.' 'What mean you by that, Master 'Parson?' 'Why, Charles Stuart was here, and kissed you 'at his departure, so now you can't be but a Maid of Honour.' There was something of a quarrel, with 'Get out of my 'house, Master Parson, or I'll fetch those who will kick you 'out,' and the result was that Captain Macy was not put on the scent till midnight, and just failed to catch the fugitives before they took the turning to Broad Windsor. We are told that a visitor to the inn-kitchen, not many years ago, sat down in the chimney corner and wept, on which it was somewhat prematurely remarked that the gentleman must be 'the last of the Jacobites.'

We conclude our notice of an interesting and suggestive work with the defeat and capture of the Duke of Monmouth. The best account of the landing at Lyme Regis, the murder of Heywood Dare of Taunton, and the desperate fight at Sedgemoor, will be found in an account of the whole expedition by one of the Duke's followers appended to the

‘Martyrology, or Bloody Assizes,’ published in London in the year 1693. Of the battle he writes :—

‘Our foot fought as well as ever foot fought, but not a horse came up: had our horse but assisted, we must have beat them out of the field. . . . Our foot slung most of their shot over, so that their men for the most part were killed in the rear, and that ran, but the first stood still; and had we done as much execution in the front as we did in the rear, the day had been our own; but God would not have it—their time was not yet come.’

The Duke at last fled with Lord Grey and one Buyse, a German from Brandenburg, making for Cranborne Chace on the borders of Dorset. In the midst of the tract known as Shag’s Heath was a cluster of small farms called ‘the island,’ consisting of enclosures, some overgrown with fern and others cropped with peas and oats. The Duke separated himself from his companions and hid in a ditch under an ash-tree in the field now called ‘Monmouth Close.’ The pursuers, making enquiry among the cottagers, were informed by one Anna Ferrant that two men had been seen to go over the ‘out-bounds.’ Lord Grey had already been captured on the morning of the same day. Early on the next day, July 8, 1685, guards were set on all the avenues; the Brandenburger was arrested, and a few hours afterwards the Duke was found by one Henry Parking in the ditch under the ash-tree. ‘Farmer Kerley’s grandmother, lately dead,’ says Hutchinson, ‘saw the Duke, and described him as a black, genteel, tall man, with a dejected countenance.’ We need not repeat the sad story of the Western Assizes. Mr. Roberts, in his ‘History of Lyme Regis,’ quoted a saying that had the prisoners fallen into the hands of cannibals some of them would have escaped better than they did from Jeffreys. He has also preserved one or two interesting stories of the revenge taken for inconveniences suffered during the rebellion. Mr. Jones, of the Great House at Lyme Regis, was distinguished for his ‘horrid persecution of the martyrs,’ to use the Dorsetshire phrase. When he died his neighbours invented for his benefit a local version of a well-known legend. The master of a vessel sailing near Palerino saw a cloud, which seemed on approaching nearer to be composed of a myriad of strange forms, and on being hailed and asked the usual questions, a voice was heard in reply, ‘Out of Lyme Regis, bound for Mount Etna, with Jones.’

ART. III.—*Monseigneur de Salamon : Mémoires Inédits de l'Internonce à Paris pendant la Révolution, 1790-1801.* Par l'ABBÉ BRIDIER. Paris : 1890.

THE curious work which is the subject of this article is of very exceptional interest, because it contains so many graphic details of events wherein Mgr. de Salamon bore a part during the Reign of Terror and under the government of the Directory. We know no other account which takes us so much 'behind the scenes,' so to speak, of the life of a 'suspect' at this period. The memoirs were written by Mgr. de Salamon to oblige a friend of long standing, Madame de Villeneuve (daughter of Count de Ségur, Napoleon's grandmaster of the ceremonies), and have been translated from Italian into French by the Abbé Bridier. The birth and position of the author add still more to the interest of the book, since he was born in the papal territory of Avignon, and became one of those priests of the *ancien régime* who were magistrates first and ecclesiastics afterwards. His father was also a magistrate, being 'first Consul' of Carpentras. He had two sons. The elder of these, Alphonse Baron de Salamon, was born in 1747; the younger, Louis-Sufferin de Salamon—the author of these previously unpublished memoirs—saw the light in 1760. The latter, after passing some of his school days at Lyons, was made Doctor of Civil Law at the University of Avignon at the age of one-and-twenty, and was nominated auditor of the Rota of the French pontifical city by Pius VI. The following year he was elected dean of one of the chapters of Avignon, a post which a papal dispensation enabled him to hold, though nearly twenty years under the legal age. He then fulfilled the necessary condition of obtaining ordination to the priesthood.

The inhabitants of Avignon were what was then technically called 'régnicoles'—that is to say, they were as free to hold employment under the French government as if they were not subjects of the Pope and natives of the pontifical territory. In less than four years a seat in the Parlement of Paris—that of a clerical councillor—having fallen vacant, the Abbé Salamon resigned his deanship and auditorship on the Rota, and purchased the vacant post. This circumstance caused him to bear a part in the famous necklace trial of Cardinal Prince de Rohan, concerning which process a letter of his is preserved in the archives of the Vatican.

Others which there exist show Mgr. de Salamon to have belonged to the extreme Conservative section of the Parlement, which, after its revolt against the royal authority, was the first institution destroyed by those very 'States-General' it had been amongst the earliest to demand. The Abbé Salamon had looked forward to a life passed on the *fleur-de-lys* powdered cushions of the Parlement, instead of being driven, in 1790 (with the rest of his colleagues), from that 'Chambre des Vacations' which for a brief time continued to serve in the place of the dissolved Parlement.

It was when this last prolongation of the ancient tribunal came to its end that the Abbé was named by Pius VI. his internuncio to Louis XVI., the Nuncio Mgr. de Dugnani having left Paris (where he no longer enjoyed consideration or even security *) towards the end of 1790. There can be no doubt that Salamon had long worked to obtain such a position. As early as 1786 he was in the habit of keeping the Cardinal Secretary of State *au courant* with the various political and religious events in France; the fluctuations of opinion; the demerits and the merits (not forgetting his own) of clerics; with suggestions as to what measures were likely to be useful. Thus the Pope found in him a recognised agent ready to his hand, and one, as the event proved, who was ever ready to fulfil his duties, however great were the risks thereby incurred.

Salamon relates but one interview with the unfortunate Louis XVI. In order to obtain an audience, he addressed himself to the Duc de Brissac, who obtained from the King an appointment, and then presented him to the monarch at one o'clock on the day named.

'I found his Majesty,' he says, 'alone in his cabinet at the Tuileries, which seemed to me but a small room.'

'On seeing me, the King smiled and said, "I know you by name, for you came once to Versailles" (I had, in fact, been there twice in deputations from the Parlement), "but I do not recollect your face. What can I do, then, for the Pope?"'

"Sire," I replied, "at present I have but to express to your Majesty the great interest which his Holiness takes in your position and the tender attachment he feels for your sacred person. At the same time he counts on your Majesty's powerful protection for what regards religion, and considers he can give no greater proof of his con-

* The event which seems to have determined the Nuncio to leave was the shock he received from a severed head of one of the royal bodyguards being thrown into his carriage.

fidence than in appointing as his resident representative a member of your Majesty's Parlement. . . ."

'The King deigned to say, in reply, that he was grateful to the Pope for having given that proof of his consideration.' (P. 7.)

One of Salamon's first official acts was to transmit to the archbishops and bishops of France, and to make as public as possible, the Pope's briefs condemning the 'civil constitution of the clergy,' since that 'constitution' changed not only the organisation and government, but the very foundations, of the French Church. The Internuncio caused the briefs to be translated into French and printed; but, as everyone knows, the Pope's efforts were entirely powerless to arrest the anti-Catholic movement, and the King, wearied out by the struggle, finally assented to the decrees in December 1790. The constitutional oath was enforced, and tumults and persecution quickly followed. It also became the duty of the Internuncio to announce to Loménie de Brienne, Archbishop of Sens, the papal decree which removed him from the list of cardinals and forbade him to wear the scarlet robe. In the autumn of 1791 Mgr. de Salamon drew up an address, which he caused to be signed by the Catholics of Paris, demanding protection and liberty of conscience. This document was presented to the King on October 6, and a copy of it was forwarded by the Internuncio to Pius VI.

After the assault of the Tuileries on August 10, 1792, and the King's deposition, an oath binding those who took it to do their utmost to maintain liberty and equality was imposed on members of the legislature, which of course the Abbé refused to take. The steps previously taken by the Abbé Salamon of course made him a marked object of enmity to the extreme revolutionists, and he was arrested just before the massacres of September. The Abbé dwelt near the Palais Royal, and was singularly fortunate in having a most faithful servant to superintend his house, one who had previously been in his mother's service thirty years. She was called Blanchet, and her name occurs repeatedly in the memoirs. Mgr. de Salamon was arrested one morning at six o'clock. His papers and the archives of the Nunciature were seized, and he was led off to the Hôtel de Ville (followed by Blanchet, her boy, thirteen years old, and the Abbé's only remaining manservant), to appear before a committee of five, whereof Marat was one.

Thence he was conducted to a loft, the roof of which was so low that a moderately tall man could not stand upright.

There he found eighty prisoners lying on straw, which, they complained, had not been changed for four days. Amongst them was the Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, a man of lofty stature, eighty years old, and universally esteemed for his exemplary goodness. He was not only cheerful, but even merry, and tried to amuse his fellow-prisoners and make them laugh. Into this temporary prison his maid Blanchet was allowed to penetrate, and brought him peaches—of which he was very fond—and chocolate, in his daily consumption of which he confesses he was more unfailing than in reciting his breviary. His manservant also attended to his toilet, about which he was extremely careful, and for the most part managed to be shaved and powdered every day. To Blanchet he said :—

‘Remember that to-morrow is Thursday, when a basket should come to me from the country. Carry it to my friend in the Rue Sainte-Croix, and ask him to eat its contents, and then send a word of thanks for me to the donor.’ (P. 19.)

By this he meant that Thursday was the day for the courier from Rome, and that the friend referred to was to read the despatches and inform the Pope of his present situation.

At length, on September 1, 1792, the Procureur of the Commune—Manuel—came to the door of the loft (which he was careful not to enter), and announced to the prisoners that they were to be transferred elsewhere, at which some rejoiced, thinking they were to be sent out of France, while others joyfully anticipated joining the clergy imprisoned at the Carmes. A messenger from that prison and from the Archbishop of Arles and the Bishops of Saintes and Beauvais was then brought to Mgr. Salamon. He had come to consult him as to what he thought the Pope’s wishes were with respect to the lawfulness of the new oath ‘of liberty and equality’ they were called on to take. He answered :—

‘I have no means as yet of knowing the Pope’s sentiments, but I suspect they will not be favourable to such a course, and for my part, though not presuming to blame those who take it, I am myself determined to refuse it. Tell the gentlemen who sent you that, when I shall have the honour of seeing them, we will consult together so as to agree in our judgement. Alas! we were destined to meet no more!’

‘While I was still in the vestibule of the prison, an aged priest named Simon, a canon of Saint-Quentin, came to see his brother, who was a prisoner. After being freely allowed to enter, he was not again allowed to leave. He was ultimately massacred at the Abbaye, while the brother he came to visit escaped.’ (P. 31.)

At eleven o'clock at night a member of the commune, girt with his tricoloured scarf, came and called out that sixty-three of the eldest prisoners would be transferred, and told them to come forward and write their names. Amongst these was the Abbé Salamon and also the Abbé Sicart, so famed for his care of the deaf and dumb. They were all driven to the Abbaye. There they were led into a great hall wherein were many National Guards, who greeted them with the grossest insults, while there was no such thing as either a bench or a chair. After being himself for a time removed to a hall wherein were imprisoned eighty-three gentlemen and soldiers, the Abbé Salamon was made to rejoin his clerical fellow-prisoners of the night before. Meantime he had sent Blanchet to Torné, the constitutional Bishop of Bourges (whom he had formerly benefited), to urge him to obtain his release. This man accompanied her to the Mayor of Paris, Pétion, who refused to see them, but sent them out a paper whereon was written 'The accused shall leave his prison at three o'clock,' the real meaning of which, in fact, was that he should then die. .

As to the fatal chamber, imprisonment in which hardly anyone but himself survived, the Abbé Salamon tells us :—

'It was a large and dark room which had before served as the chapel of a confraternity of artizans. Its windows were broken in many places; it was extremely dirty, the floor two inches deep in dust, and the sides covered with cobwebs. There was but a single bench, on which but fifteen could sit—no chairs, beds, or even straw—from which I concluded it was not intended that we should remain there long. . . . It was the 2nd of September, and Sunday. I confess I had not thought of this, but a better priest than I, the good old curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, thought of it for us. . . . He said to us, "Gentlemen, to-day is Sunday; it is certain that they will neither allow us to say nor hear Mass; let us then kneel down for the time that would last, and raise our souls to God." Everyone applauded it, and we knelt and prayed. There were laymen amongst us, the President of the Council of Corsica, a Procureur of the Parlement of Paris, a barber (of whom I shall speak later), a servant of the Duc de Penthièvre, and five or six soldiers—sixty-three all told. After having finished our devotions, we walked about the prison, in twos, discussing our position. . . . At this moment the gaoler entered and said to us, "In future the nation will feed you, but you have arrived unexpectedly, and to-day there is nothing ready; you must, therefore, look after yourselves. Here is a confectioner at your service."

'The Abbé Godard, Vicar-general of Toulouse, and I (who seem to have kept our *sang-froid* better than the others), went up to him and arranged for a dinner in two hours at forty sous each, adding that we would answer for those who might not be able to pay. Besides the

soldiers, there were two or three priests, who seemed in a destitute condition. . . . I ought to add that in the different prisons wherein I have been confined I always found much union and generosity, those who were well supplied offering of what they had to those more unfortunate than themselves. . . .

‘The confectioner set up a long narrow table, with benches on either side, and dinner was served at two o’clock. I saw there were five boiled fowls, but I did not sit down, because, at that moment, Blanchet, who never forgot anything, brought me my repast, well wrapped up, in a basket. It consisted of soup à la Borghèse, radishes, boiled beef, extremely tender, a nice fat chicken, artichokes, with pepper (one of my favourite dishes), and fine peaches.

‘As the mere sound of my voice was a pleasure to my faithful servant I went near the door and called out, “Blanchet, I am all right; your dinner is excellent; go and have your own.”

“I will eat at three o’clock,” she replied; “if M. Pétion lets you out. . . . But, besides my anxiety at your being in prison, I am alarmed at the agitation I observed round the prisons and in the streets I passed along.” . . . I was far, indeed, from suspecting that this was the preparation for the massacres. . . . The rest sat down at table joyfully. . . . All dined with a good appetite, making much noise . . . and looking at them I said to myself, “Bon Dieu! how satisfied they seem!”

‘Scarcely had I made that reflexion when the gaoler unbolted the door with much noise, and opening it said, “Make haste; the people are marching down on the prisons, and have already commenced to massacre the prisoners!” It was half-past two. . . . We were greatly agitated; some asked, “What will become of us?” and others answered, “We must die” . . . We soon began to hear the noise of the distant mob. . . . I went up to the Procureur of the Parlement (a timid man whose limbs trembled as with the ague), and said, “Be composed, my colleague; you are not a priest, and will probably be spared; but for what cause are you in prison?” “For having hidden in my house the curé of my village, whom I have known forty years.” . . . I then approached two young Franciscans, a deacon and subdeacon, the younger with an angelic face, who saluted me with profound respect. . . . “It is a very painful position for you.” “Oh! mon Dieu!” replied the younger; “it is no disgrace to die for religion; I only fear they will not kill me because I am only a subdeacon.”

‘I was much moved by these words, worthy of the early martyrs, and I confess I was ashamed of myself on finding such sentiments in so young a man, when I was so little disposed to think with him.

‘At that moment the gaoler came and told us that the people were furious and massacring the prisoners in the outer courts . . . It was then half-past five. We were all in great consternation, and, by a sort of inspiration, turning towards the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, . . . begged him to give us absolution *in articulo mortis*. That holy priest, who had remained perfectly calm, replied that the danger did not seem imminent enough for him to do so, and that we should prepare to

die in a manner more in conformity with the Church's spirit, adding that there were experienced priests amongst us, and that we ought, before death, to make a good confession. . . . I must avow that, instead of going to confession, I went mechanically and sat down where I had sat before, and with my hands over my face observed through my fingers what was passing around without being able to analyse my impressions. I saw a good many priests seat themselves on the bench which had been left beside the table, while others knelt down to confess. I remained thus motionless for an hour. I even found my eyes closing, and an effort was needed to avoid going to sleep. Then I said, every now and then, the *Pater* and *Ave* and my favourite prayers, which I was so much in the habit of saying that I could say them while walking. The clock struck, and I said to myself, "It is seven; in an hour it will be night, and the villains will then probably go away."

'At that moment the thought struck me that I was not doing like the others; I rose abruptly, and went and threw myself at the feet of the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève. . . . My confession was interrupted by the entrance of the terrible gaoler who . . . said in a loud voice: "The people are more and more enraged, there are perhaps two thousand men in the Abbaye," and, in fact, we could hear the howlings of the mob as we had not heard them before. He then added, "The news has come that all the priests in the Carmes have been massacred."

'At that terrible news my companions threw themselves at the feet of the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, where I still remained, and all of us, laymen as well as clergy, earnestly begged him to give us absolution *in articulo mortis*. Then the holy man rose up with great gravity . . . and after having prayed silently for a few seconds, exhorted us to recite the *Confiteor* and make an act of faith, contrition, and love of God, which each one did with much piety. Then, with great devotion, he gave us the absolution we had so desired.'

But the end did not come immediately. At half-past eleven the door was attacked by the mob, and Salamon and a few more managed to climb up to and slip through a window into a deserted courtyard of the monastery; but they were soon discovered, and the Internuncio was conducted into a chamber, where the men who acted as judges were seated at a table, and he found near it those who had taken part in the melancholy banquet. They were successively interrogated, but it will be best to relate what followed in the author's own words:—

'The President first interrogated the one who stood nearest. It was the venerable curé of Saint-Jean en Grève. . . . The interrogatory was short, as was the case with those which followed: "Have you taken the oath?" said the President. "No; I have not taken it." At that instant a blow with a sabre struck off his perruque, and showed his bald head. Blows were rained upon his head and body, and then they seized him by the feet and dragged him outside. In a few

minutes they returned, crying "Vive la nation!" . . . Next came the Abbé de Bouzet, vicar-general of Rheims. . . . The President again asked, "Have you taken the oath?" He replied, in a voice so weak that I could hardly hear it, "I have not taken it." Then they cried, "Take him away!" Immediately a number of assassins surrounded him and pushed him out into the garden, which was the place of massacre. Mechanically my eyes followed him, and I saw his two arms raised, as if to parry the sabre cuts and pike thrusts with which he was assailed. I turned my head away, saying to myself, "It is impossible for me to escape, as I have not taken the oath." Then we heard again the cry, "Vive la nation!" The Abbé de Bouzet was dead.

'Returning, they came upon the poor Procureur of the Parlement (before mentioned) . . . who lost his head, and instead of saying, as I had advised him, he was no priest, confessed having hidden one. "The villain!" they cried; "he tried to save a shaveling—death, death!" They struck him there and then; his perruque fell off, like that of the poor curé; they dragged him out of the hall, and very soon their cries made known that he was slain.' (P. 79.)

Amongst those who were killed next were the Abbé Capparius, the Abbé Gervais, secretary to the Archbishop of Strasburg, a poor priest attached to the Hôtel Dieu, and the President of the Council of Corsica. The same fate (as before said) also befell the Abbé Simon, who had come to see his imprisoned brother, and had not been allowed out again. The servant of the Duc de Penthièvre was spared as being a servant, but the unhappy barber found no mercy. The two young Franciscans were next asked the question as to the oath, when, before they could reply, one of those about them, and who doubtless knew them, tried to defend them on the ground that they were not yet priests, and therefore not required to take the oath. Others cried out that they were fanatics nevertheless and must die, and they were finally killed. While all this was proceeding, Mgr. de Salamon tells us naively that he was not absorbed in religious thoughts, and did not wish to die, but was actually thinking how he might possibly escape.

'Those sabre cuts and pike thrusts made me half dead with terror, and did not develope within me the sentiments of piety with which we ought to be possessed when our last hour comes.' (P. 83.)

Another of his companions who escaped was the brother of the Abbé Simon. When asked if he had taken the oath, he replied in the affirmative, taking from his pocket, not the constitutional oath, but that of liberty and equality. Then arose a violent dispute, some demanding that he should take the oath required of priests. Finally the oath he had taken

was held sufficient, and the old man was saved. The Chevalier de Solérac and an advocate named Huguenin were also spared.

But Mgr. de Salamon was destined to witness another distressing scene before he was himself interrogated. Two young gardes du corps, who had been brought to the place of massacre, had been placed in a prison apart, while certain inquiries were made concerning them. They had unfortunately given a false address. The revolutionists were furious, crying out, 'Kill them, kill them!' Mgr. de Salamon describes the incident in the following terms:—

'They were loaded with insults, and a ruffian, more cowardly than the rest, struck violently with his sword one of them, who only replied with a shrug of the shoulders. Then a terrible struggle took place, for the young men, though without arms, defended themselves like lions. They threw down many of their assailants, and if they had only had knives would have been victorious. At last they fell severely wounded, and seemed to feel keenly their sad lot. I heard one say, "Must I die thus, and so young?"' (P. 90.)

The Internuncio was happily left till the last, and, in mortal fear lest he should be asked the fatal question as to the constitutional oath, took the bull by the horns, and, advancing rapidly to the table, exclaimed:—

' "Citizen-President, before I am sacrificed to the fury of this mistaken people, I demand to be heard."

' "Who are you?" said a threatening voice.

' "I was a clerk of the Parlement of Paris, and I am a lawyer." *

' Whether impressed by my voice or my courage, he said more gently to the people:

' "This prisoner is known to the tribunals of Paris."

' "Indeed I am," I replied.

' "How is it, then, that we find you here?"

' I then told a story partly true and partly the reverse . . . and added, raising my voice, that, without being interrogated, I had been taken to the massacre at the very time when Pétion was to have me liberated. Then I unfolded the paper which poor Blanchet had brought me on Sunday morning. Then the President, evidently wishing to help me, and, perhaps, sickened by the massacre, began to say:—"See, gentlemen, how carelessly the other sections imprison citizens. If our section had arrested him, we should have interrogated him and sent him home. . . . I propose to confine him apart, that we may obtain information about him." I hastened to enter a separate chamber, the door of which opened into the hall where we were.' (P. 97.)

* Since August 10 Mgr. de Salamon had dressed as a layman.

The Internuncio tried to communicate with his maid-servant, and twice paid the gaoler to take notes to her, which were never delivered, though the money was taken. She meantime, in despair, applied to two of Salamon's friends, M. and Madame Rosambo, and then proceeded to the scene of the massacre to examine the dead bodies. It was just then that the Bishop of Beauvais was found by his valet, who took him, still breathing, from a cart. He lived for six months, but had lost his reason. Blanchet had returned home and was with friends, when one of them called out, 'There goes M. Sergent, a member of the commune, who has much influence.' Blanchet and the other women ran to him, and besought his intervention so successfully that he promised to interfere in his behalf, and assured them they should soon have news of him if he was still alive. The consequence of this was that Salamon was roused in his sleep and told by the gaoler to follow him.

'I believed I was going to my death. I thought of the fate of the two unfortunate young officers who had fallen before my eyes. I feared that they had gained some unfavourable information about me, and that I was sent for that I might be massacred.

'The gaoler saw my alarm, and said rather gently, "Calm yourself, and follow me; but keep close to me, for we shall have to go through the hall where the tribunal is still sitting. There is a third prison beyond where you were, and the massacre is going to continue." I followed him closely . . . and arrived at a room, where I saw five men of respectable appearance. They formed the Civic Committee. . . . They rose as I entered, and said:—

' "How have you escaped this terrible butchery?"

' "Oh! gentlemen," I replied, "that is what I ask myself."

' "Well," they exclaimed, "we must get you out of this." The President, M. Jourdan, then said: "It was M. Sergent, member of the commune, who brought us the order for your immediate interrogation; that is why you were awakened and brought here." (P. 109.)

Salamon then told the truth as to who and what he was, and he was then asked:—

' "Were you in the habit of going to Court?"

' "Yes, every Tuesday, at the King's levée. Such was my duty as Papal Internuncio."

' "Were you there on the 10th of August?"

' "No."

' "Had you special relations with any member of the late Royal family?"

' "No; except that I often saw Madame Elisabeth on religious matters—on Sunday during her dinner, on Tuesday, and some other days." (P. 112.)

After consulting together the Committee decided that, by way of precaution, and to protect him from the mob outside, he had better for that night remain in prison. His deliverance was finally accomplished by the efforts of Blanchet, and by means of a letter he had had conveyed to Hérault de Séchelles, who had formerly been solicitor-general. He was taken by Torné, the constitutional bishop, to his house, who treated him very kindly, and there he received a formal dismissal from confinement, signed by Robert, president of the commune, and Tallien, secretary, granted at the prayer of Hérault de Séchelles.

Before leaving prison he saw from his window a member of the commune, clad in his tricoloured scarf, carrying sacks of money to pay the assassins. Those who had 'worked' well were paid 30 to 35 francs, and one he saw received but 6 francs. He adds:—

'I also saw a woman, who might have come from hell, insulting a dead body. Sitting a-straddle across it, she struck it on the back, exclaiming, "See how fat this dog of a shaveling was." (P. 122.)

With these words Mgr. de Salamon ends the first part of his recital. The account of his next experience of trouble refers to the last nine months of 1794. To understand the bearing of his narrative, it is necessary to revert to the period of the commencement of the Revolution.

As before said, when at length the States-General had been convoked at the repeated instances of the Parlements of France, and especially that of Paris, one of its first acts was to abolish the supreme magistratures, which had done so much to bring those States-General into being. But, in order that France should not be without its tribunals, a 'Chamber of Vacations' was created in each Parlement to continue its necessary work. Mgr. de Salamon tells us:—

'I had the honour to be chosen by the King for a seat in the Chamber of Vacations of the Paris Parlement, of which Rosambo, the most compassionate of men, was president. . . . This took place during the first effervescence of the Revolution, and our lives were continually in danger, and the desire was that we should abandon our posts voluntarily. We were continually besieged by revolutionary emissaries. They told us we should either be attacked in the Chamber or as we left it.' (P. 128.)

Nevertheless, this Chamber carried on its work for sixteen months, but without obtaining, as Mgr. de Salamon assures us, either consideration or emolument, so that at last its members petitioned the King to permit them to dissolve, and he granted their request on November 1, 1790.

Before separating they resolved to solemnly record their political principles, and after a whole night's debate a protest against the recent revolutionary measures was drawn up in the following terms :—

‘ The undersigned, considering that the stability of the throne, the glory of the nation, and the happiness of all orders and classes of its citizens will be promoted by an enduring record of the principles according to which, for so many centuries, it has been governed ; considering that under existing circumstances this duty is especially incumbent on the magistrates of the Chamber of Vacations, who (forming part of the first Court of the kingdom) are the only persons in any way capable of compensating for the silence of the princes, peers, and those magistrates from whom they have been separated ; the magistrates of the Chamber declare (while renewing their previous protests against the first attacks on the constitution of the State) that they have never meant to give any approbation to the different decrees they have from time to time registered, such registration having been regarded by them as merely temporary and needing repetition on the restoration of the Parlement ; that such restoration being no longer possible, every such registration is null and without effect ; that they cannot recognise the deliberations of an assembly which, instead of the three orders of the States-General, has been constituted a national assembly merely by its own act, as deliberations expressing the will of the nation ; finally, that they protest, and will not cease to protest, against all that has been done, or that may be done, by deputies to the States-General, who, in that pretended assembly, have, against the tenour of their mandates, not only exceeded their powers (which principally consisted in paying the national debt, providing equitably for revenue, and wisely reforming matters of administration), but have abused it by the violation of rights of all kinds ; by robbing the clergy, which entails contempt for religion ; by the annihilation of the nobility, which has always been one of the principal supports of the State ; by the degradation of royalty, reduced to a shadow by attacks on its authority ; and, finally, by the commission of acts subversive of the true principles of the monarchy.

‘ Signed : Le Pelletier de Rosambo, Duport, H. L. Fredy, Dupuis, Nouet, Pasquier, Amelot, Lambert, Lescalopier, D’Outremont, Camors de la Guibourgère, Constance, Lenoir, Sahuquet, D’Espagnac, Salamon, Agarde de Maupas, Paquier de Mardouil.

‘ 14th October, 1790.’

The protest, thus signed by all the members of the Chamber, was to have been immediately carried to the King and kept secret.

By an extraordinary fatality M. de Rosambo, instead of so doing, hid it in a secret drawer of his cabinet, and did so in the presence of an old servant whom he believed to be absolutely trustworthy. This man, however, became imbued

with the revolutionary spirit, and betrayed his master in September 1793.

Meantime Mgr. de Salamon, after his release, was living tranquilly, being regarded as a good citizen, and regularly mounting guard. But one evening his maid Blanchet was warned that he would be arrested, and, on his taking refuge with a friend, came to warn him that men had been to his house with a warrant for his arrest. Unable to remain any longer where he had taken refuge, he left, not knowing where to go. Then he tells us that, as he was wandering thus, uncertain what to do—

‘The idea suddenly struck me that I would go to the Rue Saint-Apolline, near the Porte Saint-Martin, to a friend of mine, a rich widow who had a little house all to herself. She was a tall, handsome woman of about fifty, with an excellent heart. I had hardly known her fifteen months, but in that short time she had become much attached to me, and had been greatly moved by the September massacres. She lived with an only daughter, who had wished to be a nun, but who had returned home at the suppression of the religious orders.’

This lady was Madame Dellebart, who gladly gave him shelter and concealment. Early the next day he set to inquire about and warn his colleagues, but he found almost all of them already arrested. He discovered one, however, the Abbé Chaubin de Beaulieu, living in a miserable room on the sixth story of a house in the Marais, occupied in knitting a pair of stockings. In reply to Salamon’s questions, the Abbé said :—

“I have lived here for two years, and am taken for a workman. I have no fear they will arrest me.” His air of security reassured me, and I thought of stopping with him all night, when they brought him a leg of mutton with potatoes around it, all excellently baked and exhaling a delicious odour’ (P. 147.)

The Internuncio had a very keen appreciation of the pleasures of the table, as he lets us see again and again in his narrative, with great simplicity. As to this occasion he says :—

‘I had a good appetite and made an excellent dinner, not going away before eight o’clock.’

On returning to Madame Dellebart he found that Blanchet had called and announced the discovery of the Protest of the Chamber of Vacations hidden by the President de Rosambo. He therefore remained where he was, while repeated search was vainly made for him at his house. Soon he learnt that

his faithful maid had been arrested and forced to leave her son—a youth of fourteen—in the street without any sort of provision, in a hard frost at four o'clock in the morning, from the consequences of which he afterwards died. She was carried to the prison in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor, which house had previously been a convent of the English Augustinian nuns.

Unwilling to imperil his kind hostess, Mgr. de Salamon, after various adventures with one or two old friends in Paris, at last took refuge in the Bois de Boulogne, with which he was well acquainted, sleeping sometimes in a kiosque and sometimes returning to the hospitable house of Madame Dellebart. Nevertheless, he from time to time managed to meet one or two ecclesiastics, so as to carry on, as best he could, the task confided to him by Pius VI., granting or refusing dispensations, and deciding as to the validity of certain marriages and various cases of conscience. For three months he led this wandering life, living mainly on potatoes, of which he had made a store with an old beggar woman of Boulogne. Not possessing a card attesting his 'civisme,' he could not present himself at any baker's shop. For some time, however, he managed every Tuesday to go to Madame Dellebart, arriving at daybreak; and being refreshed, as he tells us, 'with excellent coffee and cream.' But the danger for both became too great, and after many difficulties he secured an obscure lodging in a garret at Passy; here he was for a time secure, and whence he was able from time to time to make excursions in different directions, and one day he went to Meudon.

'It was beautiful weather and past the middle of April. I entered a café and asked for beer and a biscuit. I had taken off my hat on account of the great heat, and I was walking to and fro in the room drinking my beer. All at once a citizen rushed into the café, crying out with delight, "It is the turn of the Parlement to-day; they are all in the dock except that villain Salamon." A thunderbolt would not have terrified me so much as did this news. I hastily caught up my hat, paid, and rushed off to Passy like the wind. I then knocked at the door of one of my friends, who had also taken refuge in that village. This was M. Fournier de la Chapelle, ex-intendant of Aude, and I told him what I had just heard about the Parlement. . . . He answered, "You see night is coming on. If it is as you say, there is no remedy, and the best thing we can do is to sleep. To-morrow morning I will set off at six o'clock, and at eight I will be at the pyramid, near the Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne—you be there." I did not close my eyes all night, and long before the time I was at the rendezvous. M. Fournier arrived punctually, and his countenance ex-

pressed the greatest consternation. "They are all dead," he murmured ; then he added, "Here is the newspaper ! You will see in it that you are also condemned to death for contumacy."

It was no longer prudent to return to Passy, and Salamon remained for some time hidden in the thickest parts of the Bois de Boulogne.

The fall of Robespierre dispelled much of his terror, and he returned to Paris. There, by the assistance of a former colleague, Bourdon de l'Oise, who had credit with the revolutionary authorities, he obtained protection and the removal of the seals which had been set on his lodging. He also had the happiness of finding that his faithful Blanchet was liberated. She returned home with 300 francs she had gained by working for the fine ladies with whom she had been imprisoned in the English convent. He had, moreover, the melancholy satisfaction of performing the last offices, as priest, for his friend Madame Dellebart—hearing her confession, giving her the viaticum, and performing such funeral service as was possible at a time when priests were not permitted to do such things publicly. •

The third misfortune which befell Mgr. de Salamon took place under the Directory. He was then acting as Vicar-apostolic for both France and Brabant, and kept up an active correspondence with the Nuncios at Brussels and Lucerne, and also with the Vicar-Legate of Avignon, who had taken refuge at Nice. This correspondence was carried on by the aid of certain priests and a number of pious women, and he was thus able to fulfil the duties of his office to the year 1796. At that time the Directory made certain overtures to the Pope through the Spanish ambassador. The then newly appointed Cardinal Secretary of State, Busca, responded to these overtures, sent out a priest named Pier-rachi to act with Salamon, and conferences took place between them and Delacroix, who was the Minister of Foreign Affairs before Talleyrand.

The Directory, he tells us—and this is a remarkable statement, as the idea of a Concordat has hitherto been regarded as one of Bonaparte's original ideas—

'was prepared to make many concessions in order that his Holiness might give his sanction to the civil constitution of the clergy. Half the old bishops were to be recalled and restored to their sees, and half the new, constitutional, bishops were to be retained. At each vacancy the Directory was to present three candidates to the Pope, who, it was proposed, should choose one to fill the vacant chair. Such was the basis for a Concordat which the Directory offered to the Holy See. It

was already printed, but the bishops were required to take a new form of oath. This oath displeased Pius VI., who utterly rejected it. The Directory immediately broke off all negotiations, and the Abbé Pierrachi was ordered to leave in twenty-four hours, and it was intimated to me that I should do well to go away for a certain time.' (P. 235.)

As is well known, the Pope concluded an armistice with Bonaparte, secretly got together a small force, which he confided to the command of an Austrian general, and concluded a treaty with the King of Naples, who was bound by it to send the Pope a considerable army.

'This news,' Mgr. Salamon continues, 'I had lately heard,' and it had given me a certain satisfaction, when I was invited to pass the evening at the house of a Flemish banker, when I remarked that the Neapolitan ambassador, Prince Belmonte, was radiant. This roused my suspicions, and I watched him narrowly, and saw that he had recognised and avoided me. . . . The Prince de Reuss, whom I had met before, approached the ambassador and . . . asked if there was any news. "Yes," he answered; "peace has been concluded between the King of Naples and the Directory. . . . I signed it this morning." . . . I thought at once, "the Pope is betrayed; he will denounce the armistice, and the French general will invade Rome and take him prisoner." My first thought was to send a courier to tell the news and save the armistice.' (P. 236.)

A courier was always kept on hand, ready provided with a passport for Switzerland; there was time for him to reach Rome before the ambassador's despatches could arrive at Naples, and by one o'clock in the morning he was on his road to the French frontier. He was, however, arrested at Pontarlier, while halting for refreshment, and his papers seized. Much satisfied with what he had done, and little suspecting his courier's arrest, Mgr. de Salamon was astonished to be told by Blanchet that three men of the police asked for him, and to find that both were arrested and carried off to prison. For more than a week he was confined in a most dismal dungeon, when one morning he was surprised by a visit from the wife of his lawyer, who consoled him next day by a present of a turkey roasted to perfection, white bread, two bottles of white wine, and one of Malaga.

After being for some days in the prison of La Force, he was transferred—always as one accused of having carried on a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of the State—to the Conciergerie, where he was under the care of a very well disposed official named Richard, who said to him on his arrival:—

“I shall be obliged to bolt you in your cell at night, but in the daytime you can stop in my room. You shall eat with me, and see whom you like if you ask me first. . . . You shall have a stove in your cell, and sleep on the two mattresses of that poor woman”—he meant the Queen—“who died on the scaffold. They cost me dear, for I was imprisoned six months for having bought them.” I thanked him with all my heart. It was agreed between us that I should pay four francs for my food, and he told me I might ask my friends to dinner, and that he would do his best to get us a very decent repast, with coffee and liqueurs, at three francs a head.

‘Many of my friends came to see me; amongst others were the Countess Aubusson, Madame d’Aulnoy, and the Viscountess d’Alleman. From seven to ten o’clock I held a sort of reception.’ (P. 275.)

Mgr. de Salamon had a horror of his cell, and was indulged by having the door opened very early. The first day this took place a dog rushed in, jumped upon the bed, smelt it all over, and ran quickly out again, and this the animal repeated daily for three months. It was a dog which had belonged to Marie Antoinette, which Richard had preserved with great care, and it was to his mistress’s mattress that he paid these repeated visits. Richard described how the gendarmes had played piquet every evening in the Queen’s presence, and how she sometimes stood looking at them leaning on the back of a chair, and sometimes sat and mended her clothes the while. He also said that she warmly praised him on account of the pains he took as to her food, and that her favourite dish was duck. He had had many curious experiences, and he had seen the Duke of Orleans in that prison. Before going to the scaffold the Duke asked for a chicken, which was refused him on the ground that he had no money to pay for it. He then made an omelette with his own hands, drank a bottle of champagne that had been brought him the day before, and went courageously to death. Madame Elisabeth also remained twenty-four hours in the Conciergerie. All night she was very restless, repeatedly asking what was the hour and speaking of ‘her sister,’ Marie Antoinette.

‘She took a little chocolate, and then, about eleven o’clock, went towards the door of the prison, where a number of great ladies, who were to accompany her to the scaffold, were already assembled. Amongst them were Madame de Senozan, the sister of the Minister Malesherbes. . . . Madame Elisabeth gave Richard a message for her sister. Then one of the ladies, a duchess, whose title I forget, spoke, saying to her, “Madame, your sister has suffered the fate which we all of us are about to undergo.”’

One of Mgr. de Salamon’s great anxieties was to obtain a

fair jury for his trial. Five weeks elapsed when Richard, who had conceived a great friendship for his prisoner, gave him excellent advice, which was carried into effect two days before the trial. It was the duty of an official named Marchand to make the list of jurors, and this man was known to Richard; so it was arranged to invite him to dinner.

'We three sat down to table, and Richard told his servant to allow no one to enter. The dinner was excellent, and not a word of business was said before dessert. Then a bottle of Malaga was put on the table, and Richard, addressing our guest, said:

"The day after to-morrow will be a very important day for the Abbé, for it will be his trial. . . . Only I am anxious about the jury . . . this one and that (and he cited names) are detestable, and another is a Jacobin."

"Well," replied Marchand, "challenge them, then."

"Impossible," I replied. "For that will cause another month's delay."

'Thereupon Richard poured out a glass of Malaga for our guest as if it had only been vin ordinaire. As he was drinking it Marchand paused and said:

"Let us see. I may be of use to you, and I should like to be so. Give me the list of jurors."

'Richard handed it to him, and Marchand muttered, while reading it, "They are not a famous lot certainly; these fellows never fail to give a fatal verdict!"

'When he had finished, he drew a pencil from his pocket, and said to me, "Mark the names of those you object to."

"M. Richard will do it for me, for I know nothing about it."

'When we had marked the bad ones, he said, "Now, which are the ones you would like?"

'I was this time as much embarrassed as before, but Richard helped me, and we made out a hopeful list. . . . All being thus arranged, M. Marchand said "I will make a bold stroke which may cost me my place if it is found out. But there is nothing I would not do to save a good fellow like you. I will summon the jury as if their names had been drawn by lot." . . . I thanked him profusely, and when we had taken coffee and liqueur he left us, carrying off the list we had thus agreed on.'

When the trial took place (January 1797), as soon as the judges had taken their places the indictment was read. It was no longer so grave as at first. Instead of being charged with conspiracy, he was only accused of having corresponded with the Pope's ministers. After a long interrogatory and various small incidents which it does not seem needful to detail, the pleading terminated with a violent tirade from the Public Prosecutor, who demanded a sentence of death.

'Then the President asked the jury the following questions:—Has

there been a correspondence with the enemies of the State? Is the accused guilty of that crime? Has he acted with bad intention?

'The jury deliberated for a long time. Several of them had been influenced by the epithet "spy," which the Commissary of the Directory had applied to me.

'Happily they had taken from the post . . . a letter in Italian written to me by Cardinal Bocca. One of the jurors was the Abbé Champagne, a married deacon, from Navarre, who knew Italian well. He translated the letter to the others, saying, "They want to make this man out to us to be a spy; but he is no spy. . . . He is the friend of the Pope who causes his ministers to write: '*Il padrone l'ama, l'affeziona, e commanda che lei continue il suo bisogno.*' A sovereign does not express himself thus towards a spy."

Thereupon the jury pronounced a verdict of acquittal, and after having, at the Public Prosecutor's request, to remain one day more in prison, Mgr. de Salamon was finally liberated. He terminated his narrative abruptly in the following terms:—

'From that time I continued tranquilly to fulfil the spiritual mission wherewith I was charged. In 1801 I was sent to Normandy to administer the whole province, and I had to superintend five of the most important dioceses of France, notably that of Rouen. There I resided, visiting the other dioceses and naming vicars-general to act in my name. Normandy was much divided on the subject of the oath of fidelity to the laws of the Republic, but I succeeded in tranquillising minds in spite of the obstacles raised by the intruded clergy. The Cardinal Legate was so much pleased that he wrote me several letters on the Pope's part, expressing the satisfaction of his Holiness, and assuring me that I had exceeded his hopes.'

Mgr. de Salamon then retired for a time into private life; but in 1804 he was consecrated at Rome Bishop of Orthozia *in partibus*. He was afterwards nominated Bishop of Belley, though he never occupied that see, but in 1820 he actually became Bishop of another diocese. He was a very active bishop, especially concerned about the education of the clergy, who, to his grief, now very rarely belonged to any noble family. In one of his pastoral letters he strongly insisted on the great importance of the clergy being regarded by the people as members of the educated class. He died on June 11, 1829, and was so spared the suffering he would indeed have endured had he lived to see the expulsion of the dynasty to which he was most deeply attached. His desire was to be buried with the poor and with the simplest funeral rites, and this humble desire has been so completely fulfilled that no tomb, and not even a cross with his name, marks his place of sepulture.

ART. IV.—*The 'Higher Criticism' and the Verdict of the Monuments.* By Rev. A. H. SAYCE, LL.D. London: 1894.

TRUTH cannot conflict with truth, but only with falsehood; or, yet more commonly, half-truths are mingled with conflicting errors. There can be no discord between sober literary study of the Hebrew Scriptures and sober study of the results of exploration; but there is much controversy caused by the rash speculations of what is arrogantly named the 'Higher Criticism' and the rash speculations of those who theorise on monumental records. While each party heaps scorn on the other's views, the work itself often languishes, and the actual results are discredited. What is most wanted is further exploration, and the discovery of new sources of knowledge. As a whole, the remarkable recovery of ancient contemporary records has served to confirm the history of the Old Testament in an unexpected degree. It is to be feared, however, that the book under consideration will serve rather to widen the breach of controversy than to further the cause of truth, and to cast as much discredit on archæology as it does on the less sound results of criticism. The general idea, that literary analysis must be controlled by the external testimony of monuments, has long been upheld in the pages of this Journal; and the shortcomings of modern critics have been condemned long before Dr. Sayce appeared as a champion of this principle. But controversy of the bitter kind which is now arising should be avoided by the wise scholar, who leaves his results to the test of time, and who respects the labours of those who, from another standpoint, endeavour to further the same great subject in which all schools of thought alike feel interest.

The name of Dr. Sayce is well known as a competent cuneiform scholar, whose wide knowledge of Oriental and classic antiquity has enabled him to popularise the results gained by the great school that has surrounded Sir Henry Rawlinson, and that which has developed the discoveries of Champollion. His somewhat dogmatic assertions are quoted as authoritative by many who are unable to study the monuments for themselves; and, as is very natural, the work of his predecessors is often attributed by popular writers to the authority who has enabled them to gain some insight into monumental history. Dr. Sayce has not himself

conducted any important explorations, and his knowledge of Western Asia, due to travel, is scarcely more than that of a tourist; but he is learned in the scripts and languages of the old civilised world, and has diligently collected all that is newest and most interesting in the publications of his colleagues. Nevertheless it is impossible to regard his present work as having a permanent literary value, on account of the many unsound and paradoxical statements that mar almost every page, representing views which are not generally accepted as final results, and ignoring knowledge which is contradictory to those views. Since the general reader is quite unable to check such assertions by reference to the originals, there is nothing which is more incumbent as duty on every scholar than to distinguish clearly between facts generally acknowledged and theories which are merely speculations. The modern scholar might well take example in this respect from the honest Father of History, who so clearly divides what he knew from what he thought or had heard from others.

The greater part of the materials used by Dr. Sayce have been known to scholars for thirty years, and available to the general reader for at least twenty. The newest documents are the letters from 'Tel el Amarna (as he prefers to spell the name), of which less use is made than might have been expected. On this subject he cannot claim to speak with authority. The letters were found in 1887, and soon after * Dr. Sayce informed the public, after inspecting one of them, that it was 'written in the Neo-Babylonian script, 'though some of the characters are peculiar, and it belongs 'to the period extending from the age of Assur-bani-pal to 'that of Darius.' On further inspection † he stated that

'most of the tablets contain copies of despatches sent to the Babylonian king by his officers in Upper Egypt, and as one of them speaks of the "conquest of Amasis" (*Kasid Amasi*), while another seems to mention the name of Apries, the king in question must have been Nebuchadnezzar. The conquest of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar, so long doubted, is now therefore become a fact of history. One of the tablets is addressed to the King of Egypt.

'Mention is also made of the "country of Nuqu or Necho."'

In every one of these statements Dr. Sayce was wrong. The characters are not Neo-Babylonian, but ancient cuneiform of the fifteenth century B.C. The letters (with three possible exceptions) are not copies, but originals written, not

* 'Academy,' March 24, 1888.

VOI. CLXXX. NO. CCCLXIX.

† Ibid. April 7, 1888.

to the king of Babylon, but to the king of Egypt, and to his chiefs; not from Upper Egypt, but from Western Asia. Neither Amasis, Apries, Nebuchadnezzar, nor Necho is mentioned; and the date is nearly a thousand years earlier than Dr. Sayce supposed. He has never frankly acknowledged his mistakes; but he has accepted the general verdict of other scholars in Germany and in England. His déchiffrement of the tablets at Boulak was very imperfect, and this has in some cases led to his publishing, within two years, two translations of some of the letters, which differ so much that the general reader would find it hard to believe that they could represent the same documents. These mistakes, due to haste and want of caution, have seriously impaired the confidence that he might have inspired by more prudent conduct; and though he has aided in the task of decipherment, the more important discoveries have fallen to others.

It is not through want of knowledge or of ability that he has failed, but through the haste which leads him to propound results which he soon abandons, only to propose new and equally unweighed opinions. The volume under consideration is full of such superficial representations of facts, which he has not been at the pains fully to investigate, and to some of these (not all, since space will not allow of the treatment of minor points) it is necessary to call attention, before they become diffused in literature which accepts his authority.

In speaking of the so-called 'Higher Criticism' Dr. Sayce says:—

'The arrogance of tone adopted at times by the "higher criticism" has been productive of nothing but mischief; it has aroused distrust even of its most certain results, and has betrayed the critic into a dogmatism as unwarranted as it is unscientific. Baseless assumptions have been placed on a level with ascertained facts, hasty conclusions have been put forward as principles of science, and we have been called on to accept the prepossessions and fancies of the individual critic as the revelation of a new gospel.'

There is much truth in this view, but, unfortunately, the critic may justly retort that Dr. Sayce does himself that which he condemns in others. He has no scruple in supposing a 'gloss' or 'interpolation' in the Hebrew Scripture whenever its statements conflict with his own views. He, too, writes dogmatically, and confuses fact with speculation. He, too, has prepossessions and fancies, which he seems to expect us to receive almost as a new gospel; and there

are many important works, concerning the antiquities of Palestine especially, which he has not taken the pains to master.

Proceeding to notice these statements of opinion in detail, we find (p. 9) that the geography of Genesis (chap. x.) is to be attributed to the age of Ezekiel, because the 'Kimmerians' did not emerge from their primitive homes . . . until the 'seventh century before our era.' This is based on such fragmentary acquaintance as we possess with Assyrian history; but Gomer is very probably noticed in Akkadian records as early, at least, as 2500 B.C., and there is nothing in the chapter in question that might not have been written as early as 1400 or 1200 B.C., for it is highly improbable that the country or race of Gog is to be identified with the later King Gyges of Lydia.

He further states (pp. 20, 489) that an Ionian is mentioned in the Amarna tablets, that the king of Ashdod was an Ionian in the time of Sargon, and even that the name of Jonah may mean 'the Ionian.' The first statement is incorrect; the second highly improbable—whoever King Yaman or Yavan may have been—and the idea that a Hebrew prophet was an Ionian Greek is manifestly impossible. The Greeks had no power in Palestine before the time of Alexander the Great.

Dr. Sayce proceeds (p. 31) to compare the Pentateuch with the Egyptian 'Book of the Dead'—a liturgy of absurd magical charms against the fiends of Hades. He states (p. 37) that a text has been found at Tell el Hesi 'at a depth of 300 feet,' the mound being only 60 feet high (p. 234), and the deepest excavation ever made in Palestine not exceeding 100 feet. What he means to say is, 'at a level of 300 feet above the sea,' but the improbability should have struck him, for it is not a printer's error.

To say (pp. 36, 283) that the excavations of Dr. Petrie are the first scientific ones executed in Palestine is most unfair to the explorers who have laboured in the country for a quarter of a century. Dr. Petrie passed one short season in Philistia, and made no discovery of great importance. His real work as an excavator has lain in Egypt, and he had no time to acquire a knowledge of the scripts, the languages, and the archæology of Palestine. His views as to the age of certain classes of uninscribed pottery have often been severely criticised, and some of the resulting conclusions in the case of Tell el Hesi are known to be historically untenable.

It is also improbable that the great antiquity ascribed (p. 39) to the inscriptions of Northern Arabia will be generally accepted. They are written in the later Aramaic characters* and dialect, and the idea that the alphabet originated among these wild tribes, rather than among the civilized Phœnicians, is untenable. Arabia derived its later culture partly from Syria, partly from Assyria, and the dialects of its east and west coasts approximated to the Babylonian and to the Hebrew respectively; but it was not till a comparatively late period that the civilisation of the North reached the coasts and spread over the Nejed. It is true that the Hebrews of the time of Moses are very unlikely to have been ignorant of writing (p. 45), since all surrounding nations could then write. But there is no evidence that the alphabet existed in the fourteenth century B.C., and the general use of the cuneiform syllabary in this age—in Assyria, Babylonia, Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine—which is now established as a fact, rather discountenances the idea that an alphabet had been developed. It is not the case that ‘everyone who pretended to the rank and education of a gentleman’ (p. 49) could write in that age, for the Amarna letters were (as clearly stated) written and read by scribes. The king of Gebal, for instance, sent letters which, though all written in his name (Ribadda), are clearly in the handwriting of three or four different scribes.

Nor is it quite correct to say that these letters are in the ‘Babylonian language.’ The language differs very little, whether the letter be from Babylon, Assyria, Armenia, or Syria; but the tablet found at Tell el Hesi proves that the tongue used by one Canaanite chief in writing to another was the same, and it was naturally the native speech. The new discoveries, indeed, make it very doubtful whether Babylonia was the home of the cuneiform character, which seems to have been so early used all over Western Asia, and which is believed to have been brought to Babylonia by the Akkadians, whose original seat appears to have been in the uplands near the Caspian, as Lenormant pointed out.

The account which Dr. Sayce gives (p. 48) of the history of

* Dr. Sayce refers to those found by Mr. Doughty (p. 41) as among the ancient texts. What is here said is due to personal inspection of his texts, and of others from North Arabia. The South Arab or Himyarite (p. 39) belong at earliest to the third century B.C.

Amenophis IV. is taken from Dr. Brugsch,* but it does not rest on monumental evidence. No inscription records that any religious persecution occurred during this reign, and King Dusratta, writing from Armenia, addresses Amenophis IV. as well as Amenophis III., his father, as a worshipper of the Egyptian god Amen. Foreign religion entered Egypt not during the latter reign, but probably as early as the time of Thothmes IV., who married an Armenian.

As to the Babylonian legends, including the Flood story, it is only needful to say that Dr. Sayce should have warned his readers of the differences among scholars in translation of difficult passages. Otherwise theories may be built on doubtful renderings. It is safe to hold that passages which do not make a sensible meaning may be regarded as mis-translated. The reader should also be warned that the date 3800 B.C. ascribed to the semi-mythical Sargina (p. 78) rests only on the authority of King Nabonidus 3,200 years later. This is monumental, but it is not by any means conclusive or contemporary evidence.

Dr. Sayce states (p. 86) that the Hebrews adopted the 'language of Canaan,' and his authority is Isaiah (xix. 18). What the prophet says is that in a future age four Egyptian cities will speak with the 'lip of Canaan,' which has no connection with the assertion. We have as yet no monumental evidence of early Hebrew speech. We know that about 700 B.C. it was that which is found in the Bible, since the recovery of the Siloam inscription. According to the Book of Genesis (xxxi. 47) Hebrew was distinct from Aramaic in the time of Jacob, as it was also in that of Hezekiah. The Canaanites of the fourteenth century B.C. spoke a language of early Aramaic character, like Assyrian, but we have as yet no letters from any early Hebrews. Dr. Sayce's assertion is the survival of an old and untenable theory, formed before the discovery of the Amarna tablets or of the Moabite Stone.

The attempt to localise Eden on the Persian Gulf (which

* The inscriptions of Amenophis IV. include quotations from the ancient ritual (Brugsch, *II*ist. i. p. 445); the theory of the religious revolution was started by Bunsen, resting on the erasure of the name of Amenophis IV. from monuments and on the defacing of the name of Amen on others. It was then supposed that Queen Thi was the first foreign queen of Egypt; but Thothmes IV. married an Armenian, and Amenophis III. both an Armenian and a Babylonian princess.

Dr. Sayce regards as a river) is equally fantastic (p. 95). If we are to accept the Bible account,* Eden lay at the sources of the Tigris and of the Euphrates, in a region whence two other rivers (quite possibly the Araxes and the Cyrus) also flowed—that is to say, in the healthy highlands round Ararat, the home of the vine, and the home of the early civilised races that spread westwards and southwards from this upland cradle. It was at the source, not at the mouth, of the great rivers that history opened. The ‘tree of life’ itself may have been the vine to which in Akkadian texts this name is applied.

Dr. Sayce believes (p. 121) that the Amorites were a fair blue-eyed people, like the white Libyans, and that such a race is still to be found in Palestine. Dr. Petrie, on the other hand, says that the *Amar*, represented at Medinet Habu, are painted with red skin, and the Amarna texts show that their names and language were Semitic. No reliance can be placed on the faded colouring of pictures more than three thousand years old, and no explorers in Palestine have come across Dr. Sayce’s Amorites, though they have noted exceptional cases of blue eyes, generally derived from German or other European fathers. The history of the many Aryan invasions, which led to admixture of Western blood with that of the Syrians, seems to be quite forgotten in this sudden leap to the fifteenth century B.C. Equally improbable is the theory (p. 129) that the Sardinians and the Sicilians were among the invaders of Egypt in the thirteenth century B.C. The tribes named, including the Greeks, seem all to have come from Asia Minor; and Tarshish (as M. Le Page Renouf and others have seen) cannot possibly be placed at Tartessus in Spain, but is pretty clearly Tarsus in Cilicia. The idea that the Philistines came from Phœnicia (p. 136)† is not in accord with our only source of information, which derives them from Egypt. The Amarna tablets do not say (p. 138) that the Hittite rebels joined the forces of Babylonia and Mesopotamia. They say that the *Kusi*, or Cassites, took part in the rebellion, but the King of Babylon writes expressly to declare that when this revolution occurred in the time of his father the latter refused to help the Canaanites to rebel against Egypt.

Passing over many minor statements equally questionable, it may be noted that Dr. Sayce is silent as to the identifi-

* Gen. ii. 8-14.

† Gen. x. 14.

cation of the *Khabiri* with the Hebrews (p. 175) proposed in England by Major Conder, R.E., and in Germany by Dr. Zimmern. He says they were 'Confederates' and 'Hebrites,' but in the latter case they would be called *Khabiruni*, and it is certain that the name is geographical, because it has the prefix 'country.' To acknowledge that they were Hebrews would upset Dr. Sayce's views as to the date of the Exodus, which are not in accord with Biblical chronology. When, again, he informs us that Jerusalem was named from a god Salim (p. 176), it is to be urged that the name, as given in the Amarna letters, never bears the prefix of 'deity,' and that the word is used in these very letters as meaning 'peace.' Jerusalem (*Uru-Salim*) was 'the city of peace.'

Dr. Sayce regards the site of Kadesh Barnea (p. 180) as being the present 'Ain Kadis. This cannot be brought into accord with the boundary of Judah,* and Jewish tradition places the city in question at or near Petra. The question is controversial, but quite possibly 'Ain Kadis is a distinct site for the Kadesh noticed in the story of Hagar,† not the Kadesh distinguished as *Bar-nea*, or 'of the desert of wandering.' That a late Nabathean text has here been found proves nothing.

The Amarna letters do not state (p. 186) that the king of Jerusalem was also a priest. Nor is it possible to see in *Harar* (or *Haral*), a town conquered by Thothmes III., any reference to Jerusalem. It is noticed next to Gerar in the extreme south, and is probably the Aroer of the Bible ‡ still so called. In speaking of Hebron (p. 192), Dr. Sayce remarks that the Crusaders would have known if the sepulchre of the Patriarchs was really where it is now shown. He ignores the detailed account by Benjamin of Tudela, who evidently visited the vault, where he found osteophagi full of the bones of Jews brought to repose in the three caves under the church, then believed to be those containing the tombs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Other cenotaphs were shown in the church above to Christians and Moslems. The very account which Dr. Sayce requires thus actually exists, though perhaps unknown to him. The fact that an ancient rock-cut door, like that of a Hebrew tomb, leads from the outer cave to the inner, was ascertained by the

* Josh. xv. 3.

† Gen. xvi. 14, cf. Josh. xv. 23.

‡ 1 Sam. xxx. 28.

explorers in 1882, but no one is now allowed to enter the vault.

It is incorrect to say (p. 193) that the masonry at Râmet-el-Khalil goes back to 'pre-exilic times.' The earliest work is Roman; the drafted work is Byzantine, belonging to the ruins of the chapel built by Constantine on the spot. Dr. Petrie, not having the necessary experience, fell into the popular error of describing Byzantine masonry as Hebrew. Dr. Sayce should have consulted the more detailed account of the site in the 'Memoirs of the Survey of Western Palestine,'* in which the history of this traditional spot at 'Abraham's Oak' is given.

Dr. Sayce says that the Egyptian monuments 'exclude 'any other reign' than that of Mineptah for the Exodus (pp. 22, 247), and repeats the assertion. The Egyptian monuments say nothing about the Exodus at all, and M. Le Page Renouf, whose name stands high as an Egyptian specialist, has lately declared that no light is thrown on the subject by these monuments. Many dates have been proposed from the time of Thothmes III. downwards. Dr. Sayce follows Dr. Brugsch's understanding of the account given by Manetho, who lived in the third century B.C. Even Manetho says that the king in question was Amenophis, though he wrongly places him after Rameses. No ancient author and no ancient monument mention Mineptah in connection with the Exodus, and the date does not accord with Bible chronology. The attempt to render the name Pharaoh as Egyptian is equally unsatisfactory (p. 228), and M. Le Page Renouf has shown that the word is Semitic, meaning (as has long been known) a 'prince' or 'tyrant.'

But perhaps the most unsatisfactory part of the book is that which deals with the route of the Exodus, and with the position of Mount Sinai. Dr. Sayce revives the exploded heresies of Dr. Beke and Mr. Baker Greene, and ignores the work of Burckhardt, Robinson, and the Sinai surveyors, who all support the accepted sites. He has, indeed, only half studied his subject, which, it may be remarked, has nothing to do with monumental evidence. The sites of Zoan, Succoth, and Pithom are well known, and serve as starting points in the inquiry. The sites of Hazeroth and Ezion Geber—equally important to a right understanding of the subject—were fixed by Burckhardt and Robinson; but of these latter Dr. Sayce says nothing. It is possible to

* Vol. iii. pp. 322, 323.

hold that no Israelites ever lived in any Sinaitic desert at all, but if the Bible narrative is accepted, its statements must be respected. The sea crossed by Israel is said to have been the *Yam Suph*, or 'sea-weedy water,'* and this term—also applied to the Gulf of Akabah in other passages—is properly rendered the Red Sea. Dr. Sayce confines the term to the Eastern Gulf of Akabah, and disposes of the passage cited by regarding it as 'an interpolation' which 'flatly contradicts' the rest of the narrative. There is no evidence of interpolation, and it is only Dr. Sayce's theory that is flatly contradicted by the Bible. He supposes that in four days† the Israelites, with their wives, children, cattle and baggage, marched right across the Sinaitic peninsula, and says (p. 257) that 'the distance agrees.' The distance is 200 miles, and could not possibly be traversed by any tribe in four days.

Rejecting the site revered so long by Jew, Christian and Moslem alike, Dr. Sayce points to some hypothetical and undiscovered mountain east of the Gulf of Akabah. But it is not on tradition alone that the case rests. Sinai is stated to have been in the 'western'‡ part of the desert,§ and Josephus says it was the highest of the desert mountains.|| The accepted locality (nearly 8,000 feet high) is the only one that answers this requirement.¶ The Israelites, on their way from Sinai to the border of Edom, passed by Hazeroth and thence by Ezion Geber. These sites are well known at 'Ain Haderah and 'Ain Ghudiân,** and fall into their right

* Exod. xv. 22.

† Three days to Marah from the Gulf of Suez, and another march to Elim, which Dr. Sayce supposes to be Elath on the Gulf of Akabah. But the passage (Num. xxxiii. 8-10) does not place Elim on the Red Sea shore, which 'going south on the east side of the Gulf of Suez by the usual route to Sinai) was the site of the next camp.

‡ 'Behind' geographically means 'west,' as contrasted with 'before' for 'east' (Gesenius, *Lexicon*, s.v. See also Job xxiii. 8; Isaiah ix. 12).

§ Exod. iii. 3.

|| 2 Ant. xii. 1; 3 Ant. v. 1.

¶ Jebel Mûsa is 7,363 feet above the sea; Jebel Katarîn adjoining is 7,800 feet. The Serbal (once thought to be Sinai) is only 6,443 feet. Mount Hor, in Edom, is 4,580 feet, but the chain decreases in elevation on the south; and to the east of Elath (where Dr. Sayce's Sinai would lie) the height is only 2,000 to 2,500 feet above the Red Sea.

** The *d* in both words is *dad*, which is the equivalent of the Hebrew *Tsadi*. The *h* is guttural, and the *ghein* or *gh* is equivalent to the Hebrew *ain* in Ezion or 'Atziûn. Elath was also called by the

two kings of the twelfth dynasty above noted; and during this period the mines were worked, but are believed to have been afterwards abandoned. There are several honorary texts of Thothmes III., Thothmes IV., and probably of Amenophis III., but none of these mention the working of the mines as do the older tablets. There is then a gap in the monumental series till the time of the nineteenth dynasty, but Seti I., Rameses II., Rameses III., and Rameses IV. erected honorary tablets at this site. It is very natural that during the troublous times which fell on Egypt in the closing years of Amenophis III., this outlying station should have been abandoned, and it is by no means certain that any mining operations, protected by a guard of 'archers,' were here conducted after the early days of the twelfth dynasty. Yet Dr. Sayce supposes the occupation to have been continuous down to a very late period.

It is quite true that the Law, being concerned with things temporal, does not allude to any future state. No more does any European statute book. But to conclude that the Hebrews had therefore no such beliefs (p. 280) is very rash, in face of monumental and scriptural evidence. The surrounding nations all believed in a Hades under the earth, where the evil were punished and where the pious rested in peace. Egyptians, Babylonians, Akkadians, Assyrians, and Phœnicians alike held this belief. In the Pentateuch itself the rebel priests are said to have gone down alive into Sheol,* which is the name given to the cavernous underworld throughout the Old Testament. Yet Dr. Sayce, supporting an old theory of the times before cuneiform and Egyptian records were deciphered, passes over in silence the passage in Numbers cited above. The usual device under such circumstances is to attribute a late origin to the passage which conflicts inconveniently with a theory. But the monumental evidence even then remains untouched.

Dr. Sayce asserts that Dr. Flinders Petrie discovered the site of Lachish (pp. 283-292); but this is not the case. It was discovered, as he might easily have found out, by Major Conder, R.E., in 1875, long before Dr. Petrie visited Palestine;† and the identification has been fully confirmed by the recent discoveries of Mr. Bliss. He further states that the history of this site (now Tell el Hes) closes with the fifth century B.C. (p. 285), which also is not the case. Not

* Num. xvi. 30.

† 'Tent Work in Palestine,' vol. i. p. 168; first edition.

only was it inhabited when the Book of Nehemiah was written,* but it was still so inhabited in the fourth century A.D.† It was the camping place for one night of Richard Cœur de Lion in 1192 (Boha ed Dîn), and among its ruins is a wall bearing evidence of Byzantine date, and a Greek text, and other Greek remains which are probably not earlier than the third century B.C. The character of the Greek letters is much later than that used in the sixth century B.C., so that the ruins themselves contradict Dr. Sayce's assertion, as well as the history with which he seems to be unacquainted. The earliest remains found by Mr. Bliss included Egyptian relics, and a bead with the name of Teie, queen of Amenophis III., as well as the remarkable tablet addressed to *Zimridi*, the chief of Lachish, one of whose letters to the king of Egypt (in the same character) has been found at Tell el Amarna, in which he is described as ruling Lachish.

The attempt (p. 296) to show that Rameses III. took Jerusalem is not supported by a careful consideration of the fragment of topography preserved for this reign. The sites most easily recognised lie in Galilee and Syria, including Lebanon. About this time the Philistines become conspicuous on the monuments, and, according to the ordinary chronology, the period coincides with that of Samson, when the Philistines were powerful. It was a period of great confusion, when Egypt was invaded by Aryan tribes from Asia Minor, and concerning which the Scriptural account is very fragmentary.

Dr. Sayce, though he refuses to see the Hebrews in the Amarna correspondence, yet is inclined to recognise the name of Judah in the word *yandu* in one of the letters (p. 306). The letter in question (Berlin Collection, No. 39) comes from the north of Syria, and the word appears to be a verb. The locality alone shows that no connexion with Judah can be supposed. Equally extraordinary is the suggestion that Sisera (p. 311) was king of Kadesh on Orontes, for in the Bible he is said to have been the *Sar*, or 'commander' of the Canaanite king of Galilee, and the topography of his great defeat near Mount Tabor has been carefully worked out, in detailed accordance with the account in the Bible.‡

As regards the synchronism of Assyrian and Hebrew

* Neh. xi. 30.

† Onomasticon, s.v. *Lacis*: 'nunc est villa.'

‡ Judges iv. 2-18.

chronology, it is well known that minor differences—generally of about ten years—still remain to be explained. The difficulty lies mainly in the discord between various statements in the Book of Kings. It is internal rather than external to the Bible, and the evidence of the Greek and Samaritan versions shows clearly that the dates have sometimes suffered at the hands of copyists. To obtain real dates the Assyrian chronology may be used with advantage, as the statements are exact and numerous, and the copies of the tablets apparently very careful; but there is one well-known case in which confusion, amounting to forty years, has been introduced, apparently by a hasty identification which scholars have of late proposed to abandon. In 854 B.C. King Shalmanezzer defeated a confederacy of Syrians and Egyptians near Hamath. Among the allies was Ahab of *Sirlai*, who has been supposed to be Ahab of Israel. The Assyrian word can only by torturing it be converted into the Hebrew term, and Ahab died about 890 B.C. There is another Assyrian text which makes Shalmanezzer contemporary with Jehu and Hazael, who were contemporaries according to the Bible. In this case the chronology offers no difficulty, but the statement is irreconcilable with the supposed discovery of the name of Ahab of Israel. The confusion does not arise from either monumental or scriptural statements, but only from the error of modern scholars. There is no record of the kings of Israel having joined their enemies the Syrians in any league against Assyria.

Dr. Sayce does not believe that Dagon had a fish's tail (p. 325), which is not a very important heresy. It is usually supposed that when his statue was broken,* 'only the fishy part (*dagon*, A.V. 'stump of Dagon') was left.' Dr. Sayce is not aware that in 1875 a seal was found at Ashdod, representing Dagon as the fishman, but many other such representations are known, though without the name. Dagon was adored not only in Babylonia, but also in Philistia, in the fifteenth century B.C.; but Dr. Sayce does not mention his name as found on the Tell el Amarna tablets.

The account of the geographical lists of Thothmes III. (p. 330) is very imperfect, and discoveries are attributed to Mr. Tomkins which that gentleman has never claimed, giving due reference to earlier authorities. The topography of the well-known 'Travels of a Mohar' is so treated as to produce

* 1 Sam. v. 4. •

great confusion. Dr. Sayce also fails to warn his readers that the translation which he adopts differs from the earlier rendering by Chabas (1866 A.D.); and it must be confessed that as a rule Chabas makes better sense out of the Egyptian text. The theory that two towns called Jacob-el and Joseph-el existed in Palestine, and that they are mentioned by Thothmes III. at Karnak (p. 357), is not generally accepted. It is unnecessary to state that these towns are not noticed by any ancient writer. The former (No. 102) is rendered *Yakbara* by Mariette, and may be the modern *Aukbûr*; the latter *Isphar* (No. 78) is supposed by Mariette to be Saphir, *Suwafir*. Yet on these supposed relics of the names of Jacob and Joseph as gods (*el*) many extravagant theories have been erected. Dr. Sayce further concludes, from the monuments of Shishak (p. 353), that the Jews, after Solomon's time, were light haired and blue eyed, like his supposed Libyan Amorites. Dr. Petrie could discern no colour on this monument (according to his report), but under any circumstances it is much too old to be at all reliable.

As regards the Moabite Stone, Dr. Sayce (p. 370) finds a discrepancy between the monument and the Bible,* because Moab rebelled after Ahab's death, while King Mesha says it was oppressed during the days of Omri and 'half the days 'of his son' (Ahab). He does not state that the monument is injured where these words occur, and the reading therefore by no means certain. Omri reigned twelve years, and Ahab twenty-two, or thirty-four in all. King Mesha says the oppression lasted forty years, and if this is meant to be at all an approximation to fact, the rebellion must have occurred after Ahab's death. At any rate, it may have taken ten years to effect the conquest of the various cities noticed, before the failure of the Hebrew expedition, when there was 'wrath upon Israel.'† The final result agrees with the Bible account, as clearly as does the topography of the monument, which is perhaps the oldest known of alphabetic texts, not forgetting the Baal Lebanon bowl. Dr. Sayce passes lightly over the differences between the Moabite language and Hebrew, calling them 'few and slight' (p. 373), but other scholars have regarded them as very important. They connect the Moabite with Phœnician and

* 2 Kings i. 1, iii. 4.

† 2 Kings iii. 27. This term, as noted by Ewald, Köhler, Schlottmann, and Gratz, with the rest of the verse, shows that the Israelites were defeated in Moab. •

Aramaic more closely than with Hebrew, and are of considerable linguistic interest.*

The Siloam inscription Dr. Sayce now places in the time of Hezekiah (as shown by Dr. Isaac Taylor), and renounces his former idea that it might be as old as Solomon. His rendering of the first words, 'this is the history of the 'excavation,' is not very correct, for the language is pure Hebrew, and it would therefore appear to mean 'this is the 'method of the excavation,' which it proceeds to describe. Dr. Sayce omits to say that his own copy, made before the inscription was cleaned, was imperfect, and that he subsequently adopted that made by the officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund in 1881, and revised his first translation. The Society also obtained the cast, now so valuable since the original has been destroyed, and they published the first correct copy. It should also be stated that these explorers discovered the point of junction of the two excavations noticed in the text, and determined the Jewish cubit of about seventeen inches, as used in Hezekiah's time, by obtaining two separate and concordant measurements of the length of the tunnel, and comparing these with the length of 1,200 cubits noticed in the text. Another channel on the same hill has been excavated. It is of unknown date, but the levels show that it did not come from the Gihon Pool, and it seems to have been connected with an old system of surface channels now nearly destroyed. It cannot be the aqueduct described † as made in the time of Hezekiah. Dr. Sayce speaks of a 'complicated system of shafts' (p. 383) in connexion with the Siloam tunnel. There is only one shaft - near the south end—and one other leading up from the Gihon Pool to the surface of the hill above.

Dr. Sayce settles out of hand (p. 383) the question of the situation of Mount Sion, by placing it on the hill called Ophel in the Bible; but in so doing he contradicts the statement of Josephus ‡ as to the extent of the city fortified by David and Solomon, and rejects the opinion of the majority of scholars and explorers, reducing the ancient

* The chief points are the use of three pronouns resembling the Phœnician of the third century B.C., the use of the Aramaic masculine plural in *-n* (Hebrew *-m*), the occurrence of the eighth voice of the verb (as in Arabic and Assyrian, but not in Hebrew), the use of the root *Khalap*, 'to follow,' as in Aramaic, Assyrian, and Arabic (not in Hebrew), and the name Astar, nearer to *Istar* and the Arabic *Aththar* than to the Hebrew and Phœnician Ashtoreth.

† 2 Chron. xxxii. 30.

• ‡ 'Wars,' V. iv. 2.

capital of Israel to an area of only a few acres. The reader will require a much deeper study of the subject than Dr. Sayce presents in a couple of pages to enable him to understand the views of Robinson and of his successors, which have more weight than any argument put forward by a writer whose acquaintance with his subject is so slight. No mention is, for instance, made of the continuation of the Siloam aqueduct, along the south slope of the hill now called Sion, which channel was excavated for some distance in 1881.*

The Assyrian historic texts are of great value; but they are not always correct in speaking of foreign countries, nor are they candid in cases when the Assyrian kings met with reverses. Thus, for instance, Shalmanezzer speaks of Jehu as the 'son of Omri,' which the more detailed account in the Book of Kings shows to have been a mistake. The account given by Sennacherib of his attack on Hezekiah is not quite honest. He describes a victory over the Egyptians near Joppa and the siege of Jerusalem, but he does not describe his failure to take the city, nor does he mention his subsequent defeat by the Egyptians; the account speaks of the tribute sent by Hezekiah, and then passes on to speak of victories in Babylonia. This is an instructive instance of the limitations to the reliability of Assyrian accounts. The Bible history, which records alike the victories and the misfortunes of the Hebrews, attains to a higher standard than that of the court scribes of Nineveh.

Dr. Sayce (p. 408) emphasises the chronological differences between Hebrew and Assyrian documents, by accepting Usher's chronology as the best. In this estimate he will not be followed by others, for modern students of the subject have long discarded the dates given in the margin of the Authorised Version. He introduces another supposed discrepancy (p. 434) between the Biblical and monumental record, in connexion with the war against Sennacherib; but

* Dr. Sayce relies on the words 'down to the west side of the city of David' (2 Chron. xxxii. 30), but it is well known that the natural rendering of the words is 'down westwards to the city of David,' which is the reading adopted by Keil. Thus the city of David or Zion was west of the lower end of the Siloam tunnel, which accords with Josephus. Ophel has an area of about 5 acres; the Temple area to the north was 35 acres, and Araunah's threshing-floor cannot have been inside the city in David's time, for the ark was brought to the Temple out of the city of David (1 Kings viii. 1). David's Jerusalem occupied nearly 200 acres.

this difficulty is solely due to his peculiar view as to the Land of Melukhkha. This region he asserts (p. 437) to have been the 'salt desert between Egypt and Palestine,' which, it may be observed, is almost entirely uninhabitable, and which the Assyrians always found great difficulty in crossing. Melukhkha has usually been supposed—by both Egyptian and Assyrian scholars—to represent Ethiopia or Nubia, and we have no historic account of any kingdom intervening between Egypt and Palestine. Gudea of Zirgula (about 2500 B.C.) informs us that Melukhkha was a region whence he brought gold dust and precious woods, and neither of these could come from the desert south of Gaza. The Egyptians brought gold and other articles of trade from the Soudan, and the usual identification is, therefore, more probable. This has an important bearing on the comparison of the Biblical and Assyrian accounts. In the former we hear* that 'Tirhakah, king of Ethiopia,' came up to fight Sennacherib. The great inscription of the third campaign of Sennacherib mentions an attack by the king of Egypt and the 'king of Melukhkha'; and if the latter were Ethiopia the two accounts agree. This is again an instance in which discrepancy is due to the error of the modern scholar, not to that of the original records.

Herodotus informs us (ii. 141) that Sennacherib was defeated by the king of Egypt. Dr. Sayce (p. 435) believes that the Father of History was deceived by the 'dragoman' or 'cicerone' on whom he is thus supposed to have relied; but Egyptian records confirm Herodotus. Tirhakah, in the inscription on his statue in the Gizeh Museum, states that he conquered the Shasu, the Hittites, the Arvadites, the Assyrians, and the Mesopotamians. This fully accounts for the sudden retreat of Sennacherib, leaving Jerusalem unconquered; and the fact that the king of Ethiopia was at first defeated near Joppa does not prove that he was not finally victorious, as the great historian states.

Dr. Sayce says (p. 440) that the 'only inference which can be drawn' from the Scriptural account† is that Sennacherib was murdered by his sons immediately after his return to the capital of Assyria. The Bible does not say so, and it is known that he lived for another twenty years. It is also monumentally known that he was murdered by a son, and succeeded by another son, Esarhaddon. The supposed discrepancy rests on a gratuitous assertion.

* 2 Kings xix. 3.

† 2 Kings xix. 37.

A very interesting Hebrew weight was found at Samaria in 1890, and this Dr. Sayce (p. 449) supposes to have been the sixteenth of a *natsag*, which he makes to have been a Hittite weight. Dr. Neubauer, however, supposes the word to be derivable from a Hebrew root, which would make it mean 'a standard.' The weight has on one side the words *rabā sh-l* (perhaps for 'quarter shekel'), and on the other *rabā natsag* ('quarter of the standard'). The weight was about 80 grains, which is just a quarter of the old shekel of 320 grains, used before the introduction of the later Jewish coin of 220 grains. Why a Hittite word should be used in an Israelite inscription of perhaps the eighth century B.C. Dr. Sayce does not explain, though he agrees with others in supposing the Hittites to have been Mongols, and not a Semitic people.

Of the two last chapters it is not necessary to say much: they treat of familiar subjects and of well-known texts; but it is curious that Dr. Sayce first identifies Esther with Istar (though her name is spelt in Hebrew with the letter *Samech*), and then proceeds (pp. 469, 471) to argue that she could not have been a real person, because she was called Istar.* The author of the second Targum on Esther was probably better informed when he derived her name from a Persian word for 'star.'

A few pages later (p. 477) Dr. Sayce says that the 'men of Hezekiah' were 'employed in re-editing ancient texts.' The Bible says that they 'copied out' the proverbs of Solomon.† But the modern scholar can never get the 'editor' out of his head, and supposes that the duty of an editor is to alter and mutilate, so as to make the meaning of the original author different, according to his own personal views. We know of many commentators in Oriental literature, and of many compilers who, as a rule, refer to their authorities; but the 'editor' of Dr. Sayce and of the 'higher criticism' is conspicuous by his absence.

Enough has perhaps been said of the errors which abound in this volume. In Dr. Sayce's own words, it is all 'mere

* It is quite conceivable that the name of Esther might be a corruption of that of Amestris, the wife of Xerxes (Herodotus, vii. 61, 114; ix. 109, 111); but she was the daughter of the Persian Otanes, and is said to have offered human sacrifices of children. She was cruel to her rival, the wife of Masiates, and it is difficult to see how she could be converted, even by a much later writer, into a Jewish heroine.

† Proverbs xxv. 1.

‘matter of speculation’ (p. 489), and of speculation often contradicted by fact. Dr. Sayce brings out of his rich treasury things old and new; but the old have been long discussed by more sober writers, and the new are not always good. Sanballat, the Horonite (p. 551), was, for instance, not at all likely to have come from Beth-Horon in Judah, nor is it known that Cyrus was a Zoroastrian (p. 498), while it is certain that he adored the Babylonian gods. The Book of Daniel (p. 537) refers to the time of Nebuchadnezzar, not to that of Ezra, and critics suppose it to be not earlier than the second century B.C. Dr. Sayce says (p. 555) ‘it is the half scholars, those who have not so thoroughly fathomed a subject as to know where its boundaries actually lie, who are never sure of their conclusions.’ But, unfortunately, a false confidence is quite as often the result of a superficial acquaintance with any subject.

Leaving the archaeologist and the ‘higher critic’ to settle scores between themselves, we turn to the more interesting question of the verdict of the monuments; and it is only just to say that Dr. Sayce’s volume contains not a few shrewd remarks and much interesting material, which the judicious reader will select for himself when the authorities are stated, and when he has been duly warned of the caution necessary in using the volume. The great library of Assurbanipal has proved a rich source of information as to the history, science and religion of Assyria; and the Egyptian monuments and Canaanite letters carry back the history of civilisation to the seventeenth century B.C., while the Tell Loh texts show us the learning, the power, and the wide commerce of the Akkadians as early as 2500 B.C., when Chaldea and Egypt communicated by sea, and the Akkadians ruled in Lebanon and hewed granite in Sinai.

The Assyrian tablets, which give the popular beliefs as to the creation of the world, date probably from the seventh century B.C.; but Mr. Pinches* has recently found a bilingual text, in Assyrian and Akkadian, which seems to show that these ancient poetic accounts may have existed at a very early age. Dr. Sayce has stated very well (p. 71) the differences between the Hebrew and Assyrian accounts.

‘The polytheism which underlies the one, with the thinly veiled materialism which overlies it, is not more profoundly contrasted with the devout monotheism of the other than is the absolute want of

* Journal Royal Asiatic Society, July 1891.

mythological details in Genesis with the cosmological myths embodied in the cuneiform poem.'

These features are, however, less conspicuous in the Akkadian account. The rendering by Mr. Pinches differs from that of Dr. Sayce, and is here followed:—

'He made mankind . . . he made the beasts of the field^o, and the living creatures of the desert. He made the Tigris and the Euphrates, and set them in their place. . . . He made the grass of the field, the plants of the marshes and the forest, oxen and young steers, the cow and calf, the sheep of the fold; meadow and wood also; the goat and the deer.'

It should, however, be noted that the Persian account of Creation is even nearer to the Hebrew. It is contained in the Bundahish (chap. i. 28), a work of the ninth century A.D., supposed to be translated from a chapter of the ancient Avesta, older than the time of Darius I.*

'The first of the creations of the all-knowing Lord was the sky, the second water, the third earth, the fourth plants, the fifth animals, the sixth mankind.'

The Persians probably took such ideas from either their Babylonian subjects or from Babylonian Jews, for they are not distinctively Aryan in origin. But the theory of Creation must have been very ancient, since it is now found to have been known to the Akkadians. There are several ways in which we may regard the relation of the Hebrew account to others. It may be the oldest and purest, or it may represent a higher thought growing out of earlier superstition, or both Hebrew and Babylonian may spring from an older and common source, developing without contact. But it is impossible to see in the first chapter of Genesis a mere copy of any known form of the story of Creation; and the beauty and simplicity of its ancient style contrast with the strange polytheistic tone, and with the disfiguring legends, of the Assyrian.

Of the other early stories in Genesis—of Eden, the Fall, Cain and Abel, and the Tower of Babel†—no cuneiform versions are at present known. The next point of contact is the story of the Flood, which is so widely spread all over Asia, which seems to have been known to the Celts, and which has even been found among the American tribes.

* Sacred Books of the East, vol. v. p. 9.

† The tablet supposed to refer to the Tower of Babel is a mere fragment, the translation of which is doubtful.

Here, again, many gods are mentioned in the Assyrian account, and the narrative forms part of a wild legend, in which the hero is aided by a man-bull, and journeys through a magic region. The whole cycle of the Assyrian epic appears to be mythological, and it includes stories of Istar which seem to be the prototypes of many Greek legends—such as those of Adonis, Persephone, and Actæon.

The geography of Genesis x. has been very fully elucidated by the discoveries of travellers and of cuneiform scholars. Three races differing in colour and in language (verse 5) are described, and the area of country embraces Egypt, Arabia, and all Western Asia as far as Persia. In the north Japhet represents a 'fair' race—probably the Aryans, who were known to the Egyptians in the fourteenth century B.C. Many of the tribe names, such as Gomer, Madai, Tubal, Meshech, Elishah, &c., are monumentally known long before the Captivity. These are followed by the race of Ham, 'the dark,' including certain Egyptian tribes, with the Canaanites and the earliest race of Mesopotamia. This connexion points to a very early period, for it was only when the Hyksos from beyond the Euphrates were ruling in Egypt that the men of Akkad, the Canaanites, and the Egyptians could be described as members of the same race; and the absence of the name of Tyre among the cities mentioned is suggestive. The race of Shem comes last, and is the last to appear on the page of monumental history in Southern Babylonia. Under the name of the 'brown' ancestor are grouped Assyrians and Arameans, Hebrews, and tribes of Arabia as far south as Yemen and Hadramaut. These races all spoke what are now called Semitic languages, belonging to a single and very distinct group, and there is no reason why other Semitic tribes may not have lived in Elam or Persia, as the author states. The Aryan and Semitic races are thus very clearly indicated. The sons of Ham appear to answer to the widespread Mongolic race, represented on Egyptian monuments, and to which, in the general opinion of scholars, both the Akkadians, the Hittites, and the Hyksos rulers in Egypt belonged.

In the 14th chapter of Genesis we read of a Chaldean invasion of Palestine in the age of Abraham. Arioch, king of Ellasar, has long been identified with Eriaku, king of Larsa, about 2100 B.C. The name of Chedorlaomer of Elam is illustrated by that of Kudur-mabug, in the preceding generation to Eriaku, who claims to have ruled in the 'West' (or otherwise 'Amorite') country. Amraphel,

king of Shinar, would in this case be the famous Hamurabi (whose name may also be rendered *Hamuravul*), the Babylonian conqueror contemporary with Eriaku. Some centuries earlier even than this date the powerful Akkadian prince Gudea, who ruled from the Persian Gulf to the 'Upper Sea,' records that he cut cedars in Amanus (Lebanon) and brought granite from Sinai. The invasion of Palestine by the Chaldean kings in the time of Abraham thus appears to have historic probability, since the Mongol power in the West had been established long before.

The descent of Jacob into Egypt very naturally coincides with a period when the native Egyptian kings were not ruling in the Delta. It is well known that the Hyksos were a foreign people from the north, who did not worship any Egyptian deity, but, as the monuments inform us, adored Set, who was also the god of the Hittites, and probably of the Armenians. There was about this time a Semitic population in Egypt, as well as one probably Mongolic, and Semitic and Mongol words began to creep into the Egyptian language. But with the eighteenth dynasty from Thebes a 'new king arose who knew not Joseph,' and the expulsion of the foreigners at once commenced, as the power of the native Egyptian race increased. The Hebrews would naturally have been oppressed by the enemies of the Hyksos, who had been their friends, and oppression would quite as naturally have led to an exodus. But the way to Palestine was barred; for, as we now know monumentally, all the lowlands of Palestine and the plains of Syria were conquered by Thothmes I. and Thothmes III., and strongly held till towards the end of the reign of Amenophis III. Gaza, Ascalon and other Philistine towns were garrisoned by forces of Egyptian chariots, and the escaping tribes could thus find refuge nowhere, except in the Sinaitic desert and with their kinsmen of Edom.

Monumentally it is now certain that in the last years of Amenophis III. and during the reign of his son Amenophis IV. great troubles arose in Syria. The Tell el Amarna letters record how Egyptian forces were destroyed and withdrawn, how trading relations with Asia Minor and Armenia were interrupted, and the ways became infested by wild tribes; how the Hittites first attacked the Armenians, but were defeated, and how they afterwards overran Bashan and attacked Damascus; how the Amorites overcame the Phœnician allies of Egypt as far south as Tyre, and how in the south a fierce people called the *Khabiri* came from Seir to Jerusa-

lem, and fought at Ajalon, Ascalon, Lachish, Gezer, and Keilah; how they 'destroyed all the rulers' in the absence of any Egyptian troops, and settled down in the land between Jerusalem and Gaza. Historically, it is a period when the Hebrew conquest may well have taken place, and chronologically we have reached the time of Joshua or of the generation that followed.

The times of the Judges which followed were times of great confusion and weakness. The Hebrews prevailed when led by valiant chiefs, but were at other times oppressed by Midianites, Canaanites, or Philistines. The episodes of the Book of Judges do not form a continuous history of the whole country, but a series of local events in different parts of Palestine.

Monumentally, we know that a time of great weakness marked the close of the eighteenth dynasty, and that when Seti I. began to reconquer Syria he had to fight, first, in the extreme south. Rameses II. retook Ascalon, which had been lost, and pushed north into Galilee and Syria. The Hittites were defeated, but even after this the old alliance on equal terms, which had been concluded after their rebellion against Amenophis, was renewed; and the power of Egypt was never again as great as under Thothmes III. When we come down to the days of Rameses III., about the time of Samson, we find the Philistines on the monuments as a growing power, allied with nations from the north, and even invading Egypt. As we approach the age of the Hebrew kingdom, we find the power of both Egypt and Assyria to have been so much diminished as to give a natural opportunity for the rise of an intermediate kingdom, like that of David and Solomon, extending from Elath, on the Gulf of Akabah, to the neighbourhood of 'Eadmor or Palmyra, and allied to the Phœnicians of Tyre and to the Hittites of Kadesh.

The remarkable reference to foreign history in the prophecy of Balaam * has not yet been very fully illustrated by the monuments. 'Nevertheless, the Kenite shall be wasted 'until Asshur carry thee away captive . . . and ships shall 'come from the coast of Chittim, and shall afflict Asshur, 'and shall afflict Eber, and he also shall perish for ever.' All that we know is that a great movement of the northern peoples occurred about 1200 B.C., in the reign of Rameses III. They came south by both sea and land, and wasted the

* Num. xxiv. 22-24.

Hittites and the Amorites. The Danai or Greeks were among them, and their conquests were only stayed in Egypt itself. These may be the invaders mentioned in the Book of Numbers. Dr. Sayce is, however, inclined (p. 277) to point to the time of Assur-irbi, who advanced to the Mediterranean near Antioch, but whose power was apparently broken by the king of the Arameans, who took Pethor on the Euphrates (the home of Balaam). The power of Assyria did not begin to become formidable until Tiglath Pileser I. (about 1120 B.C.) conquered the north of Syria, and many centuries elapsed after this period (about the time of Samuel) before the Assyrians appeared in Palestine itself. There is an entire gap in the monumental records from 1100 B.C. down to about 885 B.C., and the struggles of the Assyrians at home are unrecorded in the Bible.

The conquest of Jerusalem by Shishak, after Solomon's death, is confirmed by the monumental list of the 133 cities which he took in Palestine and Philistia. The last mutilated name (*Iura* . .) is thought by M. Maspero to be that of Jerusalem itself. The list begins in Lower Galilee, and includes all the towns in the sea plains, in the Beersheba plateau, and in the Jerusalem and Hebron hills. Its historic value is almost equal to that of the list of conquests of Thothmes III., but it was the last attempt of Egypt to recover its Syrian empire, and henceforth the enemy came from the north—the Assyrian first, and at length the Babylonian. The full confirmation of the Book of Kings, which has been deduced from Assyrian records, is too well known to need repetition. The names of the kings of Israel and Judah coincide with those of the Assyrian monarchs whose contemporaries they are said to have been in the Bible, and even Pul, who was thought to be an unhistoric character, has been identified by Mr. T. G. Pinches with Tiglath Pileser III., who bore the name of *Pulu*.

In Palestine itself the Moabite Stone has confirmed the history of the rebellion of Moab and the topography of the Old Testament. The Siloam text has—equally with the spoil lists of Sennacherib—demonstrated the civilisation and shown the language of Judah in the time of Hezekiah. The great waterworks of that king* have been explored, and the account of how the tunnel was made is recorded in detail on its wall.

The conquests of Cyrus against Astyages of Media and

* 2 Chron. xxxii. 30.

Nabonidus of Babylon, mentioned by Herodotus, are monumentally confirmed, as are the victories of the later Persian kings who fought their way to Egypt, and conquered the latest Pharaohs. The cuneiform tablets of Darius are among the most important known, and history is carried down to the Greek period, beyond the close of the history of the Old Testament. The scepticism of the eighteenth century, which refused to believe in written records earlier than the time of Herodotus, has been proved to have been ignorant; and the external sources for the history of Israel have become numerous and conclusive. The whole of these great results have been due to the explorations and excavations of the last half-century and to the patience and genius of European scholars. Yet we do not probably even now possess a tithe of the information which will hereafter be gathered by prosecuting the same lines of research.

But it is necessary to be entirely honest in stating what the monuments do not record, and in estimating the character of the legends which we meet in cuneiform tablets. The Assyrians, like the Hebrews, believed in an underworld of the dead, and in angel messengers from Heaven. They, too, had prophets and seers; they saw visions, and dreamed dreams. They told wonderful tales of miracles which the gods had wrought in the former days, though these never enter into the contemporary history of their victories. They, like the Canaanites, had images of Tammuz and Ashtoreth. They are believed to have practised human sacrifice, and to have been circumcised like the Hebrews, Phœnicians, Arabs, and Egyptians. Ignorance and superstition existed side by side with noble religious thought, and violence and cruelty in the midst of art, commerce, and literature. The Persians believed in ancient heroes who crossed great rivers dryshod; in a prophet who received from God a Divine Law on the summit of the Holy Mount; and in other heroes at whose command the sun stood still in Heaven. We read of these things in the Avesta; and in later Persian works we read of a future Messiah, of a Resurrection of the Just, of a time of trouble and of future triumph for the pious. The cosmogony of Persia is not the only point of contact between Hebrew and Aryan beliefs. The figure of Satan, which appears in the Bible only in works of the Persian period, formed a most important element in the Mazdean religion.

The monuments have as yet told us nothing of an Eden or of the Fall of Man; but they have transferred the infant hero floating in his bulrush cradle, from the Nile to the

Euphrates ; * and this story is also found in the Zendavesta at a later date. No monuments as yet speak of the Exodus : no records of Moses, or David, or Solomon have been found. The earliest known notice of the Hebrews (unless they appear in the Tell el Amarna tablets) belongs to the period of their later kings. It is from their own monuments in the future that we must hope to learn more. The cuneiform tablets and the Moabite Stone show that, not only was Jehovah the sacred name among Hebrews in the ninth century B.C., but that it was also widely used in Syria and Assyria from about the same period. Balaam of Pethor on the Euphrates worshipped Jehovah ; Sennacherib claimed to come up against Hezekiah in Jehovah's name ; Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar are called His servants ; but in the fourteenth century B.C. it is the older name of Elohim which meets us on the monuments. There is much still to be learned on this subject which may be of the highest literary importance.

Nor do the monuments help us to explain difficulties in the Old Testament where these are internal. The chronological errors of the Book of Kings (as they may be justly called on the evidence of self-conflicting statements) may easily have arisen in copying, during the lapse of centuries ; but the historical difficulties of some of the later books, especially Esther, Daniel, Ezra, and Nehemiah, are not so easily explained. Fresh light may be thrown on them by future discovery ; but the monuments state that Cyrus conquered Nabonidus in Babylon. No one has explained who was the 'Darius the Mede' † before Cyrus the Persian, who slew King Belshazzar, son of Nebuchadnezzar ; though a Belshazzar, son of Nabonidus, is monumentally known. Whether Nabonidus was himself a descendant of Nebuchadnezzar we at present do not know.

The Book of Esther presents many difficulties, since the identity of Ahasuerus is uncertain, and the Persian monarchs did not marry, save into certain noble Persian houses. The Book of Daniel consists of two parts—a Hebrew original and an Aramaic commentary—of which the first clearly refers to various monarchies down to that of the Greeks, and

* The legend of Sargina mentions his being found in an ark on the Euphrates. Of Kavad it is recorded in Persia that as a child 'they abandoned him on a river' (Bundahish xxxi. 24 ; *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. v. p. 136).

† Dan. v. 31.

the latter apparently to the Romans, whose conquests in Asia began early in the second century B.C. The references to Persian kings in these two documents are very difficult to reconcile, either with monumental history or with each other.

The Book of Ezra, likewise, is partly Aramaic and partly later Hebrew, and its history presents various difficulties. The vigorous autobiography of Nehemiah is admired and valued by all scholars, but this work also appears to be accompanied by a commentary, which carries down the list of the High Priests * to Jaddua about the time of Alexander the Great. The difficulties in these books contrast with the remarkable reliability of the earlier history in the Book of Kings, and in many cases we cannot hope that future discoveries will remove them, because the history of Persian monarchs is already very perfectly known.

As regards the Apocryphal books, such as Tobit and Judith, their historical statements have been long known to be so palpably ignorant as to betray the very late date at which they were written; and the confusion between historical periods and persons in the Talmud is hopeless and patent. On the other hand, in the First Book of Maccabees we possess a valuable history of the Jews in the second century B.C., which has been excluded from the Canon because written in Greek. It is remarkable for the entire absence of any miraculous element, and contrasts in this respect with the later unreliable Second Book, which is more legendary in character.

But what is most needed for the cause of truth is neither criticism of ancient literature nor speculation on fragmentary monumental records; but further exploration, more excavations, and more sober study of history and of languages. The harvest that has been reaped in Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Syria, Palestine, Cyprus, Asia Minor, Persia and Greece is a rich one; and the number of competent scholars and explorers is constantly increasing: yet there is very much still to be done. Egypt has not been exhausted; the ruined cities of Mesopotamia are still most imperfectly examined. Excavations in Asia Minor and Syria have hardly begun. Only at Jerusalem and at Lachish have the foundations of Palestine cities been laid bare. The ruined mounds of Ascalon and Megiddo await the spade, and all the Tells of the Hittite country in North Syria.

* Neh. xii. 11.

ART. V.—*Marcella*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, Author of 'Robert Elsmere,' 'The History of David Grieve,' &c. London: 1894.

IT is as difficult as it is delusive to come to sweeping conclusions as to contemporary taste in fiction. The subject seems to be enveloped in impenetrable mystery, and the causes of success are inscrutable. What is fame, and how is it to be won? To use the refined diction of modern masters of style: What is it that makes a novel 'catch on'? For long years the cry of the aspirant has been that the field is hopelessly overcrowded. Old favourites who have given proof of talent and constructive skill have been seen vainly striving to trim their sails to catch the capricious breath of popularity. Veterans, too old or too wedded to their ways to change their themes, their manner, or their methods, have seen the wares that have not appreciably deteriorated selling at sadly reduced quotations. All are agreed that the difficulty of the novice is to make a start, and that, however brilliant his ability, his first book is but a stepping-stone to the second, and he must climb the first rungs of the ladder of fame by the kindly aid of eulogistic critics. Nevertheless there are startling exceptions to an almost universal rule, which may well stimulate ambition and spread discouragement broadcast. Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Benson are cases in point. Perhaps we ought to apologise to the lady for bringing the names into momentary juxtaposition, but the essence of our argument is that the productions of the one writer are the actual antithesis of those of the other. What they have in common is, that each sprang into general notoriety with a single book and in a maiden effort. That the reputations they have gained are of very different characters is nothing to the present purpose. If we doubt that the author of 'Dodo' is a man of great and original genius, we can hardly doubt that our own perceptions must be at fault. The novel—for so we suppose we must call it—made rather more sensation than 'Waverley,' and was certainly more universally read. Probably it has done enough to ensure that its successor, 'The Rubicon,' altogether independently of intrinsic attractions, will approach or surpass the sale of 'Guy Mannering.' Consequently, with a conscientious view to self-improvement, we have endeavoured to analyse the charm and the merit of Mr. Benson's epoch-making works. We feel that we do

them sad injustice in contrasting them with the French fiction on which it may be supposed the writer has modelled himself. We miss the exquisite graces of style that half condoned the gross immorality of a 'Mademoiselle de Maupin'; we see no signs of the versatility which atoned for 'M. and Madame Cardinal' with the idyllic simplicity and touching pathos of 'The Curé of the Village'; nor do we recognise the vigorous dramatic power and patient incisiveness of character-dissection which do much to redeem the almost intolerable tediousness and occasional grossness of Zola's realistic art. In fact, to talk seriously for a few sentences, what we find in Mr. Benson's novels is a style that is more indifferent than the morality. In the morality he is bound over to a certain reserve, but the style is the man, and it is singularly slipshod. Had he lent an ear to any intelligent reader for the press, he might have corrected much bad grammar and suppressed many atrocious barbarisms in words which are, perhaps, of his own invention. There, at least, he may claim credit for originality. As for the characters, they are commonplace in the extreme, and not only commonplace but shallow and superficial. Indeed, the success of 'Dodo' has been in great measure attributed to it being, as Martin Chuzzlewit said of the 'New York Stabber,' abominably personal. The rapid talk is spiced with absurdities and suggestive indelicacies. Emancipated woman revels in the abuse of extravagances, and thence arise the effective situations. Everyone is *blasé* or professes to be *blasé*. When most sentimental or most in earnest, they are most glaringly absurd. A married woman, flirting with her lover at Mentone, sighs out a wish to drop over the sea wall, for the excitement of facing the unseen and solving the secrets of futurity. From what we know of her, she would be scared out of her senses by a mouse, and shriek in agony over a twinge of neuralgia. The heroines are not merely foolish and frivolous, but cold, calculating, and cruel-hearted. They not only love to wound, but delight in deliberately aggravating the smart. As for the men, they might have come out of the worst comedies of the Restoration, save that they have forgotten the wit and the wisdom, and pride themselves on being anything rather than fine gentlemen. Yet sometimes they do stand on ceremony, and in ways that surprise us. There is one especial incident in 'The Rubicon' which strikes us as highly characteristic and suggestive. Mr. Benson ought to know something of the habits of frivolous society, and we

can only presume that he has familiarised himself with a set within or without sets. A husband, an English peer, knocks twice at the door of his lady's boudoir when he knows she is at *tête-à-tête* tea with an admirer. Then he enters unbidden, with a humble apology, which the outraged lady ironically accepts. We had fancied the practice was only in use among hotel waiters, who, acting discreetly upon standing orders, keep the contingency of possible divorce suits before their eyes. And in this instance, by the way, the admirer, being metaphorically kicked out by the aggrieved husband, consents to return to the bosom of the reconciled family and remain the guest of the man to whom his presence is intensely loathsome. That is a fair example of the tone of these books, and of the spirit of punctilious delicacy which animates the chivalrous heroes. The impression when we threw them down, having struggled towards the second volume, is of surfeiting on the whipped cream left from last night's ball supper. We know not what Mr. Benson's literary destinies may be. He may be laid to rest in the cloisters of Canterbury among the lamentations of a bereaved generation of admirers, or his next year's novel may only be circulated in the shape of publishers' wrappings for better books. But we do know that 'Dodo' went swiftly through a dozen editions, and that is a fact it is hard to get over.

We see with regret that the taint of lawlessness, sensuality, and crime which Zola in France, Ibsen in Scandinavia, and Hauptmann in Germany have cast over the literature and the morals of their respective countries, finds admirers and imitators amongst ourselves, to the great detriment of the pure and manly character of British fiction. We might say in our haste that the novel-reading world is as foolish, feeble, and frivolous as the fare it seems to fancy, and add summarily, with Dr. Johnson, there is an end of it. But here is Mrs. Humphry Ward to remind us that the matter is not so easily disposed of. As we should have thought that Mr. Benson's books were beneath average intelligence, so we should have supposed that those of Mrs. Ward were above it. We frankly own to the old-fashioned notion that the first purpose of fiction is to entertain and amuse, and we believe we express the general feeling. Now that can hardly be said of 'David Grieve,' or even of 'Marcella,' and certainly not of 'Robert Elsmere.' Mrs. Ward has indeed good reason to be proud of the position she took at once in the world of letters. Her first novel not

only obtained wide popularity of a sort, but commanded the more or less respectful attention of serious critics. That notice, whether favourable or the reverse, was a significant and flattering tribute. The writer must have been the possessor of unusual gifts, for she had wilfully and heavily weighted herself. Most experts who know nothing of her would have confidently predicted that a theological novel would be a dreary failure. So, it assuredly would have proved with ninety-nine novelists and novices in the hundred. At best it could only have been expected to attract the few whose sympathies were engaged by the solemn subject. This is not the place to review '*Robert Elsmere*,' or the next novel in which the writer turned from theological speculation to social questions. But the courage which in the event of failure might have been called by a harsher name was justified by the results. The novelist knew how to give to grave and even ponderous work the glow of life and the blaze of colour. We say nothing of the tone, of the depth or shallowness, of the daring handling of the most sacred subjects by a controversialist who was on the threshold of the outer courts, and who had borrowed arms for the occasion which she had had no opportunities of testing. We can only attribute an undoubted triumph of skill to the rare faculty of veritable artistic inspiration; to the show of fresh originality she brought to familiar things; to the dexterity with which she made ostentatious parade with the weapons of theological and social destructives. In short, Mrs. Ward must be endowed to a great extent with those dramatic and æsthetic instincts with which she has credited her own Marcella.

Her novels have been almost as much the rage as '*Dodo*;' they have been read and discussed by thousands and tens of thousands, and yet, to be understood or appreciated, they compel careful and conscientious attention. Her subjects are serious, and in her earnest enthusiasm she has done nothing to lighten the inevitable labour. Her earnestness overrides her judgement, and we believe it would go to her heart to throw aside a thought or a fancy that strikes her as deepening an impression. She is wantonly and almost maliciously unmindful of how often she has said the same thing before, though the forms of expression may be ingeniously varied. The eloquence of iteration which abuses the privilege of the pulpit, or with which a counsel strives to hammer home his points in the thick heads of an unintelligent jury, is altogether out of place in a novel of action.

Mrs. Ward has still much to learn in the way of studying conciseness and curbing the flow of her didactic exuberance, but we are glad in 'Marcella' to mark signs of improvement. Of course, even in 'Marcella' we repeatedly tried skipping. But Mrs. Ward had been too clever for us, and we found skipping to be impossible or unsatisfactory. Almost always there was some missing link, and we felt bound to turn back through the pages in search of it. And, after all, though the methods may be often wearisome, the brightness of the style enlivens the tedium. Moreover, it is impossible to feel anything but respect for a lady who, in strong contrast to the generality of feminine novelists, is in every respect, save one, thoroughly well equipped for her work. Mrs. Ward, like the late Lord Lytton in 'My Novel,' is comprehensive in her studies of English life, and she is apparently at home in all manner of worlds. She introduces us with the assured self-confidence of a familiar to dining-rooms in Belgravia, and the libraries or smoking-rooms of manor houses in the country; to the boisterous meetings of Anarchists or 'Venturists,' to the wards of the London hospitals, and to the slums of Drury Lane. We do not catch her tripping when she ventures into the pheasant coverts, and she would have been no more put to shame than Richard Jefferies had she taken to keeping company of a night with skulking poachers, and haunting the back-parlours of the most disreputable beershops. As to the sketches of the villagers and labouring classes we shall have something to say afterwards; but, though we cannot profess to be at home in the Lincolnshire or Buckingham patois, it appears to us that Mrs. Ward must be a proficient, for the rather unintelligible dialect sounds much like the genuine thing. Of literature we may speak with somewhat more confidence, and the range of Mrs. Ward's cultivation is wide; as in art her slight allusions and the casual illustrations in which she loves to indulge are always suggestive and happy. We could only wish that her Hallins and her Bennetts were introduced as judiciously as Titian or Velasquez.

We remarked that Mrs. Ward's knowledge seemed to be reliable in all respects save one, but where it fails her is unfortunately in the very subjects to which she attaches momentous importance. She is familiar with good society; she has lived much in the country, for she can distinguish the notes of the song-birds, and assign the wild flowers and hedge blossoms to the succession of the seasons. Nor can we doubt that the fine arts and the *belles lettres* have been

her favourite recreations. So the culture has come naturally and pleasantly to her; but she has too evidently 'crammed' for her divinity and sociology. Clearly she has these matters deeply at heart; she has been exercised over her religious views, and she is zealous for the amelioration of the lot of her fellow-creatures. In fact, as we have said, her absorbed interest in such subjects is her gravest artistic fault. But it is plain in 'Robert Elsmere,' plainer in 'David Grieve,' most obvious of all in her latest novel, that in the momentous questions of the day and of futurity she is still being buffeted and tossed upon a sea of conflicting opinions. We may listen respectfully, though suspiciously, to questionable teachings and subversive speculations when they are enforced by erudition and the acuteness of a profound and disciplined intellect. But we resent the airs of authority assumed by a brightly intelligent novice who advocates indirectly a revolutionary or subversive creed, and who will certainly change her convictions to-morrow. Thus Marcella, who may be fairly assumed to represent the changing phases of Mrs. Ward's mind, spins round in the course of three volumes like a teetotum, and, after having boxed the entire round of the compass, recants or reconsiders the advanced ideas on which her personal fortunes had nearly made shipwreck. The worst is that the mischief she may have done during the revolution is to be measured by the author's talent or genius. For her eloquent sympathies are with the Venturists or Socialists, and the recantation of Marcella may be fairly attributed to the feminine craving of any gifted and good-looking girl for matrimonial happiness and masculine support.

Mrs. Ward necessarily provokes or invites comparison with George Eliot. In 'Robert Elsmere' she started from somewhere near the point which George Eliot had arrived at in 'Daniel Deronda.' 'Marcella' is more on a parallel with 'Middlemarch' or 'Felix Holt,' and encourages us to hope that, in the course of a year or two, we may have a rival to 'Adam Bede' or even to 'Silas Marner.' It is not worth while dwelling on the comparisons, which, in many respects, are sufficiently obvious. The motives and aspirations of frail humanity are treated in the same philosophical and analytical temper. There is somewhat similar power in the delineation of highly wrought passion; there are scenes and passages of singular pathos, and sentences which are pregnant with sententious wisdom. But George Eliot in her earlier novels, before she sacrificed art to philosophical

enthusiasm, invariably showed the genius of dramatic concentration. Had she been writing her fictions with a view to reproduction on the stage, she could scarcely have arranged the scenes with greater dramatic effect. Mrs. Ward, on the contrary, is gratuitously diffuse, and writes from ill-regulated impulse. The plots and the stories drag like the dialogues or tedious monologues. But where she falls most conspicuously short of George Eliot is in the humour, which is the life and the salt of sketches of rustic character. Even in 'Marcella' there is nothing approaching Mrs. Poyser or Bob Jakin. In Mrs. Jellison Mrs. Ward has clearly done her best, and we grant that the old lady is an effective and entertaining study. But genuine humour should have more geniality. Mrs. Jellison's fun is sour and dry as the cider of Brittany, and she is consistently cynical rather than comical.

Scott remarked in a letter to Morritt, on the appearance of 'Waverley,' that his ruffians would always come to the front, and that his heroes, in spite of himself, became poor creatures—we do not quote his exact words. With Mrs. Ward it is the reverse. The enthusiasts, whom we seem meant to admire, impress us anything but favourably, while the aristocrats, with their easy manners and retrograde views, have almost a monopoly of the nobler qualities of our nature. In *Marcella* Mrs. Ward has chosen a masculine heroine—or, at least, a heroine eager to imitate man and to take a place among the foremost in the battle of life. Her upbringing and education explain and excuse the failure of her views and the futility of her aspirations. From childhood she has been drifting as a waif, and thrown upon the sympathy of strangers. She has never experienced anything of parental tenderness—indeed, it is only when she is a grown girl that she learns to know her parents, and then the knowledge comes as a shock, if she had cherished any fond illusions. Her mother, though cold and self-contained, may command a certain respect, but she systematically repels affection or confidence. As for her father, he is as mean and disagreeable a gentleman as could handicap the career and blight the matrimonial prospects of any young woman over whom he professed to exercise authority. To *Marcella's* exalted sensibilities he was a cause of ever-irritating shame and an object of contempt, and assuredly the girl could not be blamed if she habitually ignored the Fifth Commandment. *Marcella* at school was much like Maggie in 'The Mill on the Floss':—'She was a lanky,

‘black-eyed creature, tall for her age, and endowed, or, as she herself would have put it, cursed with an abundance of curly, unmanageable hair.’ Like Maggie, her quaint and eccentric ways kept her aloof from all ordinary companionship, though even then the child had her friends and admirers. She revolted against rules and she hated lessons, ‘though when she chose she could do them in a hundredth part of the time taken by her companions.’ In this ugly duckling, as in George Sand’s ‘Consuelo,’ the reader can already detect the promise of a rare and original beauty, which is to sway the senses of men when in her brilliant audacity of intellect she fails to dazzle their judgement. A predestined enthusiast, that she is likely to be dangerous to herself and to others is indicated in early girlhood by her singular freedom from passion, and apparently from womanly weakness. Volcanic as she is in the conception and expression of her views, she has inherited the maternal coldness of heart, and is to be subjugated by intellectual caprice rather than through the quick fancy or the feelings.

At the age of fourteen Marcella’s school is changed for a select and fashionable establishment for young ladies. There the mood of the impressionable girl takes another phase, and she gives herself up to heroine-worship of her governess. An indiscreet person that governess must have been, otherwise she would have repressed and regulated the pupil’s sentimental exaltation. At that school ‘life had been one long Wertherish romance, in which there were few incidents, only feelings which were in themselves events.’ Marcella, in the absence of distractions or amusements, revelled in emotions, and especially in hysterical religious emotions. Even the agonies of factitious remorse were far from unpleasant; for the blessed feeling of a serene relief was sure to follow repentance and reconciliation. Had this modern St. Theresa, when she was parted from her spiritual guide, gone home to a sensible mother, no great harm might have resulted. But Mrs. Ward, or destiny, dexterously arranges the circumstances so as to shape Marcella’s character and the course of the story. When she is left very much her own mistress in an unconventional boarding establishment in South Kensington, falling among associates that have gone to the opposite extreme, the inevitable reaction follows. Marcella’s immature reason asserts itself, and her emotional piety is cast to the winds. The friendship of a sister bridges over the conventionalities, and brings her into the closest fellowship with two Socialist brothers. One

of them recommends himself by vivacity and good looks; the other is pitied for his deformity. But she admires the eloquence and earnest purpose of both, accompanies them to Socialist gatherings, and regularly attends the meetings of the Venturist Society, which was a development of Socialism in its more advanced forms. She studies indefatigably the pamphlets they recommend to her. She takes the commonplaces of their 'clap-trap' for eternal truths, and, indulging in bright visions of the ideal to her heart's content, is delightfully girlish, sincere, and unpractical.

It will be confessed that there could hardly be a happier training for the sudden change which comes about in her circumstances. Her highly disreputable father succeeds to the family estate, and Marcella, who is his only child and his heiress, will have opportunities of putting her theories to the test. The fair destructive is brought into familiar contact, as one of themselves, with the iniquitous landed autocrats who are the hereditary oppressors of the poor, and who malignantly oppose all beneficent legislation. In the ludicrous incongruities of the novel situation there were great opportunities of which a humourist like George Eliot would have been quick to avail herself; but Mrs. Ward's satire is, for the most part, indirect and unconscious. To put it bluntly and briefly, Marcella makes a fool of herself, preserving a semblance of dignity all the time, and only freely confiding the full extent of her follies to the readers who are let into her innermost secrets. For Mrs. Ward, in a running commentary of analytical exposition, very cleverly plays the part of the Greek chorus.

Marcella, with all her ambition, cannot unsex herself. She may long to be a man, but she is always much of a woman. Even at school as a tangle-locked child her first petition to her father had been for the 'fringe' she envied in the girls she despised. As the young mistress of the manor in the picturesque ancestral home, her dormant pride of family is awakened and flattered, as her æsthetic tastes are gratified, by the grand old gardens become a tangled wilderness of shrubs and weeds, and by the monuments of her ancestors in the village church, where she sits on a dais raised above the common folk in the seclusion of the family pew. There her father duly attends the services, and plays the solemn hypocrite as he listens to the sermons and makes response to the prayers. Surely it is all vanity and an idle parade, if there be any reality in the teachings of Christianity. There for the first time she is brought face to face with the rural

poor, and when her thoughts might have been otherwise employed, she studies their faces and endeavours to realise their pitiful lives. Her sensibilities are touched, and her sympathies are morbidly excited, by the careworn features of the prematurely aged and the shrunken figures of the infirm. Living what ought to be healthy lives, they bear the visible marks of excessive labour, of overcrowded and unhealthy dwellings, of scanty and innutritious diet, and of perpetual exposure to the inclemency of the seasons. Can it be right or fair that she should come to the Church of God to pretend to join in a common worship, well fed and warmly clad in soft raiment? What a world of inequality is here to be redressed! and she is overwhelmed beneath the weight of her new responsibilities. Her position, her beauty, and her intellectual fascinations, if she have any, are so many talents she must surely turn to account. So far she recognises the teaching of the clergyman, a well-intentioned and narrowly practical young man, with whom she arranges a truce rather than alliance, which leaves her free to follow her own opinions. That scene in the little church, with its lights and its shadows, with some stray gleams of fern flashing in through the stained windows, is a clever and ingenious bit of etching:—

‘She looked quickly round the church, her mind swelling with the sense of the Cravens’ injustice and distrust. Never could she be more conscious than here—in this very spot—of mission, of an urgent call to the service of man. In front of her was the Boyces’ family pew, carved and be cushioned; but behind it stretched bench after bench of plain and humble oak, on which the village sat when it came to church. Here for the first time had Marcella been brought face to face with the agricultural world as it is—no stage ruralism, but the bare fact in one of its most pitiful aspects. Men of sixty and upwards, grey and furrowed like the chalk soil into which they had worked their lives; not old as age goes, but already the refuse of their generation, and paid for at the rate of refuse; with no refuge but the workhouse, if the grave should be delayed, yet quiet, impassive, resigned, now showing a furtive, childish amusement if a schoolboy misbehaved or a dog strayed into church, now joining with a stolid unconsciousness in the tremendous sayings of the Psalms; women coarse, or worn, or hopeless; girls and boys and young children already blanched and emaciated beyond even the normal Londoner from the effects of insalubrious cottages, bad water, and starvation food—these figures and types had been a ghastly and quickening revelation to Marcella.’

It is a vigorously effective piece of etching, but there is a dash of grotesque caricature in it, which reminds us of Dürer’s or Holbein’s drawings of the Dance of Death. We

grant the rheumatism that warps the labourer in old age, and the household cares and ceaseless work that have prematurely aged his helpmeet. But we believe that the boys and girls, the youths and the maidens, under the Chilterns have ruddy and smiling faces as in other rural parishes. We remember a striking passage in William Howitt's works; no man of his day knew rural England so well, and things have greatly changed for the better since his time. He says he used to pity the boys who were set to pull turnips or scare birds in bitter weather. Writing in middle life, when he knew much of the Nottingham weavers, he says he does not pity those boys now. Whatever the future may have in store, their lot, by comparison, is healthy and happy, and they may thank their lucky stars that their lives have fallen in the country. If they go to hustle in the city labour markets, they may live to repent it. Marcella is sadly disgusted at the acquiescence of these downtrodden serfs. It irritates her that they should be grateful for small farms, the miserable instalments of an incalculable debt. With charming feminine inconsistency, she is pleased that they should touch their hats or curtsy to her, yet she resents their eagerness to render the gratifying homage. Conscientiously she is in haste to enlighten the darkness, and, as a duty, she preaches the gospel of discontent. Folks far more intelligent than those rustics might have been puzzled to understand her attitude. It is but natural that the sister of the worthy young clergyman should distribute tracts as well as soups or jellies. But the young lady from the great house, heiress-apparent to the parish, scatters Labour journals and incendiary pamphlets which denounce property as a crime, and proclaim an approximate future when all social inequalities are to be levelled down. It is embarrassing to drive home such revolutionary doctrines in a smart bonnet and boots that keep out the wet. Above all, there is the burning question of the game, which gives rise to the most impressive episode in the novel. Marcella regards a game-preserving landlord as a satellite of Satan, who baits his master's traps with hares and hand-fed pheasants. Among the rather dissolute and law-defying cottagers on her father's estate she finds not a few who heartily agree with her. That burning question is rashly broached in a gathering in which Mrs. Ward makes the nearest approach to George Eliot's subtly analytical humour. It deserves to be quoted as a companion study, or a sequel, to Marcella's impressions of the village congregation. The young Lady Bountiful has

dropped into the cottage of a poaching rascal, depraved in the mind as he is deformed in the body, who is to exercise an unexpected influence on her fortunes. He is wedded to a woman far above his deserts, whom he is supposed to love after his fashion, and whose life he embitters. Marcella walks in, making herself heartily welcome, to find the poor cottage overcrowded with company. Some are on their best behaviour; others, being on the parish, feel comparatively independent; all are jealously on their guard, and inclined to a conspiracy of silence. Mrs. Hurd, the hostess, 'was a delicate, willowy woman, still young in figure, with a fresh colour, belied by the grey circles under the eyes and the pinched sharpness of the features. The upper lip, which was pretty and childish, was raised a little over the teeth; the whole expression of the slightly open mouth was unusually soft and sensitive.' Then there is the sarcastic and outspoken Mrs. Jellison, who accepts a gift of green apples for a grandchild with characteristic ungraciousness:—

'A lock of grey hair had escaped from her bonnet, across her wrinkled forehead, and gave her a half-careless, rakish air. Her youth of long ago—a youth of mad spirits, and of extraordinary capacity for physical enjoyment—seemed at times to pierce to the surface again, even through her load of years. But in general she had a dreamy, sunny look, as of one fed with humorous fancies, but disinclined often to the trouble of communicating them.'

Old Mr. Patton, who has his billet in the almshouses, is an exceptionally clever sketch. He

'was a little hunched man, twisted and bent double with rheumatic gout, the fruit of seventy years of field work. His small face was almost lost, dog-like, under shaggy hair and overgrown eyebrows, both snow-white. He had a look of irritable eagerness, seldom, however, expressed in words. A sudden passion in the faded blue eyes; a quick spot of red in his old cheeks; these Marcella had often noticed in him, as though the flame of some inner furnace leapt.'

Marcella's overtures are received with cool civility, and she has infinite difficulty in promoting conversation. Mrs. Jellison alone, acting after her nature, is recklessly outspoken on personal subjects. This is her description of the son-in-law she detests, and who is subsequently the victim of a dramatic catastrophe. To do her justice, she has taken his measure to an inch:—

'A sour, wooden-faced chap as iver I knew. I don't have nothink to say to him, nor he to me. He thinks hissen the Grand Turk, he do, since they gi'en him his uniform, and made him full keeper. A nasty, domineerin sort, I calls him. He's allus makin bad blood wi the

young fellers when he don't need. It's the way he's got wi 'im. But *I* don't make no account of 'im, an' I let 'im sec't.'

Marcella discreetly changes the conversation, and by a happy thought introduces the subjects of poaching and trespass. Thereupon the whole party shut up like oysters, the tongues are tied, and the memories at fault. Suddenly, conscious of her temerity, she tries to put her humble friends at their ease. Her impulsive outburst gives the key to all that afterwards befalls her. She coloured, and she must have looked very captivating as she broke out:—

“Oh, you needn't suppose”—throwing her beautiful head back—“you needn't suppose that *I* care about the game, or that I would ever be mean enough to tell anything that was told me. I know it *does* cause a great deal of quarrelling and bad blood. . . . My father has got his land and his own opinions. And Lord Maxwell has too. But I am not bound to think like either of them—I should like you to understand that.”

The girl, in the bloom of her beauty and her young, fresh earnestness, has certainly the gift of persuasion. It is in pretty touches like these that Mrs. Ward excels. She makes some impression even on dull old Mr. Patton, who begins to babble out his senile reminiscences, though she fails to awaken either belief or enthusiasm when she waxes eloquent over the good times that are coming. When the labourer will count for as much as the squire or the parson, and may go shooting like them if he happens to care for sport. ‘For everybody will have a chance and a turn, and there’ll be no bitterness between classes, and no hopeless pining and misery as there is now.’

In her calmer moments the day of that Utopia seems sadly distant, and the pity is that she has so little power to advance it. She is breaking her heart over the selfish parsimony of the squire, who will not expend a shilling on village drainage, and would leave his cottagers to rot in their hovels, contented if he drew the oppressive rack-rent. Her pride is wounded at every turn by the knowledge that her family is ostracised by their county neighbours. She is in ignorance as to the nature of her father's offence, but she feels to her sorrow that his conduct must have been shameful. She has learned to detest the broad-acred landlords as a caste, but she cannot help contrasting him with Lord Maxwell, the magnate of the neighbourhood. Lord Maxwell's good fame and good deeds are in every man's mouth; even those foblish tenants of his respect him. Of

course he might do much more ; he might strip himself of his wealth and distribute it amongst his dependants ; but, even while maintaining a certain luxury and state, his powers for good are infinite. She finds unexpectedly that they may be delegated to herself in no very distant future. She is brought in contact with Aldous Raeburn, the grandson and heir of the great peer. He is presented as something of a prig, but he is the incarnation of honour and sensitive conscientiousness ; and here we have the most conspicuous evidence that all Mrs. Ward's instinctive sympathies go out to the types she is inclined to hold up to reprobation. Lord Maxwell is the noblest and most dignified of her personages, and Aldous, as evolved, is more and more conspicuous for his abilities, sound sense, and sterling qualities. Marcella is quite intelligent enough to appreciate his worth. As for him, he has never seen such a woman. He is caught by the original style of her beauty, and charmed by the fresh buoyancy of that outspoken nature. The chains she has cast about him are rivetted when she makes him her confidant, with a childlike appeal to his good nature. In his inexperienced sagacity he is over head and ears in love before he has suspected that his heart is in danger, and, far from feeling that he has been guilty of folly, is grateful to the girl whose witchery has rejuvenated him. Marcella's state of mind is indicated consistently and ingeniously. She tells herself when she gives slow consent to his suit that she yields it from an imperative sense of duty, though trusting that esteem will ripen into love. Yet all the time there is an aching sense that the romance of marriage is sadly wanting. But her noble self-sacrifice will have its reward. She will be the good genius of a broad district, and she will have rare opportunities of inculcating her principles, and, if she confessed herself, she would own she was dazzled by the graceful adornments of her future home and the sylvan beauties of the surrounding domains. In short, she will be a *grande dame*, and the notion pleases her.

There is an admirably illustrative scene when she is presented to Lord Maxwell, and goes to lunch at the Court after the old peer has reluctantly consented to the engagement. Like his grandson, he falls under the spell of her beauty, and is ready to make such liberal concessions and allowances as his spinster sister cannot understand. At the luncheon Marcella gets excited, leads the conversation to the topics that preoccupy her, and lays down the law with passionate vehemence. His lordship, who has been all his

life the providence of several prosperous parishes, who has moreover held high office in cabinets, listens with old-world courtesy to her crude ideas, condescends to argument, and scarcely contradicts. Her lover, though on thorns, sits silent and entranced. Then he takes her upstairs to show her his private sitting-room. Glancing at the works on the table and those in a bookcase, she sees that he has been making a careful study of the books she has only skimmed superficially. She is struck by a sense of the ludicrousness of the situation, and flushes at the recollection of her recent flippancy. She has good reason to blush, but she need not fear for her ascendancy. In her most careless poses she is beautiful in her lover's eyes, and no wonder. Mrs. Ward dashes in the study of a siren in the manner of the Flemish Steevens. Marcella 'was sitting languidly in a great Louis-Quinze chair in the picture gallery upstairs, with Aldous beside her. She had taken off her big hat as though it oppressed her, and her black head lay against a corner of the chair in fine contrast to its mellowed golds and crimsons.' Nor is Mrs. Ward's versatile pencil shown to less advantage in finished and sympathetic sketches of scenery. Here is a delightful and dream-like symphony of sights and sounds on an autumnal evening in the Buckinghamshire woodlands, indicating their old-world history as well, and introducing characteristic figures in the foreground.

'About him, as he trudged on, lay a beautiful world of English woodland. After he had passed through the hamlet of Mellor, with its three-cornered piece of open common and its patches of arable—representing the original forest clearing made centuries ago by the primitive fathers of the village in this corner of the Chiltern uplands—the beech woods closed thickly round him. Beech woods of all kinds—from forest slopes, where majestic trees, grey and soaring pillars of the woodland roof, stood in stately isolation on the dead-leaf carpet woven by the years about their carved and polished bases, to the close plantations of the young trees where the saplings crowded on each other, and here and there amid the airless tangle of leaf and branch, some long pheasant-drive, cut straight through the green heart of the wood, refreshed the seeking eye with its arched and far-receding path. Two or three times on his walk Aldous heard from far within the trees the sounds of hatchet and turner's wheel, which told him he was passing one of the woodcutter's huts that in the hilly parts of this district supply the first simple steps of the chairmaking industry, carried on in the little factory towns of the more populous valleys. And two or three times also he passed a string of the great timber carts which haunt the Chiltern lanes—the patient team of brown horses straining at the weight behind them, the vast prostrate trunks rattling in their chains,

and the smoke from the carters' pipes rising slowly into the damp sunset air.

‘Presently the solitude took a grander note. He was nearing the edge of the high upland along which he had been walking. In front of him the long road with its gleaming pools bent sharply to the left, showing pale and distinct against a darkening heaven and the wide grey fields which had now on one side of his path replaced the serried growth of young plantations. Night was fast advancing from south and east over the upland. But straight in front of him and on his right the forest trees, still flooded with sunset, fell in sharp steep slopes towards the plain. Through their straight stems glowed the blues and purples of that lower world, and when the slopes broke and opened here and there, above the rounded masses of their red and golden leaf the level distances of the plain could be seen stretching away, illimitable in the evening dusk, to a west of glory, just vacant of the sun.’

There we have an English home-like landscape rather idealised as by a Turner, and bathed in the lights of a Turner or a Claude. We might quote by way of contrast a Salvator-like nocturne in those same woods, with a couple of poachers, who have been ferreting in the banks, skulking in a ditch in the darkness and listening to the footsteps of the keepers. These are the effective passages which touch our hearts, or relieve many a dry page of doctrinaire Socialism—a pleasant satire on the utilitarianism which would fell the secular timber for profitable sale and cut up the fields in mathematical allotments.

Marcella might have become the mistress of a fair domain, the wife of a man she might have influenced, though she could never have moulded him, with her income of 30,000*l.* clear to advance the objects she has dearly at heart. But we know that the novel must run its course, and we have been waiting for the coming man. ‘Already he has made his appearance. Wharton is in some respects the girl’s counterpart, and superficially he seems to be her affinity. He is the opposite and antipathy of Aldous. The antipathy is equally natural and well founded. Wharton is brilliant, versatile and ambitious, with a power of simulating sympathy, which is increased by his artful outbreaks of almost rough frankness. Housed under the roof with Marcella, and contesting the county as an advanced Radical against the Maxwell interest, she is drawn to him by a perverted sense of principle. She is always asserting her philosophical independence when discretion or common decency should have kept her neutral. She goes to his meetings, and admires the rough dexterity of his personal appeals to the peasants,

while she is captious, querulous and cross when persuaded to listen to her betrothed. Great is the power of love, as Cupid is proverbially blind, or the sensible Aldous would have lost temper and broken with her. He is sorely tried when she is presented to the magnates of the county in his ancestral mansion. With extraordinary bad taste, she makes a scene with the old peer who is his godfather, though Lord Wantage has, undoubtedly been the hero of a gross social scandal. The inevitable breach would have been precipitated had Aldous known what passed that night in the moonlit picture-gallery of the old manor house of the Boyces'. Overstrained nerves and the ghostly traditions of the gallery were her best excuse for the moment of oblivious collapse in which she suffered Wharton's embrace. The almost involuntary crime brought hot shame and burning repentance: her conscience and her maiden delicacy smarted together, and she would have relieved her soul by frank and free confession. But the greater troubles swallowed up the less, and that night was destined to be doubly eventful.

The murder of Westall the gamekeeper by Hurd the poacher is the turning point of the novel, and it is far away the most impressive episode. In itself, with its immediate consequences, it is sensational enough. But it is there that Mrs. Ward, artistically gathering up her strings, brings the future and fortunes of Marcella to a crisis. Her wayward impulses and wild fancies are brought face to face with the conscientious scruples she should have felt bound to recognise and the benevolent wisdom of long experience. In the same rash self-confidence which made her chatter foolishly at the presentation luncheon at the Court, she inevitably chooses the wrong way, yet, here again, there is excuse to be made for her. She is suffering the penalties of the law of retribution, and expiating the consequences of former follies. Hurd had committed a brutal murder. Nothing could be more deliberate; for, brooding over wrongs, real or imaginary, he had habitually vowed vengeance on his victim. But Marcella knows herself, although she is loth to acknowledge it, to be largely responsible for the crime. Hurd was a dissipated scoundrel, but he had only been passively malignant till she had taken pains to inoculate him with the doctrines of discontent. She had found him well-paid work, and done her best to reclaim him; but when his unfortunate wife implored him to give up poaching, he always answered her with arguments drawn from the journals with which Marcella regularly supplied him. Perhaps the

prickings of conscience make her more stubborn and resentful. When the coroner's inquest has brought in a verdict of guilty, with quivering nerves she exclaims to her lover, 'What is justice? The system that wastes human lives in 'protecting your tame pheasants?' It was a cruel taunt and cruelly undeserved. Never was a case of poaching or a murder less excusable. Hurd had double reason for gratitude. Marcella had taken him up, and Lord Maxwell, on her intercession, had condoned his offences and found him employment. He had given Marcella his solemn promise that he would never snare a hare or pheasant again. What we complain of in Mrs. Ward is that she trifles in the sophistry of misrepresentation or suggestion with the elementary sentiments of justice. It may be natural that the impulsive Marcella should advocate the cause of Hurd as if she were pleading for an injured innocent. But even the sternly honest Aldous is made to say that 'Hurd is not a bad or a vicious fellow like the rest of the rascally pack.' For we may doubt if any other member of the pack had half the chances which were offered to that ruthless murderer.

The actual scenes of the tragedy are powerfully described. The perturbation and delightfully thrilling gossip in the village, pleasantly excited over the discovery of the crime; the paralysing grief of the wife and the revengeful prostration of the widow, who is Mrs. Jellison's own cross-grained daughter. Of course there are conflicting currents of sympathy, and of course Marcella throws herself heart and soul into the cause of the maligned poacher. It is the law that is likely to be the veritable assassin. It was a case of chance medley, not of murder. Hurd's unsupported explanation of the circumstances must override all direct evidence. Marcella's stately presence in Mrs. Hurd's cottage is a nuisance rather than otherwise, but her purse is useful and her sympathy unquestionable. Hurd is condemned on the clearest possible proof; and there is another humorously cynical scene at the Court when Marcella strives to prevail on Lord Maxwell and Aldous to sign the petition for the murderer's reprieve. Aldous, sitting in pained and sombre silence, leaves his grandfather to talk. Lord Maxwell, with admirable patience and gentleness, in place of simply standing on his conscience, condescends to reason and expostulate. For two years he had been Home Secretary, so he should know something of such matters. If Hurd were suffered to escape, no criminal should be hanged. But Marcella goes away unconvinced and still resentful. This was another horrible example of

the hereditary oppression of those landowners. They write their laws in blood, and revel in the satisfaction of enforcing them. Hurd is hanged, and he richly deserves it; but the trouble does not end there. The breaking with Aldous becomes inevitable. The struggle on his part is severe, for a man of his stability of temperament is not easily impressed, and is slow to efface the image of an ideal. But, strong in his conscientiousness, he is wounded to the quick by Marcella's inability to understand his attitude. She says stinging things, which she immediately repents, but will not retract; she had fancied she had the man for her humble slave, and her vanity is roused by this recognition of his self-assertion. She is moved to the soul for an undeserving outcast, but she has no sympathy for her lover. Were she to marry, she might wed a master and a tyrant. Yet she stakes everything on a final effort, and in his pain he has to submit to a supreme ordeal. She sees faint hope in the love that still burns in his eyes.

'She looked at him, conscious of her woman's power and pressing it. "If that man 'is hanged," she said pleadingly, "it will leave a mark on my life nothing will ever smooth out. I shall feel myself somehow responsible. . . . I might have saved these people, who have been my friends—my *real* friends—from this horror."

His voice falters, but he never wavers. He warns her that, though he will give her appeal further thought, he can never let his feelings sway his judgement. Then she finally loses her temper and breaks away. 'How could he *argue*—how could he hold and mark the ethical balance—when a *woman* was suffering, when children were to be left fatherless?' And so, soon afterwards, the betrothed are separated. Had Marcella had a mother, things might have gone differently. But Mrs. Boyce is passive, apathetic, or indifferent. We should say that the proper treatment of the wayward daughter would have been a course of shaking and sal volatile. And for once we are in sympathy with her careless and disreputable father when he declares that he has no sort of patience with her. *A propos* to her case, we may quote a good story which Mrs. Ward relates in a different connexion. Two Lincolnshire farmers were discussing Mr. Wharton's mother.

"Did tha hear Lady Mildred say them things, William?" "Aye, a did." "What did tha think, William?" "Wul, aa thought Lady Mildred wur a grait fule, William, if tha asks me." "I'll uphowd thee, George! I'll uphowd thee!"

And the felicitous anecdote would apply equally to many of

the eloquent utterances of the leaders of Labour and to the rhapsodies of the advocates of democratic legislation.

But while the others talk in the air or are seeking their selfish aims, Marcella makes sacrifice of herself. In contrast to the brilliant and time-serving Wharton, she shows the courage of her convictions, and submits herself to a discipline of severe realities which ultimately brings her to her senses. She might have been the Lady Bountiful of half a county: she goes to London to spend herself in the service of Humanity as an impecunious and obscure Sister of Mercy. It is a new experience, and not an agreeable one, to be bullied and ordered about by head nurses and assistant surgeons. She had thought that the dependents of Lord Maxwell, who indulged an old tenant in one of his best farms to give him the pleasure of grumbling over payment of the balance of rent, are sadly to be pitied. Now she knows something of the misery and vice crowded together in a great city. She had cherished schemes for the speedy regeneration of society, and for the summary removal of immemorial inequalities. Now she recognises the impracticability of the stupendous task, and the comparative impotence of the most wealthy and influential. She begins to think that possibly Lord Maxwell and his grandson were wiser than herself, and were not altogether neglectful of their opportunities and responsibilities. Those searchings of heart are driven home by sympathy with suffering she is powerless to relieve, by over-fatigue and nervous exhaustion. If it were so, what chances she has thrown away, and how wilfully has she made shipwreck of her happiness! Though she does not own as much in words even to herself, latterly remorse and wistful regrets make her almost in love with Aldous. Meantime, in her womanly longing for wedlock and support, she is well-nigh betrayed into a marriage with Wharton. The Fates fight for her. She is saved by the unscrupulous adventurer being brought unexpectedly to grief, for he topples over when he has almost attained the objects of his ambition. Money was at the bottom of the mischief, for he was essentially mean, as Marcella recognises. He was on the eve of becoming a political power and the parliamentary leader of a formidable Labour party, when he sells himself and his organ to the capitalists in the idle hope that the transaction can be kept secret. It would have been difficult to play the renegade more adroitly; but circumstances and chance are too much for him. Great is the consternation and the pleasure is considerable in the camp of his followers and jealous rivals. To do Marcella justice, she is warned in

time by her nobler instincts, and she breaks from the bonds he has been tightening round her on the eve of his actual exposure. In a subsequent interview she tells him frankly, as she had told Aldous Raeburn before, that she had never loved him.

When she said as much to Aldous she believed she had been speaking the truth ; but later experiences have changed her mind or shown her that she was mistaken. The story of her slow conversion is gracefully and pathetically told, and redeems or explains many of the absurdities in her previous speech and conduct. Not only has she been disenchanted of her Utopian dreams in daily scenes of suffering, but her isolation from all congenial society in the prosaic surroundings of a model dwelling for the working classes makes her less self-reliant and more of a woman than she had ever been. She has an intense craving for so many of the things she had been striving to place beyond her reach ; above all, for 'the power to *love*.' That, as she soon finds to the temporary aggravation of her sorrows, is only latent. The first symptoms which make her wounds bleed and smart are the recurring invocation of the image of Aldous, and the vivid revival of those bright scenes of the past, when she mocked at his words and made light of his affection. She consoles herself in her daily work and cares by going in for a course of hero-worship. She realises the value of the pearl she cast away. Aldous and she are thrown together again by a sensational episode in the slums of Drury Lane, and meet afterwards in a Belgravian drawing-room. Her heart beats fast and her hopes rise high. If he is the Aldous she used to know, surely his having been her good angel in extremity will bring him to a reconciliation, and place him again at her feet. Not at all. Lord Maxwell, as he is now, playing a leading part in the politics which appear to engross him, is cold and chivalrously courteous. Had he wished to win her again, he could have taken no better way. Her final interview with Wharton clearly reveals all the hidden secrets of her heart. Her pride and girlish presumption are conquered, and she indulges in the passionate desire for a consummation she believes to be impossible. Nevertheless she makes one despairing effort, which shows how entirely her nature is changed. She confesses herself to a common friend, who is as crotchety and impracticable as she had ever been. But even that act of self-humiliation is baffled by the Nemesis of a sudden death. She stoops to another before all is happily arranged. Her disreputable father did her one good turn on his death-bed,

which brought her into business relations with her old lover. The meetings of the pair remind us of the narrowing revolutions of two errant globules of mercury with an irresistible attraction for each other. We believe that Marcella was sensible enough to know that she might be content to wait; but, as Mrs. Ward presents her in the innate nobility of her nature, she is eager to do penance by confession and humiliation. Of course, too, as a woman, she is impatient—she could not be still Marcella were she not impetuous—and she is anxious to make assurance sure. She asks Lord Maxwell, as her guardian and trustee, to read a document she has prepared for his perusal. It has nothing to do with the railway stock as to which he has come to advise, and the family lawyer was not consulted about it.

‘He walked up to the table, put down his hat and gloves beside it, and stooped to read what was written.

“*It was in this room you told me I had done you a great wrong. But wrongdoers may be pardoned sometimes, if they ask it. Let me know by a sign, a look, if I may ask it. If not, it would be kind to go away without a word.*”

‘She heard a cry. But she did not look up. She only knew that he had crossed the room, that his arms were round her, her head upon his breast.

“*Marcella!—wife!*” was all he said, and that in a voice so low, so choked, that she could hardly hear it.

“*So this—this was what you had in your mind towards me, while I have been despairing—fighting with myself, walking in darkness. Oh, my darling, explain it! How can it be? Am I real? Is this face—are these lips real?*”—he kissed both, trembling. “*Oh, when a man is raised thus—in a moment—from torture and hunger to full joy, there are no words——*”’

It is the breaking out of still waters long dammed back, and the ecstatic ejaculations with the plurality of dashes are pretty well for that reserved and well-disciplined nature. The new Marcella has been triumphant, far beyond her deserts, but she does not abuse her triumph. Her remorse is the deeper as she realises her ill-used lover’s constancy, and she rejoices in the forgiveness that is freely accorded before she has well breathed the almost inaudible whisper.

After all, what greatly aided in bringing her to a right mind was the feminine sentiment of jealousy. There is no prettier or pleasanter personage in the book than the light-hearted and feather-headed Betty Macdonald, who was supposed to be setting her cap at Aldous. As young Leven, who loves her to distraction, declares, Betty is so *frightfully*

pretty and so frightfully fetching. It is little wonder that both he and Marcella look on the flirtation with Aldous with the greenest of eyes. But Aldous explains the intimacy, which is purely paternal and platonic on his part, to his friend Hallin, in what is a singularly happy character-sketch in outline.

"Oh! but the monkey has so much heart," said Aldous laughing again, as everyone was apt to laugh who talked about Betty MacDonald, "and it makes friends with every sick and sorry creature it comes across, especially with old maids! It amounts to genius, Betty's way with old maids. You should see her in the middle of them in the hotel *salon* at night—a perfect ring of them—and the men outside, totally neglected, and out of temper. I have never seen Betty yet in a room with somebody she thought ill at ease, or put in the shade—a governess, or a schoolgirl, or a lumpish boy—that she did not devote herself to that somebody. It's a pretty instinct: I have often wondered whether it is nature or art."

We have said but little of the various 'friends of the people' who had seemed to cherish at one time the impossible aspiration of rallying—and agreeing—under the leadership of Wharton. But, indeed, with perhaps the exception of the æsthetic and unselfish idealist Hallin, whose end, though sad, was far from surprising, they are all agitators or enthusiasts of the commonplace types with whom skimming of the papers has made us unpleasantly familiar. Their talk is necessarily dull, as the topics are essentially dreary, even when Mrs. Ward has successfully done something to brighten it. Those who believe in the practicability of their aims, or who have faith in swift evolution and the perfectibility of humanity, have only to turn to the volumes for disquisitions it would be unfair to condense. We have preferred to confine our attention to what we may call the personal drama, where Marcella stands out the central figure, often tantalisingly captivating, in spite or because of her perverse eccentricities—with the Phyllis of the madrigal, seldom failing to please, and pretty much for the same unsatisfactory reasons. As it happens, since writing the above, we have found a counterblast to Mrs. Ward's pessimistic pictures of the poor of these parts in the second series of Mr. Fowler's 'Recollections of Old Country Life.' The farmer of Aylesbury knows more than most people of the peasant labourers of Bucks and Herts, and his life-long experiences have led him to the conclusion that their lots, on the whole, are enviable, and that their intelligence is not to be despised. But then Mr. Fowler is a practical man, and allowances must be made for the exigencies of the artist.

- ART. VI.—1. *Psyche: Seelencult und Unsterblichkeitsglaube der Griechen*. Von ERWIN ROHDE. Freiburg i. B. und Leipzig: 1890, 1894.
2. *Die Nekyia des Polygnot*. Von CARL ROBERT. Halle: 1892.
3. *Thanatos*. Von CARL ROBERT. Berlin: 1879.
4. *Etude sur les Lécythes Blancs Attiques à Représentations Funéraires*. Par E. POTTIER. Paris: 1883.
5. *La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins*. Par GASTON BOISSIER. Paris: 1884.
6. *La Collection Sabouroff*. Introduction par A. FURTWÄNGLER. Berlin: 1883–1887.
7. *Terres cuites Grecques photographiées d'après les Originaux des Collections privées de France et des Musées d'Athènes*. Texte par A. CARTAULT. Paris: 1890.
8. *Nekyia: Beiträge zur Erklärung der neuentdeckten Petrusapokalypse*. Von ALBRECHT DIETERICH. Leipzig: 1893.

IT is no paradox to say that the interest of ancient life culminates in death. Of all the ruins of the past, none bring us in such close contact with the ancients as the tombs. Here we meet them in the presence of the great problem which, amid all the changes of thousands of years, confronts us unchanged, as it did them, and we naturally ask: 'What did they think of death?' The subject is a complex one. Contradictions meet us at every turn. Words and images have no more exactly the same meaning; many of the subtle influences brought to bear on life and thought in the distant past escape us. We are surrounded by a moral atmosphere from which we cannot divest ourselves, and are too often inclined to interpret the past from a modern point of view.

The tomb had for the Greeks and Romans a far greater significance than it has for us. Burial was to them all important, in the first place, because without it the shades or souls were supposed to wander about homeless, to their own discomfort and that of the living. This idea had its origin in the primitive belief that the tomb was the final resting-place of the soul as well as the body. If there was no tomb, the soul had no habitation: it was therefore essential that the body should be buried. But though in the course of time the idea prevailed that there was an underworld where the souls dwelt together after death, the necessity of burial

and funeral rites was still maintained; and it was now believed that the souls, without burial, could not be admitted into Hades, and hovered on the borderland between the living and the dead till this was accomplished. When in the twenty-third book of the 'Iliad' the spirit of dead Patroclus appears to Achilles in a dream on the seashore, he says: 'Thou sleepest and hast forgotten me, O Achilles. . . . Bury me with all speed, that I pass the gates of Hades. Far off the spirits banish me, the phantoms of men outworn, nor suffer me to mingle with them beyond the River, but vainly I wander along the wide gated dwelling of Hades.' And in the sixth book of the *Æneid* when *Æneas* visits the underworld and asks:—

'What do the spirits desire? and why go some from the shore
Sadly away, while others are ferried the dark stream o'er?'

The Sibyl answers:—

'These are a multitude helpless, of spirits lacking a grave;
Charon the ferryman; yonder the buried, crossing the wave.
Over the awful banks and the hoarse voiced torrents of doom,
None may be taken before their bones find rest in a tomb.' *

A cenotaph, or empty tomb, answered the purpose, and had to be erected when the body could not be found, so that at least the indispensable funeral rites might be performed. Sometimes the cenotaph represented a second tomb if the person was buried a long way off, in order that there might be a means of holding communion with him on the spot.

There is some reason for believing that we have a cenotaph in the tomb of Calventius Quietus at Pompeii, because, contrary to the custom of the time, it is hermetically closed. While in the ancient days of Mycenæ the tombs were walled up after burial, at this late Roman period (C. Quietus lived in Nero's reign) it was usual to leave an ingress. Those who have visited Pompeii will remember this beautiful altar-shaped tomb, with its remarkable reliefs—*Edipus* standing before the Sphinx, pressing his finger to his forehead, trying to guess the riddle, while the Theban youths lie slain at his feet, and that solemn figure holding the torch horizontally, 'with face averted,' the consecrated attitude of the nearest relative, who, according to Roman custom, was the first to set fire to the funeral pile.

* Lord Bowen's translation.

Besides securing a home for the soul, burial prevented its intruding on the living. Fear of the return of the ghosts of the dead gave rise to superstitions which in some parts of Europe have lingered to this day, such as the carrying of the dead body out of the house with the feet outwards. In Homer already we read that the body of dead Patroclus was lying in the tent of Achilles with the feet towards the door, and this was a general custom, both in Greece and Rome.

Rohde believes that the custom of burning the dead probably arose among the Indo-Aryans, not so much as a consequence of nomadic life as from a wish to effect more completely the separation between body and soul, and to banish the soul for good and all to the underworld. 'Never more again shall I come back from Hades,' says the spirit of Patroclus to Achilles, 'when you have given me my due of fire.' Some archæologists conclude that at the time of Homer the cult of the dead, which held such a large place in Greek life, had suffered an eclipse, as it nowhere appears in the epic poems that rites and ceremonies were performed at the grave subsequent to those which had taken place at the funeral pyre and burial of the ashes. A cult of the dead necessarily supposed that it was possible to communicate with them, and that they had the power to exercise an influence for good or for ill over the living. But in Homer the soul is powerless, and has no connection with the affairs of this world. There are, however, traces of a cult of the dead, such as the vows made by Odysseus to the shades on descending into Hades to sacrifice to them on his return to Ithaca. Rohde believes these are but traditions, survivals of an ancient cult used for poetical purposes, and having no bearing on Homer's time, and he suggests that the Ionian emigration after the Dorian invasion—which involved leaving the tombs of the ancestors in the mother country—the continuous habit of burning the bodies, the tendency to form a less material and more abstract conception of the principle of human life, all contributed to weaken or obscure the belief in a mighty existence beyond the tomb.

Assuming that this was the case with the Ionians of Asia Minor, the argument of Rohde would only hold good if we conclude that the ideas about the dead in the Homeric poems reflect the Ionian civilisation after the Dorian invasion; but this is debateable ground, and goes to the very root of the Homeric question. Moreover, we do not know how much the poet has taken from real life, or how much he has drawn

upon his imagination, and it has been sufficiently shown how futile it is to argue that, because Homer is silent on any subject, he must necessarily have been ignorant of it, as if the epic poems were an archæological treatise.

According to Furtwängler, the reason that there is no mention of hero cult in Homer is that the poet describes the actual period when those who were afterwards worshipped as heroes were alive. Hero-cult is first mentioned by Pindar, who was a native of Bœotia, where it received its earliest extension, as reliefs and inscriptions on the tombs have shown, but its origin is lost in antiquity. The Delphic Oracle increased the number of heroes and supported the cult of the dead, which received a further developement from a heightened religious sense among the Greeks and the greater importance given to the Chthonian divinities.

In Homer the soul after death was not, as we have seen, the higher consciousness of man. It was but the semblance or shadow of the living man, his image or eidolon, intangible yet recognisable. Hades was 'a land desolate of joy' 'beneath the secret places of the earth' which the sunlight never reached, 'grim halls and vast and lothly to the gods,' peopled by 'the phantoms of men outworn,' without strength and without sense, and ruled by an underworld couple, 'mighty Hades and dread Persephone.' The Homeric idea is that the mind could not exist without a physical foundation. The body and the Psyche combined produced the mind and intellect, and when they were cut asunder the mental faculties were dissolved, and could only be temporarily revived by applying the principle of life which was believed to reside in the blood. When the souls speak so intelligently to Odysseus in Hades, it is because they have momentarily recovered their senses through the drinking of the blood of the victims which he had been ordered to sacrifice. Like those waking from a trance, they now realise their position—they remember their state on earth, they regret the life they have lost, the tasks they have left unaccomplished. Their sorrows are revived, their injuries rankle afresh in their phantom breasts. 'Not even in death,' did Ajax, the son of Telamon, forget his wrath against Odysseus. He stands aloof 'while the other spirits of the dead stood sorrowing' and each one asked of those that were dear to him.' Of Teiresias alone it is said that his 'wits abide steadfast.' 'To him Persephone has given judgement even in death that he alone should have understanding.' Rohde suggests that the consciousness that was given to him as a reward

was given as a punishment to the criminals Tityos, Tantalus, and Sisyphus, who had offended the gods.*

The profound gloom of the Hades of Homer is reflected in the memorable words of Achilles: 'Nay speak not comfortably to me of death, great Odysseus, rather would I live 'above*ground, the hireling of another with a landless man 'who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the 'dead that be departed.' It is a relief to find a few scattered allusions in Homer showing that a better fate was reserved for a few; but those did not taste death. To Menelaus it is promised that he shall 'dwell in the Elysian plain at the 'world's end, where is Rhadamanthus of the fair hair, where 'life is easiest for men. No snow is there, nor yet great 'storm, nor any rain, but always ocean sendeth forth the 'breeze of the shrill West to blow cool on men.'

Cleitus, descended from Amphiarius the Seer, was snatched away bodily for his beauty's sake, to dwell with the immortals. So was Ganymede.

The Elysian plain was but another name for 'the Isles of 'the Blest,' of which we read in Hesiod and Pindar. In the far West, where Helios went down in his golden splendour and 'bathed his immortal body and his tired horses' in Oceanus, the poet's imagination in ancient times sought the Isles of the Blest. Does not the poet even of our own day—

'Long to tread that golden path of rays,

And think 'twould lead to some bright Isle of rest?'

There was the garden of Phœbus, the garden of the Hesperides, the house of Hades low under the earth. In the course of time the Elysian fields became a part of Hades itself, where the souls of good men dwelt.

The tomb, besides giving the dead their last home, had the additional importance of being the means by which the living could communicate with them. Excavations have shown that the cult of the dead already existed in prehistoric times, and Aristotle says that the belief in their superior nature was of the highest antiquity. Even after the ideas about an underworld became current, it was but natural that the tomb should remain the place where the shades could be approached. What the altar was for the

* Wilamowitz believes the lines 566-631 in the eleventh book of the 'Odyssey' to be an Orphic interpolation, but, as Mr. Lang says, if they are, 'it is curious that the Orphicism is not more distinct and strenuous.' The ancient critics already doubted the passage about Heracles, ll. 602-4.

gods, the tomb was for the ancestors. Many tombs are, in fact, in the shape of an altar. It was there the dead were worshipped and invoked, it was there they gave their oracles; it was there the offerings, the food and the libations were brought. At the tomb of Agamemnon, Orestes and Electra promise offerings and libations if he will hear them and lend them aid.

The ideas about the tomb and the under-world became blended. Lucian mocks at the anomaly, and asks if the libations filter down to Hades. The believer in hypnotism of the present day would easily explain it by his theory of the 'dédoublement' or the 'morcellement du moi,' but we need only remember how vague and confused our own ideas are about the state after death. What do we know of the laws of the spirit world, of its relations to space, and why should we expect more logic in the past than in the present? Most men do not reason about the creed they have inherited, and the cult of the dead was the very basis of ancient civilisation. We banish our dead as much as possible from our daily lives; we bury them out of sight, and we shrink from all the associations of death. The death dance of the Middle Ages still rings in our ears, and the skull grins at us from the funeral car. The cult of the dead among the Greeks and Romans, on the contrary, necessitated a constant communication with the tombs. At its origin it was apotropaic, or evil averting, for side by side with the belief that the dead were superior beings there existed the notion, which is not confined to the Greek world nor to antiquity, that they were disposed to exercise a baneful influence. The dead body was considered impure, not, as we might think, from its being a prey to corruption, but because of its connexion with Hecate and her swarm of spirits—souls of the unburied, souls of those who had died a violent or an untimely death, and who were condemned to wander over the earth. Hecate was present at births, marriages, and deaths, and for all these events lustrations were prescribed to avert demoniacal evil influences. Both in Greece and in Rome those who came near the dead body had to purify themselves. Such customs exist in many parts of the world. As Tylor says, they express 'the transition from practical to 'symbolic cleansing'—they are not concerned with the removal of bodily impurity, nor with the symbolic cleansing of the heart, though the latter grew out of them. They are simply intended to avert the evil influences of the spirit world. The last day of the Dionysian festival of the

Antestheria was the All Souls day of the Greeks, 'an impure day' it was called. When the Chthonian Dionysus brought the firstfruits of the earth in spring, the dead also were believed to return and visit the living. The temples were closed and covered with awnings, the doors of the houses were protected with evil-averting charms, such as hawthorn and pitch. The souls of the family were propitiated with offerings and libations. When the festival was over, the uncanny guests were driven away with the cry 'Begone Keres,* the Antestheria are at an end.' There was a similar festival in Rome, the Lemuria, at the end of which the souls were driven out in the same manner. Magic was also used to exorcise the souls or make them do the bidding of the living, especially in later times.

The apotropaic side of the cult was, however, overshadowed by a higher and nobler feeling. The belief that the dead man still required the necessaries of life, and that the honours rendered to him contributed to his happiness in the nether world, made it a solemn duty to minister to him. So strong was this belief that in Greece and in Rome if a man had no son he adopted one in order that the family might not die out and the family worship cease. 'Le grand intérêt de la vie humaine,' says Fustel de Coulanges, 'est de continuer la descendance pour continuer le culte.' Sums of money were sometimes left to public authorities so that some part of the cult at least might be continued in perpetuity.

At an early period the Greeks and Romans buried their dead in the towns—probably at first in the houses before the days of ceremonial purification; and when this was forbidden by law they buried them by the roadside, or in a place set apart, each family having their own grave, frequently with a grove and surrounding wall. In Rome the ceremonial of the tomb was sometimes kept up with the proceeds of the garden belonging to it, just as at Elche in Spain the Virgin is dressed and decorated from the proceeds of her palm gardens, *huertas de la Virgen*. As much skill and taste were bestowed on the funeral monuments as on the houses of the living. The representations on the tombs are free from all the gloomy associations with which the art of the Middle Ages surrounded death. In

* The ancient name for souls, 'the primitive meaning of which,' says Rohde, 'Homer had already forgotten; not so the Attic popular tongue.'

the Attic grave-reliefs the dead are usually represented, as in life, with their favourite surroundings. Among the earliest, which date from the beginning of the fifth century B.C., the greater number represent the dead singly in the costume and with the attributes that characterise his vocation in life: thus we see the armed warrior with his spear, the athlete with the discus or the strigil, the priest with the libation cup, the lady with her jewel-casket. In other reliefs subordinate figures are introduced, such as the slave or attendant presenting the jewel-casket to her mistress, or assisting her to put on her sandals, the nurse handing the baby to its mother, or sometimes a child playing with a pet bird or dog, or a doll. These monuments are all erected to one person, and the additional figures represented are, according to Furtwängler, merely attributes showing his or her position in life. Another series, where there is more than one principal figure, and which often represent two persons clasping hands, occur more frequently at a later date. There has been much discussion about the meaning of these reliefs, and the German and English archæologists take a somewhat different view. Mr. Gardner and Miss Harrison call the family scenes parting scenes: the mother takes leave of her baby, and the clasp of the hand means the last farewell. Furtwängler rejects the idea, and maintains that all these figures represent the dead continuing in another world the life they led on earth. He also refutes the hypothesis that the clasp of the hand represents a meeting between the dead and the survivors, chiefly on the ground that the belief in the superior nature of the dead excluded any such familiarity. No survivors, according to him, appear on the reliefs, except in a few cases, when they are usually represented as worshippers in a diminutive size. The clasp of the hand means either a welcome to Hades or simply the expression of a constant affection that lives beyond the grave, like the reliefs of husband and wife so often seen on the Roman tombs of later date. We read in the poets that meetings in Hades were looked forward to, and they were accompanied by an embrace or a clasp of the hand. The meaning of many of the Attic reliefs is explained by prototypes chiefly from the Peloponnesus. Here the cult of the dead had received its greatest development under the Dorians. A number of Spartan reliefs show the deceased seated on thrones, as heroised ancestors in Hades raised to the rank of infernal deities, with the attributes of the latter, such as the cantharus and the

pomegranate, and receiving offerings from worshippers who are represented in a much smaller size. Furtwängler describes an archaic sepulchral relief from Ægina, of the sixth century, where the deceased is represented seated on a throne as an underworld goddess, holding the pomegranate in one hand and stretching out the other to clasp the hand of a second figure, and he believes this to be the prototype of all subsequent reliefs with the clasped hands, and to explain sufficiently that the scene takes place in the underworld. In few of the Attic reliefs of the best period is there any allusion to death. The men are represented in their full vigour, the women in all their youth and beauty. There is nothing to remind us of decrepitude or decay. The serene and confident expression of the faces seems to exclude all 'sadness of farewell,' and herein lies their very pathos. The simple expression of these human affections on the tombs is more eloquent than all the symbols of death. Miss Harrison ascribes the 'inhuman calm' of the faces to the fact that the sculptors inherited the hieratic tradition, and that the men and women are derived from types that were originally gods and goddesses. At a later period we find allusions to mourning in the sorrowful look of the subordinate figures in the background, the parent or slave; but it seldom appears in the principal personages. The reliefs representing a man seated on a rock in a mournful attitude, with the sea below and frequently a boat, are believed by most archæologists to allude to death by shipwreck. Usener, however, connects them with the legends of the promontory of Leucatas. A great many personages threw themselves from this rock into the sea, and 'the leap' from Leucatas had become an expression synonymous with dying. The White Rock was on the road to Hades. Hermes led the souls of the wooers 'past the streams of Oceanus and the White Rock.'

A whole series of reliefs have been found representing banquet scenes. A man is reclining on a couch, the wife sitting by a table spread before them. Furtwängler thinks these originated among the Ionians of Asia Minor, who were the first Greeks to adopt the Oriental custom of reclining at meals; and both German and English archæologists agree in believing that they represent the dead in Hades, and that the food and drink probably refer to the offerings brought to the grave. Most of these representations, however, are votive offerings found in the temples of Chthonian divinities and in tombs, and only a few are on the best Attic stelæ.

They were imported at an early period into Etruria, and became common as grave-reliefs in Hellenistic and in Roman times. The dead on horseback or, leading his horse, was also an early type of votive relief, which at this latter period appears frequently on funeral monuments, chiefly in Bœotia.

It may be said of all these reliefs that they can be traced by a process of evolution from a distinct hieratic type to one of everyday life. Animals like the dog and the horse, which on the archaic reliefs figure in their symbolical character of attributes of underworld deities, appear at a later period simply as domestic animals. Men and women are no longer represented as gods and goddesses with divine attributes, but as human beings pursuing in another world the life they led on earth. This tendency in art did not in any way diminish the reverence in which the dead were held. Though in ancient Mycenæ the reliefs represent the deceased, as in life, engaged in hunting or war, excavations have shown that a very earnest cult of the dead went on at the same time.

Scenes from mythology, which abound on the later Roman sarcophagi, are rarely found on Greek tombs. The meeting of Orpheus and Eurydice attended by Hermes, of which there are three replicas, is an exception of great beauty. It probably goes back to an original of the Pheidias period. The Siren mourning over the dead is frequently seen, and we must linger for a moment over this fascinating and mysterious figure. There are innumerable traditions about the Sirens, but their origin has never been satisfactorily explained. The most varied parentage and functions have been ascribed to them. Born of a Muse and a River-god, according to one tradition, they were daughters of Gaia in their Chthonian aspect; they have been associated with the spell of the noontide, with the hetære and the vampire—with the highest poetic genius and with the harmonies of the spheres. They were closely connected with the Muses; but while the Muses were the benefactors of mankind, the Sirens were spirits of evil. In Homer there were two. In ancient art they numbered three, and their form was that of a bird with the head and sometimes the arms of a woman. In modern art they became sea nymphs or mermaids, and consequently dropped their feathers and acquired the fishes' tails*—a retrogressive step from the evolutionist point of

* It is uncertain when the metamorphosis of the Sirens took place. Miss Harrison, in her '*Myths of the Odyssey*,' mentions a terra-cotta

view, but a gain to art; for even the Greeks, who excelled in harmonising incongruities, never made the bird-woman look anything but rather ungainly. The Sirens were the play-mates of Persephone before she was ravished, and, according to Ovid, they got their wings to search for her over the seas. They were associated with her in the underworld and were invoked as dirge-singers. The Homeric tradition 'of the voice sweet as the honeycomb' prevailed in later times over the destructive side of their character. They appear as symbols over the graves of poets or orators, or simply as mourners over tombs, though probably they were intended originally as evil averters, in order to protect the tombs from evil demons like themselves.

Lessing truly said the ancients did not represent death as a skeleton. There are a few exceptions, but these only occur at a late period. Such a representation would indeed have been completely at variance with the idealistic spirit of Greek art, which ever preferred the suggestion to the reality, and would, as Gervinus says, sooner see the passions in the mask than in the faces of the actors. Though its terrible aspect was not ignored by Greek tragedy, death was surrounded in art with a halo of beauty and of peace. Both in poetry and in art death and sleep, Thanatos and Hypnos, were brothers. Hesiod calls them the children of night, and on the chest of Cypselos there was a representation of night as a woman holding in each arm a child, the one white, the other black, death and sleep. The Homeric story of Sarpedon, killed in battle and wafted by order of Zeus to the land of Lycia by the twin brethren sleep and death, gave rise to a series of representations of Thanatos. The scene is depicted on several vases, and Carl Robert, in his study on Thanatos, traces its artistic developement through the various stages. The oldest phase is that which is represented on a black figured amphora in the Louvre, where the body of Sarpedon is carried by Hypnos and Thanatos, represented as two youths in armour. The next stage may be seen on a red figured cylix by Pamphaios in the British Museum, though the vase itself may be of an earlier date than the preceding one. Hypnos and Thanatos, likewise in armour, are in the act of depositing the body. This scene received a further developement on an early red figured crater found at

Roman lamp at Canterbury on which there is a representation of Odysseus in his ship passing a Siren with a fish's tail; but its antiquity is doubtful.

Caere, and now in the Louvre. The two brothers are no longer in armour, and one of them kneels in order to lay down the body more gently. Over his head is written *Hypnos*, so that there can be no doubt that the other is *Thanatos*, and this identifies the two on all similar representations. The deposition of the body is found repeatedly on the white *lekythoi*;* but here the scene is transferred from mythology to daily life. It is no longer the mythical person of *Sarpedon*, it is the dead himself, buried in the tomb where the vase is found, who is represented as being gently laid to rest by the two winged brothers *Thanatos* and *Hypnos*.

This application to real life brought with it a more sympathetic and human treatment of the subject. Its sepulchral character, though more apparent, was so transfigured by art that the dead seem as if in a peaceful sleep, and the body, which is usually young, like the later portraits of the Fayoum, remains flexible in the hands of *Thanatos* and *Hypnos*. *Thanatos* is now frequently represented as the elder of the two, and both of them as benign divinities :---

'The beauty of their features,' says Pottier, 'their thoughtful and meditative physiognomy, their slow movements, the aspect of the dead asleep, all give the picture a melancholy serenity, which reaches its most powerful expression in one of the *Lekythoi* of the *Varvakeion* and in the Berlin vase. Such was the profoundly religious and artistic conception of the Greeks : to render death kindly towards men, to give it the form of winged visions which, at the hour marked by destiny, lulled the body to its last sleep, and deposited it carefully near the tomb.'

On these *lekythoi* we find representations of the popular conception of the soul after death. Over the dead person, who lies surrounded by mourners, or over the tomb there frequently hovers a little naked black diminutive figure with wings. This represents the *eidolon*, the image of the soul. On vases of an earlier period these *eidola* had a distinct individuality; thus on the black figured so-called *Canino* vase, which has a representation of the vengeance of *Achilles* on the body of *Hector*, a little armed warrior is seen hovering above the scene, and over him is inscribed the name of *Patroclus*, according to that invaluable habit of the Greek vase-painters which seems specially intended for the

* These vases had a distinct funereal purpose; they held the perfumes, and were placed near the dead and afterwards in the grave. They are the only vases mentioned in Greek literature.

instruction of posterity. The eidolon of Patroclus, sometimes with wings, sometimes without, occurs several times in representations of the same kind, and it is chiefly this which has enabled us to recognise as souls corresponding figures in other representations. The life was believed to pass out of the mouth with the last breath. 'To bring back man's life, neither harrying nor earning availeth,' says Homer, 'when once it has passed the barrier of his teeth.' The word *Psyche* is used here, as in other passages in Homer, for life. It was not in accordance with the spirit of Greek art to represent the actual moment of death, as in mediæval Christian art, in which the souls, as little fat children, are seen passing out of the mouths of the Saints. But on a black figured amphora at Naples, where the entombment of Memnon is depicted, after the manner of that of Sarpedon, the eidolon is seen flying upwards, as if it had just left the body of the dead. In later Roman art we find the same idea on a marble bas-relief; but here the butterfly, the symbol of the immortal soul which had grown out of the Platonic conception, has taken the place of the eidolon.

The *eidola* on the *lekythoi* have given rise to much discussion. If a single eidolon had always been represented hovering over the tomb or the body the question would have been comparatively simple. It would be natural to suppose that it was the soul lingering near the unburied body, and present at the tomb to receive the offerings; and this is probably what the vase-painters originally intended to represent. It is more difficult to explain why several *eidola* should be found over the same tomb and the same dead body, and various theories have been started to account for them. The latest is Kern's. He believes that the cultus of the dead at Athens was strongly influenced by Orphic ideas, and he identifies the *eidola* with the impure souls, described by Plato, who prowl about tombs and sepulchres—souls full of evil passions, who only cared for the world of sense, and craved to be reunited to the body. But why, it may be asked, should the Greeks, who represented on their *stelæ* nothing but what was beautiful, serene, and pleasing to the living, select to represent on these vases wicked souls hovering over the tombs of those whom they wished to honour? Plato expressly says that from those souls 'every one flees and turns away.' The suggestion of Pottier that the vase-painter, forgetting in the course of time the original meaning, confused the eidolon with *Eros*, and that this accounts for the number, is not satisfactory, because the

type of the eidolon is entirely distinct from that of Eros. It seems more probable that the artist may have represented several eidola over a tomb, because more than one person was buried there, or that in each case Panopka's theory of the 'caprice du pinceau' may be the right solution. In the Greek world both earth and air were full of invisible beings. The earth was peopled with nymphs and fauns, personifications of all sorts, and the air was full of souls that could not find rest in the tomb; not necessarily wicked souls, but unburied souls, the souls of those who had found a violent or a premature death. What is more natural than that the painter, imbued with these popular ideas, should have filled up the space, as was his wont, with whatever harmonised most with his subject without giving any thought to the character of these eidola! Sometimes he represents them sharing the grief of the bystanders. Thus on a representation of the *prothesis* (the laying out of the body) on a lekythos at Vienna the dead woman is fanned from the flies by one of the mourners, and three eidola hover above, making the same gestures of mourning as those that stand around.

As the Homeric religion pervades the golden age of Greek art, so we find traces of the influence of philosophy in a subsequent period, especially in the ideas about death. Plato had conceived the soul as the divine spiritual essence of which the body is but the prison, and which only finds its full developement when delivered from the deceit of the senses. The abstract conception of the Psyche now appears in art as a lovely girl with the wings of a bird or of a butterfly, or simply as a butterfly. Thanatos makes way for Eros, who, with the inverted torch, becomes the symbol of death. The increasing influence of the cults of Dionysus and Aphrodite, with their pronounced Chthonian character, the strong developement of the individualistic and emotional side of life, the creation of new art types giving expression to this tendency by the school of Praxiteles and Scopas—all contributed to the transition. On the base of the column from Ephesus in the British Museum, where the story of Alcestis is believed to be represented, we find a beautiful winged youth girded with a sheathed sword. Carl Robert believes him to be Thanatos. Furtwängler calls him Eros. Here we see how closely akin the two types were at this period, and this gives the key to their becoming ultimately blended.

The relations of love and the soul, as described by Plato, probably inspired the various poetical and graceful repre-

sentations of Eros and Psyche. In Greek art, however, these did not seem to allude to a future life, as they subsequently did in Roman art. Eros with the flaming torch symbolised in Hellenistic art all the joys of life, and it was but a natural sequence to represent him when life was over, mournful and weary, with the torch inverted and extinguished. Among the terra-cotta statuettes of the tombs of Cyrene and Myrina we find this sepulchral Eros which became such a familiar figure on the Roman tombs. On a late Roman relief Thanatos still appears—an old man in the attitude of Eros—in connexion with Charon; but this is an isolated case. The part of Thanatos is played out. In the Homeric scheme, where joy and happiness end with this earthly existence, Thanatos gently lays the dead to rest; but he can go no farther. Under the new dispensation of the philosophy of eternal ideas Eros guides the immortal soul into the mysteries of a higher life. On a sarcophagus at Arles of late Roman art Eros leads Psyche; her finger is on her lips, which means the mystery of initiation. Another Eros likewise has his finger on his lips—‘To die was to be initiated into the greater mysteries.’

The development of the ideas about Hades may be traced in the description which Pausanias has left us of the paintings of Polygnotus in the Lesche at Delphi; it shows the changes that had come over the popular religious beliefs between Homer's time and the fifth century when Polygnotus painted; for, though he represented the descent of Odysseus into Hades according to Homer, the conception of Hades itself was entirely different. In the first place, a number of figures and details were introduced which are not mentioned in the *Odyssey*, while others were left out. This is partly due to political motives by which Polygnotus, like Dante, was influenced in the selection of his personages, and partly because, as Pausanias says, he borrowed from the lost epics. Thus Polygnotus, according to C. Robert, the latest expounder of the *Nekyia*, excluded the Theban heroines because at the time he was painting the Lesche, Delphi was in the possession of the Phocians, who were at enmity with the Thebans, Megara alone being excepted as the wife of Heracles, and especially as the Eponyme of the town of Megara. He gives a prominent place to Schedius, who led the Phocians against Troy, and he accentuates his character as a local hero by crowning him with the agrostis, a grass that grew abundantly on the neighbouring Parnassus. He is also bound to emphasise

the fact that the Lesche had been built by the Cnidian as a votive offering to Apollo, and, as the Cnidian claimed Cretan origin and an early connexion with the worship of Apollo by identifying themselves with the Cretan priests of the Homeric hymn, whom Apollo chose to guard his temple at Delphi, he introduced the charming group of the daughters of Pandareus of Cretan descent. It will be remembered that these fair beings were endowed with every gift the goddesses had to bestow, and that, while Aphrodite went to Olympus to pray that happy marriages might be accomplished for the maidens, they were snatched away by the Harpies or storm-winds—that is, by sudden death. Such a theme well suited the painter of the *ethos*, and he represents them in Hades crowned with flowers and playing at knuckle-bones, the favourite amusement of Greek girls, having escaped the cares from which even heaven-made marriages are not altogether free. Jaseus, the son of Triopas, founder of Cnidus and of the Triopian Temple to Apollo, represented the link between the Apollo of Triopium and the Delphic god, and he and Phocus symbolised in the painting the foundation of the Lesche in the same way as we see the ‘founders’ represented in old Italian and German votive pictures.

Leaving now these local details, we come to the more general conception of Hades by Polygnotus. The shades are no longer the phantoms described by Homer. They pursue their favourite occupations in a very human way: Actæon is seated with his mother on a deerskin, holding a fawn and accompanied by his hunting dog; Orpheus is playing the cithara; Promedon, who was passionately fond of music, sits close to him listening; Marsyas teaches the boy Olympus to play the flute (*avlo*); Palamedes and Thersites are playing at dice; the daughters of Pandareus at knuckle-bones. The punishments are no longer confined, as in Homer, to those great criminals who had directly offended the gods: the man who had ill-treated his father is strangled; Phædra, who hanged herself, is suspended by a rope, in accordance with that ancient principle of justice, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

The keynote to the conception of Hades by Polygnotus was the belief in the mysteries. Cleoboea, a maiden from Paros, had introduced them into his native land, Thasos, and he commemorates this by representing her seated in Charon’s boat, holding on her knees the cista, sacred token of initiation. ‘Schöne Künstlersignatur,’ says Robert.

Initiation into the mysteries had become to the Greek of the fifth century the essential condition of happiness in a future world. 'Blessed among men upon the earth is he that has beheld these things,' said the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, which is believed to date from the seventh century; 'but he that has no part nor share in our rites, never shall he have the like blessings beneath the mouldering shades when his day is done.'

The punishment of the uninitiated was symbolised in the Hades of Polygnotus by their carrying water in leaky jars. This is explained by a passage in Plato's 'Republic.' Speaking of the rewards and punishments in Hades, he says:—

'Still grander are the gifts of heaven which Musæus and his son vouchsafe to the just; they take them down into the world below, where they have the saints lying on couches at a feast, everlastingly drunk, crowned with garlands; their idea seems to be that an immortality of drunkenness is the highest meed of virtue. Some extend their rewards yet further; the posterity, as they say, of the faithful and just shall survive to the third and fourth generation. This is the style in which they praise justice. But about the wicked there is another strain; they bury them in a slough in Hades, and make them carry water in a sieve.'

The same thought is expounded in the 'Gorgias,' where the ignorant are called the uninitiated or leaky, and the place in their souls in which intemperate desires are seated is compared to a vessel full of holes, because it can never be satisfied. Of all the souls in Hades these uninitiated persons are the most miserable—'they pour water into a vessel which is full of holes out of a colander which is similarly perforated.'

The ancients, says Goethe, rightly considered fruitless labour as the greatest of all torments, and the punishments which Tantalus, Sisyphus, the Danaids, and the uninitiated undergo in Hades bear witness to this. A life that is a failure is the worst of earthly lots, and the consciousness of the vanity of all human efforts to make the crooked straight has struck the mournfullest note that has come down to us from the distant past. For ever to labour in vain was the punishment of those who had neglected the source where all true satisfaction was to be found. The doom of the uninitiated was that

'This anguish fleeting hence,
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,
Be fix'd and froz'n to permanence.'

There has been much idle conjecture about the mysteries,

and from the very nature of the subject our knowledge about them is scanty; but it is indisputable that they represented the highest religious conceptions in Greece. They appealed to every individual; the sacred hall at Eleusis was like a Christian Church, where every one could join in the worship, and they thus filled a want which no other Greek cult could satisfy.

The cult of Demeter, originally purely agricultural, acquired its great significance from being connected in post-Homeric times with the myth of Persephone. It seems but a natural sequence that the fruit-bearing earth should have become associated with the underworld of the dead. In that fruitful bosom which gave nutriment to the living the dead found their last resting-place. The same goddess who renewed the life of nature every year now promised a happier lot after death to those who were initiated into her rites. The belief in the persistence of life which had always existed among the Greeks received a higher and nobler stimulus, for to these hopes of greater happiness in a future world were attached conditions of a purer and better life in this one. Rohde will not allow that the mysteries were more than an outward ceremony, and denies that they were concerned with the moral regeneration of man, on the ground that no one except the murderer was excluded from the initiation. It might be said with equally good reason that the Christian Communion is an outward observance, because it is denied to no one except the notorious sinner. The meaning of the initiation evidently lay in the disposition which each individual brought to bear on the rites. He had to go through various symbolic ceremonies of purification very different from the mere ceremonial Katharsis before he was allowed to partake in the great drama where the trials and final triumph of the goddess were represented. Even such a scoffer as Aristophanes, while parodying the Eleusinian festival, does not ignore the fact that saintliness and purity were conditions of initiation. 'The founders of the mysteries,' says Plato in the 'Phædo,' 'would appear to have had a real meaning, and were not talking nonsense when they intimated in a figure long ago that he who passes unsanctified and uninitiated into the world below will lie in a slough, but that he who arrives there after initiation and purification will dwell with the gods. "For many," as they say in the mysteries, "are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics," meaning, as I interpret the words, the "true philosophers."' "

It is difficult with our modern ideas to realise the state of mind of the pilgrim to Eleusis, but no one can look at that inspired face of the Demeter of Cnidus—a goddess, yet a true mother of sorrows—without feeling that her cult appealed to that part of human nature which is the noblest bond of humanity in all ages and in all countries.

Eternal inebriation was the reward promised to the initiated. This was, of course, a symbol like the leaky jar, and was derived from the cult of Dionysus, in which religious enthusiasm found its culminating point. The fruit of the vine symbolised the spirit of the god, and had the power to confer the prophetic gift on the true devotees. The object of the cult was, as Rohde says, ‘to heighten into ecstasy the excitement of those who took part in it, to draw the souls of men out of the boundaries of their everyday consciousness, and raise them to be free spirits in communion with the god and his spirit band.’ This was meant by the inebriation of the soul. In our own day we use the same figure. The Roman Catholic invocation, ‘Sanguis Christi, inebria nos,’ is a striking illustration. Representations of Bacchanals on the Roman sarcophagi symbolise the bliss of the dead in another world. It is clear that such symbols are at all times understood more or less spiritually, according to the nature and development of the individuals, and we should find very different conceptions in our own day about the ideal of eternal happiness. ‘Men cannot live by thought alone, the world of sense is always breaking in upon them,’ and we can but speak in symbols of these things which eye has not seen nor ear heard.

The personage of Charon who meets us at the outset in the *Nekyia* of Polygnotus, ferrying the initiated, was a necessary adjunct to the belief that waters had to be crossed to reach the final dwelling-place of souls; but, though in Homer we hear already of Acheron and Cocytus, Charon is not mentioned in either Homer or Hesiod, and is probably an Egyptian importation of later date. Polygnotus represented two entrances into Hades—the one for all the dead, with Charon and his barque; the other in a different part of the picture, where Odysseus is approached by the shades. The souls of the wooers in Homer also go a different way from Odysseus. In post-Homeric literature, and in Greek, Roman, and Etruscan art, Charon is a familiar figure. In Greek tragedy he is the dread ferryman, pitiless and relentless, like Thanatos, with whom he is sometimes identified. ‘I see,’ says Alcestis, in the last agony of her self-sacrificing death;

‘ I see the two-oared boat, and the ferryman of the dead
 ‘ holding his hand on the pole—Charon even now calls me,
 ‘ “ Why dost thou delay? Haste, thou stoppest us here.” ’
 Virgil describes him in the same way :—

‘ Sentinel over its waters an awful ferryman stands,
 Charon grisly and rugged ; a growth of centuries lies
 Hoary and rough on his chin ; as a flaming furnace his eyes
 Hung in a loop from his shoulders, a foul scarf round him he ties,
 Now with his pole impelling the boat, now trimming the sail,
 Urging his steel-grey bark with burden of corpses pale,
 Aged in years, but a god’s old age is unwithered and hale.’

In Etruscan art Charon preserved this terrible aspect, but in Greek art he is merely grave or stern. Polygnotus painted him as an old man, but the type varies. On vase-paintings he is usually represented in his boat, leaning on his oar, or with an oar in his hand ; the boat landed among the reeds, the water below. The shade approaches, led by Hermes, and is always represented as in life, and not as an eidolon, probably because he is in a state of transition, while the eidola, which sometimes hover over the scene, represent already the final stage ; but there is no rule for these things. He generally carries a sacred sash, and in a few instances a casket—perhaps the same *cista mystica* which Cleoboea carried. Sometimes Charon is represented holding out his hand to receive his fare. The coin itself has been found in the mouths of skeletons, both in Greek and Roman tombs. Hermione in Argolis alone was exempt from the custom, because it was believed to have a short cut to Hades, so that the toll was not required. The payment of Charon, first mentioned by Aristophanes, was a symbolic remnant of the ancient Aryan custom to bury with the dead all their valuables. In later times, when this was forgotten, the coin came to be regarded as the fare of the dead. Representations of Charon have been also found on Roman sarcophagi, and Bartoli reproduces a painting from a Roman tomb where a soul is being ferried by Charon across Cocytus, while other souls on the opposite bank are reclining under the shade of a holy tree, hung with *oscilla*—an idyllic scene, full of charm.

A Psychopompus was required to lead the souls to their unknown abode, and Hermes already appears in that capacity in Homer, leading the souls of the woovers. Roscher derives Hermes Psychopompus from his original character of the wind-god who took back the soul, the breath, to its own element, the air. This primitive conception finds its

counterpart, in the later philosophic idea that the souls did not go to Hades, but returned to the ether, the divine creative principle from which they came. Already Euripides says in the 'Helen' that 'the mind of him who died lives 'not indeed, but has an immortal judgement after falling 'into the immortal ether,' Zeus being the ether; and in 'the Suppliants' that the spirit goes to the ether, but the body to the earth. This is sometimes expressed in Greek epitaphs, especially late ones, and with it was associated the popular belief that the soul dwelt in heaven with the immortal gods.

In the painting of Polygnotus Hermes does not appear, nor Cerberus, the three-headed monster whom Heracles conquered by the power of the mysteries. Polygnotus left out the more important personality of Minos, but he introduces a character which appears nowhere else, Eurynomus 'the far ranging,' a demon, according to Pausanias, of blue-black colour, like the flies that infest meat, who gnaws the flesh off the bones--the symbol of corruption. Eurynomus corresponds with Cerberus in his aspect of 'flesh-devourer,' as Hesiod calls him. In the Hades of Homer there was no place for Eurynomus, as the bodies were all burnt.

The conception of the Hades of Polygnotus may be regarded as a transition from the Hades of Homer to that of Virgil. The ideas of the Greeks and Romans about the state after death closely resembled each other, and the Romans had at an early period adopted the Greek myths. Like the Greeks, the Romans believed in a continued existence after death; they shared with the Greeks the primitive belief that the tomb was the abode of the soul as well as the body. The custom of burning the bodies had, as we have seen, fostered the subsequent idea that the soul and body became separated after death, and that the souls dwelt together in a subterranean place; and out of this conception of an underworld had grown the belief in a judgment after death and the separation of the good and the bad to be rewarded or punished according to their deserts.

The doctrines of a future life developed most among the Orphic sects, and chiefly in South Italy. Their mystic teaching was so closely interwoven with that of Pythagoras that it is difficult to disentangle the one from the other. Among numerous writings which the Orphics believed to be inspired by their founder, Orpheus, there was an account of

his 'Descent into Hades.' Dieterich and Kuhnert have shown that the representations of the underworld on the South Italian vases are illustrations of this. Orpheus appears there not as having gone down into Hades to bring back Eurydice, who with one exception is not represented on these vases, but as interceding before Persephone for those who had been initiated into his mysteries.

Plato accepted some of the Orphic Pythagorean myths as containing an element of truth, and made them fit into his philosophy. The descriptions of the punishments in Hades naturally excited terrors in many minds, and Epicurus and his followers tried to show that these were utterly futile. Assuming that one of the main sources of misery in this world was fear of the next, their aim was to benefit mankind by dispelling this and teaching that man need concern himself no more about the eternity that came hereafter than that which came before, as he would have as little consciousness in the future as in the past, that 'our little life is 'rounded with a sleep.' But this theory afforded so little consolation that it could gain no permanent hold over the majority of the people. The love of life was stronger than fear. If in its hours of deepest distress humanity had uttered the cry of Macaria—

'Oh, that there may be nothing! If again
Beyond the sleep of death we wake to pain,
What hope will then remain to us? To die
Is of all ills the surest remedy,'

such a feeling did not strike root in the human heart. As our own great poet has expressed it:—

'Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that we want.'

Annihilation is against nature. To live even miserable was better than not to live; and was there not always hope—'hope which is mightiest,' as Pindar says—'to sway the 'restless soul of man,' with the last string on the lyre unbroken to the end? Had not the greatest teacher of antiquity shown that the soul was immortal, and had he not held out the hope of eternal happiness as a 'glorious venture'? Cicero and Plutarch, in some of their writings,

held up the belief in immortality with a confidence well calculated to encourage the faint-hearted. But, though they opposed the doctrine of annihilation which Lucretius had so eloquently interpreted, they rejected at the same time the old fables about Tartarus and the Elysian fields. These were apparently already losing their hold over the people. The inscriptions on the Roman tombs sometimes express scepticism, but more often that primitive and most persistent of all beliefs—which the cult of the dead kept alive—that the dead man continued a sort of vague existence in the tomb; that he could still enjoy there the flowers and libations that were brought to him, and that the honours he received could in some way ameliorate his lot in the nether world. ‘The ashes within,’ says Goethe, ‘seem in their silent abode still to rejoice in life.’

Virgil, following in the trace of the Orphics, gave a higher significance to the old legends. The Homeric conception of the underworld, combined with later myths, and modified by the teaching of Pythagoras and Plato and by certain local traditions, became the groundwork of the sixth book of the ‘Æneid.’ While the Hades of Homer is at the extremity of the ocean, Virgil follows the local tradition which places the entrance on the volcanic soil near Lake Avernus in Campania, whence the Sibyl of Cumæ had from time immemorial given her oracles. But the most important difference between Homer and Virgil is the moral one. In Homer the tribunal of Minos seems to have existed solely for the differences among the dead themselves, and was not concerned with their past lives. Retribution for the past was confined to the notorious criminals who had sinned against the gods. In the course of time the number of judges in Hades increased, and, under the influence of philosophic ideas, their judgements were now brought to bear on the past actions of the dead. Plato had condemned the descriptions of the lower world by Homer on the ground of their strengthening the fear of death, and being unfit for the ears of boys and men who are meant to be free, and who should fear slavery more than death. ‘Another and a nobler strain must be composed and sung by us.’

There are in Virgil four places assigned to the dead: the Elysian fields for the select few, Tartarus for the wicked, a neutral realm between Acheron and the boundaries of Tartarus and of the Elysian fields, and the purgatory in the grove by the river Lethe. The two intermediate places

have exercised the minds of commentators for centuries, and fresh attempts have been made lately to reconcile the contradictions in this and some other passages of the sixth book. In the first of these two realms there are five categories of souls: those who died in infancy, those who were condemned to death on false accusations, the suicides, the victims of uncontrollable passion, and the heroes who died in battle. The unfortunate lovers live in 'lugentes campi'—mourning fields—'their cares leave them not in death 'itself.' All are in a kind of limbo. The question arises, Are these persons, most of whom are innocent, doomed to remain for ever in this condition? Virgil gives no answer, but Norden* finds the explanation in a passage of Tertullian. The souls have had one fate in common—untimely death. Now, Tertullian, in refuting the pagan ideas about the soul, says—

'They also say that those souls which are taken away by a premature death wander about hither and thither until they have completed the residue of the years which they would have lived through had it not been for their untimely fate. . . . Likewise those are held to be exiled from Hades whom men regard as carried off by violence, especially by cruel tortures . . . but deaths are not considered violent which justice, that avenger of violence, awards.'

There was also a Roman law which did not allow those who had committed suicide, or who had been executed,† to be buried, and this fact alone excluded them from Hades, according to the popular idea, which did not discriminate, as Virgil and Tertullian do, between just and unjust condemnation. Virgil places those who deserved a violent death in Tartarus, and allows the others to pass Acheron, simply assigning to them a separate place in the underworld. Norden concludes that, when the time of their natural lives on earth has been completed, these persons pass on to the grove of Lethe, and are purified of the earthly taint with the others, some 'to possess the happy fields,' the others to drink of Lethe and return to earth; but, as Dieterich, a subsequent critic, says, there remains the question why Virgil does not mention this all-important turning-point himself. The Elysian fields have their own sun and stars. Here happiness abounds for those who have led pure and useful lives. They live as in a constant feast; they find all

* 'Vergil-Studien: Hermes,' 1893.

† In Greece the suicide was buried, but his right hand was cut off. Criminals who had been executed were left unburied.

their earthly joys back again. As in the Hades of Polygnotus, they continue the pursuits they most cared for in this world; their pleasures are the same, but intensified and free from all that could mar them:—

‘All the delight they took when alive in the chariot and sword,
All of the loving care that to shining coursers was paid,
Follows them now that in quiet below Earth’s breast they are laid.’

To this belief that the future state was but a continuation of the life on earth we owe the preservation of the greatest art treasures and our chief knowledge of antiquity. It was the custom, both in Greece and Italy, to bury with the dead the objects they had cared for in this life, that these might be of use to them in another world. Archaeology is more indebted to this superstition than to all the wisdom of the past. The two unrivalled glass vases of antiquity—the Portland vase, in the British Museum, and the exquisite blue amphora, in the Naples Museum—innumerable Greek vases and statuettes, the sword of the Greek warrior, the toilet casket of the Roman lady, Etruscan mirrors, and other objects of beauty and interest, have all been found in tombs. It is a much-discussed question whether a deeper meaning attaches to some of these objects, such as the terra-cotta statuettes from Tanagra and other places. Cartault, in his admirable book, gives a summary of the various opinions on the subject. He agrees with Kekulé, Froehner, and Lüders in thinking it the most probable that many were intended to ornament the abode of the dead, as they may at first have ornamented the houses of the living. But if this be true of the Tanagra ladies with the fan or the mirror, there are others, such as the baker and the hairdresser, that may have been intended to minister to the wants of the dead, and a certain number which have a distinct funereal, religious, or evil-averting character, and which seem to allude to the cultus of the dead, or to represent tutelary divinities, meant to protect him in the underworld. The figures range over a wide circle of ideas. They ought to be classified according to the places where they were found, and the periods to which they belong, but as many are of unknown origin it has been impossible to do this as yet in a satisfactory manner, and the study of the subject is still in its infancy. There is no doubt about the terra-cottas found in the children’s tombs. In the Naples Museum there are two or three shelves covered with small terra-cotta animals, dolls, lamps which are too diminutive to have served for any

practical uses. These were the playthings of the Pompeian children, and they were all found in children's tombs. This touching custom survived among the early Christians, and a number of these toys have been found in the catacombs, as well as jewellery and articles for the toilet.

We who find the gulf of centuries between our own and the pagan creed hardly realise the state of transition of early Christianity, during which pagan customs and symbols lingered on and were adapted to the new faith. Nothing makes this clearer than the representations in the catacombs. There we find Hermes leading the souls to the heavenly tribunal, the Rape of Proserpina, probably symbolising early death, with the inscription, 'Facilis et [est] descensio,' imitated from Virgil, 'Facilis descensus Averni;' Christ as the Good Shepherd, carrying a sheep on His shoulders, after the manner of the celebrated Hermes Kriophoros, by the sculptor Calamis, at Tanagra; Orpheus playing the lyre; Eros and Psyche embracing; the Gorgon's head; the winged Nike, and various symbolical animals and objects. Even the appellation 'hero' is applied, in early Christian days, to those who had recently died, and Dieterich traces Orphic traditions in the lately discovered Revelation of St. Peter.

Side by side with the popular idea that the life led in Hades was a continuation of this one, we find in Virgil the philosophical ideal. To understand the moral government of the world, the final causes of the universe, and of man's life upon earth, to contemplate the glories of creation was to the Pagan philosopher, even as it is now to some of us, the loftiest conception of happiness in a future state. Thus we find it in Plato, in Plutarch, in Cicero, in Virgil. In Cicero's 'Somnium Scipionis' the harmony of the spheres can only be heard in the higher regions where man is no longer clogged by his senses, though the great musicians and other men of genius in this world have striven to render it and give us a faint idea of it. Anchises inhabits the Elysian fields and muses over the destinies of his own people. To him the scheme of the universe has now been revealed, and he unfolds it to Æneas, according to the Pythagorean doctrine influenced by stoicism, that one divine principle animates all things. In the human body the divine essence becomes defiled, and a period of purification is required to wash out the taint by fire, by air, and by water, before the majority enter into new earthly bodies. This corresponds with a passage in the 'Phædo.' Those who appear to have lived neither well nor ill dwell on

the Acherusian lake, 'and are purified of their evil deeds, 'and having suffered the penalty of the wrongs which they have done to others, they are absolved, and receive the 'rewards of their good deeds, each of them according to his deserts.'

Virgil makes use of the doctrine of transmigration to describe the race of coming Romans. In the Orphic-Pythagorean scheme the transmigration was a probation for the soul which had to be purified from the original taint of its birth. Through several renewed existences on earth it was led up to a higher spiritual life, or if it slid along the downward slope it was finally thrown into Tartarus. The cycle of transmigration lasted ten thousand years, divided into periods of a thousand, as in the 'Phædrus' of Plato. 'Ten thousand years must elapse before the soul of each one 'can return to the place from whence she came, for she 'cannot grow her wings in less,' and in Empedocles and Pindar there are passages that agree with this.

We have found in this rapid survey that the most varied ideas about the future life existed among the Greeks and Romans. Without mentioning the Sceptics, there were those who believed that the soul lived in the tomb, or in Hades, or in both places at the same time; others that it had to go through a probation of many lives on earth, that it returned to the ether whence it came, or that it dwelt with the gods. This ought not to surprise us. Speaking of Plato's time, Professor Jowett says: 'Without any palpable 'inconsistency there existed side by side two forms of religion '—the tradition inherited or invented by the poets, and the 'customary worship of the temple; on the other hand, there 'was the religion of the philosopher who was dwelling in the 'heaven of ideas, but did not therefore refuse to offer a cock 'to Æsculapius, or to be seen saying his prayers at the rising 'of the sun. At length the antagonism between the popular 'and philosophical religion, never so great among the 'Greeks as in our own age, disappeared, and was only felt 'like the difference between the religion of the educated and 'uneducated among ourselves.'

ART. VII.—*Une Négociation inconnue entre Berwick et Marlborough.* 1708–1709. Par A. LEGRELLE. Paris: 1893.*

THE battle of Malplaquet is usually admitted to have been a needless massacre, in which the destruction of the troops was caused by the obstinacy of their governments. It has, however, been found difficult to apportion the guilt of the campaign of 1709. French and English writers alike have accepted a share of the responsibility for their respective nations. Both Whig and Tory historians have blamed the irreconcilable attitude of the English ministry, while the failure of the conferences at the Hague has been peculiarly ascribed to the militant principles of Marlborough. For M. Henri Martin, on the other hand, the blame, though referred to an earlier date, is a count in his indictment against the French monarchy. The war, he believes, but for the insensate conduct of king, ministers, and generals, might have ended after Oudenarde, and the rejected apostle of peace was Marlborough. For this view the evidence has hitherto been limited to a single source—a passage from the Memoirs of Marshal Berwick. If, however, evidence is to be accepted by weight rather than by tale, it is difficult to set aside this testimony. Berwick was by character and circumstance the least prejudiced of the actors in the great war, nor was his honesty subject to the temptations of a literary gift. He was no mere bystander or critic in the negotiations to which he refers, for, if Arabella Churchill's brother were one of the principals, her son was professedly the other:—

‘While I was at Saulsoy,’ writes Berwick, ‘I received in secret a letter from the Duke of Marlborough pointing out that the present conjuncture was well adapted for entering upon negotiations for peace; that the proposal should be made to the deputies of the States-General, to Prince Eugene, and to himself; that the others would not fail to

* We hope to publish in our next number a review of the first two volumes of the able and elaborate biography of the Duke of Marlborough, for which we are indebted to Viscount Wolseley. But these volumes terminate at a period when Marlborough had not entered upon that great career as the commander-in-chief of the Allied armies to which he owes his immortal fame. The present article is confined to transactions of a later period, which were very imperfectly known, and are now for the first time revealed by the discovery in the French archives of the original correspondence published by M. Legrelle in the work before us. They throw a new and striking light upon some passages in the life of the great commander during the war.

bring the proposal before him, and that he would do his very best to get it accepted. Nothing could be more advantageous than this suggestion. It opened a gate by which we could escape with honour from a burdensome war. I mentioned it to the Duke of Burgundy and to M. de Chamillart, who at once sent a messenger to the king to receive his commands as to a reply. The king despatched these to M. de Chamillart, who, from being over-diplomatic, had formed the idea that Marlborough's proposal was only prompted by the critical position of the Allied army. I confess that this line of reasoning was beyond me; from the manner in which Marlborough had written to me I was convinced that fear played no part in the proposal, but solely the wish to close a war of which all Europe was beginning to tire. There was no evidence of bad faith in any of his communications, and he had only addressed himself to me with the view of letting the negotiations pass through my hands, in the belief that it might be of service to me. M. de Chamillart drafted the reply which I had to make, and I thought it so extraordinary that I sent it to the duke in French that he might see that I was not the author. He was, indeed, so disgusted that it was impossible to derive any fruitful results from these overtures. I am, moreover, convinced that this was the chief cause of the aversion for peace which the duke afterwards always displayed.'

A memoir, however trustworthy, is, on a question of this kind, not to be regarded as conclusive evidence unless it can be supported by documents. M. Legrelle, whose industrious excavations in the 'Archives des affaires étrangères' have unearthed in bewildering quantity the mysteries of the peace negotiations of this period, has been rewarded by the discovery of the substruction on which Berwick's theory was built. The discoverer modestly premises that the subject of his monograph may be regarded as a *quantité négligeable* inasmuch as Marlborough's overtures proved abortive. Apart, however, from the illusory interest in the 'might have been' of history, English readers will be loth to apply M. Legrelle's favourite formula, 'Much ado about nothing,' to any facts which bear on the career or character of Marlborough. If, also, M. Legrelle's conclusions be accepted as correct, Chamillart, the scapegoat of the national errors, must be recalled within the fold of patriotic and far-sighted statesmen.

A correspondence between Marlborough and Berwick was no novelty; indeed, it may be said that there was no time in the life of Marlborough, from the reign of King William to that of George I., that he did not carry on secret negotiations with the Court of Saint-Germain and make promises which he probably did not intend to fulfil. To prove the relations which existed between uncle and

nephew, M. Legrelle prints letters interchanged in the years 1703 and 1705. For the latter year, indeed, we have merely Berwick's reply, couched in general terms, to a letter of March 15, which contained promises of aid to the exiled Court, which, however, are not specified. Of more interest is Marlborough's letter of April 8, 1703, of which the translation by Lord Middleton, who was acting as the Pretender's secretary, and an abstract by Berwick, exist. This letter is, as usual, signed 'OO,' and the names of the Pretender and the ex-queen are represented by 'Mr. ' and Mrs. Mathews.' Marlborough complains of the indiscretion of the English Jacobites, and of their hostility to himself; he is convinced of the justice of James's claim, but dissuades an inopportune *empressement*. Success would depend on the continued life of Queen Anne, while the great power of the French king, under whose shadow the exiled Court was living, was of serious prejudice to the chances of a restoration, though it was clearly impossible to find a remedy for this at present. For himself, Marlborough professed, no advantage could arise from the Hanoverian succession, a prediction which received literal fulfilment. He had been assured that the exiled queen had severely censured his conduct, but her love for those whom he intended to serve would, doubtless, place a more favourable interpretation on the past, when his actions had been fortunate enough to deserve her kindness. The letter concludes by a warning that it would be dangerous to write frequently, and Berwick is implored to show it to none but 'Mrs. Mathews.'

The receipt of this communication caused no little flutter at Saint-Germain and Versailles. Berwick assured Marlborough that the queen placed the highest hopes upon his good offices, while the king of France would do his utmost to induce her son to give satisfactory guarantees to the two English parties; time, he added, was pressing, for if Anne died the restoration would be infinitely more difficult to effect. Berwick also forwarded to Marlborough a letter addressed to himself by the queen-dowager. In this she expressed her delight at once more seeing the well-known mark 'OO,' acquitted herself of any censorious expressions, and engaged to punish those who had caused Marlborough annoyance. She, too, was of opinion that it was for her son's interest that Anne should live, being convinced that what could not be done during her life could not be done at her death, and still less after her death; should James be restored by Marlborough's agency, there was no recompense for which

he might not hope. Mary urged that negotiations should be continued through the medium of some agent in France in whom both parties could place confidence. Torcy moreover assured Berwick of his master's high approval of the renewal of this correspondence, and himself suggested to Lord Middleton that Berwick should be permitted to avoid difficulties of etiquette by addressing Marlborough as 'duke.' It is noticeable, however, that the experienced Jacobite expressed little confidence in Marlborough's assurances.

To these earlier letters M. Legrelle does not attach much importance, beyond the fact that they opened the way for a more interesting correspondence. Marlborough's motive, he believes, was to establish through the medium of his sister a communication with the Court of Saint-Germains, in order that he might betray its secrets to his Government. If this, however, had been his object, Marlborough would have pushed his advances further, and gladly seized the opportunity offered by the queen-dowager of planting a confidential agent at the Jacobite headquarters. It would seem more reasonable to believe that Marlborough's operations were merely a judicious hedge. It is curious that the letter of 1703 corresponds in date with the gossip as to a projected Stuart marriage for Marlborough's daughter, who became his heiress. Taken together, the letters of 1703 and 1705 may to some extent explain the hopes which the French Government placed in Marlborough during the peace negotiations which preceded and followed the battle of Ramillies in 1706. His professed devotion to the Stuarts was then stimulated by the offer of a bribe of 80,000*l.*, through the agency of the Marquis d'Alègre, to which several allusions are made in the ensuing correspondence.*

* M. Legrelle quotes D'Alègre's instructions of October 6, 1705:— 'He would speak to Marlborough of the unquestionable advantages of peace for all the belligerents, and if he perceived that this topic was to the Duke's taste, after having expressed his Majesty's regret at not being able to offer higher honours than those with which he was already decked, he would attempt to make him understand "that 80,000*l.* would form a substantial foundation for a position, always liable to risk in England, unless supported by great wealth." The instruction added, "All those who are intimately acquainted with Marlborough state that this is the only means of winning him" (Succession d'Espagne, vol. iv. p. 368).

Louis XIV. repeated his offer in his instructions to Rouillé on August 10, 1706:—

'I gave leave to the Marquis d'Alègre to offer to the Duke of

In August, 1708, the relations between Marlborough and Berwick entered upon a new phase. Prince Eugene had just opened the trenches before Lille, while his ally in command of the covering army was manœuvring to delay the junction of Berwick and Vendôme. Uncle and nephew were thus brought into close proximity, and the *sabretache* of a trumpeter might easily contain more than the formal notes relating to passports or exchange of prisoners. How the interchange of letters began does not seem certain, for M. Legrelle can only print the reply of Marlborough to a previous communication from his nephew. The proposals for a peace or a suspension of hostilities did not, therefore, necessarily originate with the English general. This is a point which affects M. Legrelle's argument, but which seems to have escaped his notice. Marlborough's letter, however, is of extreme importance, as forming the basis for all future negotiations. Its contents are as follows:—

'When I sent your trumpeter back, I had not had time to reply to your letter. You have doubtless heard of the disturbance which the reprieve granted to Lord Griffin has made, and that the Opposition express their intention of raising the question in the coming Parliament. You may, however, be sure that, on the first opportunity, I will do my best for Lord Middleton's sons. I must also assure you that no one in the world more sincerely longs for peace than I do. But the peace must be sound and durable, and in accordance with my country's interests. In view of my present situation, I think that the best plan for setting peace negotiations on foot would be to make the proposals first in Holland, whence they will be communicated to me, and then I shall be in a better position to be of service. Of such service you may assure the King of France, and also add that any information which he may wish me to have on this subject I beg may be conveyed through none other than yourself, in which case you may feel certain that I shall tell you frankly what I think.'

It will be noticed that this letter is not an overture, but a reply, and that it contains, together with suggestions as to negotiations for peace, a promise of service to Jacobites implicated in the abortive attempt of the previous spring. This

Marlborough as much as 80,000*l.* if peace could be concluded through his agency. I leave it to the discretion of the Elector of Bavaria to again make the same offer, when he may think it necessary' (*ibid.*, p. 404).

We can find no direct evidence that D'Alègre proffered the bribe, but Torcy and Berwick always take this for granted. We assume that the 'two millions' meant two millions of French *liures*; but the sum was stated to have been *crowns* by Torcy to Lord Oxford, which would double the amount.

service, indeed, hardly goes beyond the limits of kindly courtesy; yet it may be remembered that the indulgence shown to Lord Griffin and Lord Middleton's sons was the subject for violent attacks upon Marlborough and Godolphin. The letter is undated, but it must be ascribed to the beginning of the fourth week in August, for Berwick at once forwarded it to Torey on the 24th, together with a draft of his proposed reply. The latter was to the effect that, as the King of France had several times made advances, he could not repeat his offers without exposing himself to the indignity of a rebuff; proposals, therefore, on this occasion must come from the side of Holland. Berwick then refers to his previous letter to his uncle in these terms:—

‘What I wrote to you was in the belief that as you ardently desired a satisfactory peace you might find means to propose it, and let me know how you thought that it might be concluded. These ideas I would have communicated to the king, and you might then have made his Majesty's intentions known, in order that an agreement might be arrived at as to the means of opening negotiations.’

Marlborough replied coldly to this unpromising answer to his proposals:—

‘The king is the only judge of what is best for his honour and his interests, but I feel sure that Holland cannot make any proposals without the consent of her allies, which would raise more difficulties than a treaty of peace itself. If the king ever wishes to let me know his intentions with regard to a peace, I beg that you may be the medium, for I shall have no reserve with you, being assured of the care which you will have of my safety and my honour.’

He immediately afterwards begged that for fear of untoward accidents his letters might be returned. The correspondence, however, did not close; for on September 16 Marlborough wrote a letter, which we feel obliged to quote, because M. Legrelle regards it as the most important of the three, though it may be thought to be little more than a formal acknowledgement:—

‘I have received the letter which you did me the honour of addressing to me. I will not fail to communicate it to the deputies of the States on the first opportunity, these gentlemen being now present at the siege. Meanwhile I must hasten to render my very humble thanks for your kindness, and to assure you that, if circumstances allowed, it would give me extreme pleasure to do so in person.’

These letters Berwick handed to Chamillart, secretary for war, who was then in camp, begging him to return them in accordance with his correspondent's wish. An exception was, however, made in the case of the last letter on the

ground that Marlborough would certainly have shown a copy to the States-General. This letter, in fact, still exists, written in French, and in Marlborough's own hand. It is clear, therefore, that no great importance was attached to it by the writer. Nor is it certain to what proposals it refers, for it is not a reply to Berwick's note drafted on August 24, which Marlborough had already answered in a negative sense.

Chamillart had the reputation of being a partisan of peace at any price, but he had a profound distrust of Marlborough; and, if Torcy may be believed, he would thwart any negotiations which he did not himself originate by substituting other channels of communication. Thus Berwick and Marlborough received little encouragement to continue their correspondence. To the former on September 2 Chamillart had written:—

'I hear . . . that Marlborough has hastily recrossed the Scheldt. If he would be equally speedy in retiring from Lille, and taking Prince Eugene back with him to Brussels, I should feel more obliged to him than for his oft-repeated professions of loyalty to his lawful sovereign.'

This suspicious attitude, perhaps, contributed to the suspension of further correspondence until after the fall of Lille. Sufficient cause may, however, be found in the critical condition of the siege, the result of which would determine the character of any peace proposals. The Dutch, in particular, were unwilling to commit themselves, notwithstanding the secret overtures made at this period from Versailles. On October 22 Boufflers proposed to capitulate, the Allies entered Lille, and the garrison retired to the citadel. At this juncture, on October 30, 1708, Marlborough again addressed a letter to Berwick, which is of capital importance, as being the text for the passage quoted from the marshal's memoirs:—

'I must begin by begging you to say nothing about this letter until you have the Duke of Burgundy's word that neither my name, nor its contents, shall ever be known except by himself and the king. You know that I have previously assured you of my wish to contribute to peace as soon as a favourable opportunity should present itself. It is, in my opinion, at the present moment in our power to take such steps as might result in peace before the next campaign. On Saturday last the hostages at Lille were to be exchanged. At midnight on Friday Colonel Laloo, one of our hostages, left the citadel to propose to Prince Eugene an armistice for this country until May 1, Marshal Boufflers having no doubt that the king and the Duke of Burgundy would consent. Laloo had not spoken on the subject to the marshal. His

instructions were from M. de Surville, who told him, moreover, that this might give time for making proposals for peace. Prince Eugene, who has no liking for peace, was extremely opposed to the suggestion, so that Laloo was ordered to make a reply which should close the subject. If the deputies of the States had known of it, I believe that it would not have been rejected in such a hurry. I have been told that further proposals have been made as late as yesterday, but that at the present moment our attack upon the citadel is proceeding. My idea is, then, that if the Duke of Burgundy had the king's permission to make proposals in the form of letters to the deputies, to Prince Eugene, and to myself, begging us to communicate them to our governments, which we cannot avoid doing, it would produce such an effect in Holland that peace would certainly result. *You may rest assured that I shall be heartily in favour of peace, having no doubt that I shall receive the proofs of friendship which the Marquis d'Alègre promised two years ago.* If the king and the Duke of Burgundy should not think this an appropriate season for making proposals, pray do me the kindness and justice to believe that my only motive is to end a wearisome war. As I am trusting to you without reserve, I must implore you not to part with this letter, except for the purpose of returning it.

Berwick, in forwarding a translation of this letter to his Court, expressed his entire belief in his uncle's sincerity, which was proved, he thought, by his reference to his pecuniary expectations.

'Although I naturally do not place any confidence in M. de Marlborough's professions, yet I should believe him to be acting on this occasion in good faith, if only from his speaking of a certain matter by which, as you are aware, he sets great store. I must add that the initiative is entirely his, as I have not written to him since I had the honour to inform you.'

Chamillart, less certain of Marlborough's sincerity, nevertheless wrote that if he meant what he said his aid would be cheaply purchased at the price offered by D'Alègre; the proposal for an armistice deserved the fullest consideration, for if the citadel of Lille fell before its conclusion, the situation would be substantially altered.

At Versailles Marlborough's overture received serious attention. Two reports were drafted for the royal consideration, the one by a subordinate minister, the other by Torcy himself. The former enumerated the motives which might reasonably induce Marlborough to wish for peace, dwelling upon the critical condition of English politics, the dangers to which the duke was exposed by the Hanoverian Succession, and the jarring notes in the harmony of the great alliance. It was suggested that Marlborough might even sincerely prefer the Pretender's succession to

that of the electoral prince, and that the French Government might fairly guarantee the life interest of Anne. More practical was the recommendation that Berwick should be empowered to offer Marlborough the sum of 120,000*l.*, and that the path should be smoothed by a bribe of 12,000*l.* to his secretary, Cardonnel.

Torcy meanwhile addressed himself not to speculation as to Marlborough's motives, but to the actual shape which negotiations might take. His report was based on information derived from a secret agent, one Petkum, the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp's resident at the Hague, who had opportunities of intercourse with Marlborough with relation to his master's contingent. Of Petkum's diplomatic activity M. Legrelle has given a detailed description in his larger work. He has not, however, brought this into connexion with the Marlborough correspondence, with which it presents some striking coincidence of date. Petkum's presence in Paris under an assumed name had, in January 1707, excited the suspicion of D'Argenson, who, much to his surprise, traced him to Torcy's antechamber. He had offered to act as a medium for any proposals which the king might wish to make through an unsuspected channel, and, in consideration of a fixed salary, forwarded voluminous information to the minister. Torcy later professed to have had little confidence in his agent, whom he believed to be in the pay of Heinsius. Petkum, after a personal interview with Torcy, brought peace proposals to the Hague on August 14, 1708—that is, within ten days at most of the opening of communications between Marlborough and Berwick. It is noticeable that he found himself thwarted by another subaltern agent, named Du Puy, who had received parallel or contradictory instructions from Chamillart. Heinsius, indeed, insisted on the withdrawal of the interloper, but Petkum could obtain no definite reply from the Pensionary, whom he believed to be waiting for the result of the siege of Lille. On September 16 Marlborough's correspondence had temporarily ceased; on the 20th Torcy informed his agent that while the Allies insisted on the cession of Spain and the Indies, those who longed for peace would have to bemoan the continuance of the war. Immediately after the fall of Lille, five days previous to Marlborough's letter of October 30, Petkum returned to the charge, urging that now was the time to make reasonable proposals with all speed, on the ground that Marlborough was jealous of Eugene's success, and in great disquietude as to the coming Parlia-

ment. Whether Petkum was in direct communication with Marlborough is uncertain, but he assured Torcy that Heinsius took no step without the duke's approval, and the French minister naturally concluded that the latter, in writing to Berwick, was aware of the secret negotiations conducted through the Holstein underling. Thus Torcy's report, though evoked by Marlborough's letter, is a recapitulation of the arguments employed in his correspondence with Petkum, and of the information obtained from him.

The minister assured the king that the Dutch, disheartened by their losses before Lille and crippled by war expenses, were prepared to treat, and that Marlborough would not oppose their wishes; that he was jealous of Eugene, to whom the success of the campaign was attributed both in England and Holland, and embarrassed by the prospect of opposition in the coming Parliament, and by the accusations of the elector. His informant, added Torcy, insisted that, in order to facilitate a conference, conditions must be offered which the Allies termed preliminaries. These consisted in the cession of Spain and the Indies to the archduke, and an increase of the barrier granted to the Dutch, in return for which Lille would be restored, and Philip receive the kingdom of Naples as an equivalent for Spain. Torcy assumed that, although no details were mentioned in Marlborough's letter, these preliminaries were the proposals which he advised should be made to Prince Eugene, the States-General, and himself. The king, however, was warned that, although these articles might be ultimately conceded, their advantage to France would be already discounted if treated as preliminaries; that Marlborough himself would realise that their publication, before negotiations were even opened, would produce revolt throughout the length and breadth of Spain. Philip must at least appear to accept of his own free will an equivalent which would form the only security for permanent peace. Torcy, therefore, proposed that Berwick should first treat with Marlborough on his private interests, repeating or raising the terms offered by D'Alègre; that he should then convince him of the necessity of a secret conference, which would remove the principal obstacles to peace, but that there must be no previous reference to the conditions described as preliminaries. To put it in other words, the first essential was to bribe Marlborough; the second to avoid all mention of compromising conditions. The only preliminary to be conceded was a bribe, elastic in amount, to the unofficial plenipotentiary.

In full accordance with these conclusions Torcy forwarded to Berwick a *précis* of a reply to Marlborough's letter:—

‘Although it is impossible that you and I should have an interview as we should desire, yet it would be feasible to select some one to whose proposals you might listen, and who might easily visit you on some pretence or other without raising suspicion. This person would explain in detail matters which cannot be discussed by letter, and if your wishes are such as your assurances lead me to believe, he would succeed in convincing you that peace has its advantages even more substantial than the gains of war, as not being subject to change of fortune. I will execute your commission for Mr. Mathews; his own feelings prompt him to follow advice so good. Allow me to suggest that friends like he, who never forget a benefit, are not to be neglected at a time when the ungrateful and envious are to be found in abundance.’

Together with a copy of this draft Torcy despatched an explanatory note to Burgundy, Berwick, and Chamillart, assuring each of them that he believed Marlborough to be in earnest. The two former expressed assent. Chamillart, however, was less confident. It was unfortunate that it fell to the lot of one who had always been sceptical as to Marlborough's sincerity to convert Torcy's *précis* into the letter which Berwick was to send. This letter was, it is true, the joint product of general and minister, but, as will be seen, it expressed the sense of the minister alone. The preamble contained, indeed, formal assurances of confidence in Marlborough's intentions, but demanded definite information as to the conditions of an armistice until March or April. The remainder of the letter it is necessary to quote:—

‘You are aware that the King of France and the King of Spain wish for peace. You have been informed of the steps which his Majesty has taken to this end, and that the proposals and advances which have been made have been turned by the Allies to their own advantage. You cannot be ignorant that so far the tone of their response has not led us to believe that their desire for peace was genuine. Brilliant in the extreme as is the present situation of the Allies to outward appearance, those who have experience in war can see that it is strained in every direction; that, even were you to take Lille, a catastrophe might any day occur which would reduce you to such straits as might imperil the existence of your armies, and prevent your supplying the places which you hold westwards of the Scheldt with ammunition and provisions, or recruiting and reorganising your forces, and getting them into condition for a renewal of the war in the next campaign.

‘I have reason to think that these considerations, added to the desire of being able to contribute to peace, which you have always professed, induced you to write the letter which I have received. . . . To reply

with the frankness which you desire, and which has hitherto existed between us, I must inform you that it is in your own power to make such advances as you may think fit with respect to the king's ideas of peace. I cannot, however, disguise from you that those who are well disposed towards peace view in a very different light the conditions regarded by the Allies as preliminary, and that they hold the only means of arriving at a reliable peace to be the establishment of secret conferences with yourself and the deputies of the States-General, in which the conditions which might cause difficulty would be arranged. Those which must obviously have most weight, and which form the Allies' principal object, would meet with no opposition, because his Majesty is sincerely desirous of peace. If you think it more conducive to the progress of negotiations that proposals for an armistice should be made by the Duke of Burgundy rather than by the Allies, without any mention of peace negotiations, it is for you to guide us to a successful issue. I take it, however, that the terms on which the armistice could be concluded, while your armies are still in the heart of his Majesty's dominions, and while Prince Eugene is laying siege to the citadel of Lille, would be more difficult to arrange than the conditions of a general peace, and it is in the latter case that you would receive the proofs of regard of which the Marquis d'Alègre has assured you on the king's behalf.*

In this letter Torcy's instructions are hardly to be recognised. Chamillart did all that in him lay to discourage, if not to disgust, his correspondent. The gist of his text was directed to prove that Marlborough was acting from fear of a reverse; the reward for his services is relegated to the last sentence, and is so indelicately expressed as almost to assume the form of a threat. Whereas Berwick regarded an armistice as indispensable, Chamillart took pains to show that its difficulties were insuperable, hinting, indeed, that the defeated party would only accord it on condition that the Allies would evacuate the town whose capture was the one tangible result of the campaign. On the other hand, while formally protesting against the term

* An echo of Chamillart's reply and its sequel is to be found in Carte's Memorandum (Macpherson, *Original Documents*, ii. 283). 'During the debates about the peace M. de Torcy acquainted Lord Oxford that after the Duke of Marlborough had hindered the peace of 1706 . . . he had treated with the French Court to make them one, and was to have had 2,000,000 crowns for it. This would have been done but for M. Chamillart, a weak minister, who during the siege of Lille sent the Duke of Marlborough word that he expected he would raise the siege of Lille as a proof of his sincerity in the peace they had treated and settled. The duke was angry, and wrote to the Duke of Berwick that there was an end of the affair, and he would have nothing more to do with the treaty.'

preliminaries, he admitted in advance that the object which the Allies had most at heart would be conceded before the public negotiations for peace were opened. It is small wonder that the minister's letter found scant favour with either Torcy, Marlborough, or Berwick, and that the latter forwarded it untranslated that his nephew might realise that it was not his handiwork. Marlborough's reply gives evidence that the affront was felt:—

'I have received your letter of the 5th this evening, and am much mortified to observe that you imagine some other motive for my writing beyond my desire for peace and my promise to let you know when I thought the time propitious for taking the necessary steps towards it. My sole object in mentioning the subject of an armistice was to inform you of Lieutenant-General Surville's proposals on behalf of the marshal (Boufflers), and as I am of your opinion that it would be very difficult to arrange, I do not in any way advise you to suggest it. What, however, I thought, and still think, that you should do, is to make proposals to the deputies, to Prince Eugene, and to myself in such a manner as to oblige us to communicate them to our masters. If the king and the Duke of Burgundy feel that secret conferences would be a better and speedier course, they may have this suggestion made to the Pensionary and some members of the States at the Hague, in which case, as soon as the campaign is finished and I have arrived there, they will inform me of all that has been said to them; it will then be in my power to be of more service than I can now say, and you may assure the king that I shall honestly do my very best to secure a fair and durable peace. By this expedient we may have peace before the next campaign, and meanwhile the two armies will be free to make the best use of the advantages which each believes itself to possess. I beg that with your next letter you will return mine.'

In forwarding this letter to Torcy, Berwick expressed his strong desire for an armistice to save the citadel of Lille, which must inevitably fall within three weeks, adding that the letter sent in his name to Marlborough raised so many preliminary difficulties that he was unlikely to give it any countenance. Marlborough, he continued, was displeased that his letter had not been returned, in compliance with the request which had hitherto been scrupulously observed, for it was essential to avoid any suspicion of bad faith towards one whom it was desired to win. Berwick's shoulders, however, had to bear the blame of the blunders which he had thus criticised. He was informed that it was neither in accordance with the king's interests nor his honour to make proposals to the Allied generals and the deputies, but that measures had already been taken for a secret conference, in which Marlborough would have every

opportunity of proving his sincerity. Torcy then severely commented on the letter so-called of Berwick:—

‘I think, with you, that it was impossible to dwell too strongly on our confidence in his (Marlborough’s) good faith. I could have wished this confidence illustrated by the return of his first letter, which I am vexed to see you have retained. I must confess that it is not upon this head that I should have shown a reserve, which seemed to me more necessary in a passage of your letter where the conditions of peace were too freely treated. There are certain matters which, in my opinion, should never be avowed in advance, and if one is forced to consent, acquiescence should at least be servicable to the final conclusion of the negotiations. I feel sure that you will forgive me for speaking thus freely.’

Berwick could only reply that it might have been well to write in a different strain, but that he hoped in the coming winter to place the facts before the minister in their true light. Marlborough, meanwhile, if displeased, was not disheartened. He wrote on November 11 to arrange for an interchange of letters in the future, begging Berwick on each occasion to send a reply by the bearer to avoid comment on the frequent appearance of the French trumpet. His concluding words are significant:—‘When, however, you do send your trumpet, you must write a letter that I can give to my secretary. These precautions are absolutely necessary.’

This note closed the correspondence, for Berwick immediately afterwards left Flanders for Alsace, but on his return to Court, at Christmas, it was reopened. The secret was confided to Boufflers, who now commanded in Flanders, and who consented to act as intermediary. Negotiations of extreme importance might have ensued had not a letter, addressed to Marlborough, been delayed a month in transmission. This, though written in Berwick’s name, contained, in fact, a sketch of the conditions which Torcy was prepared to accept. Marlborough expressed his lively regret for the loss of precious time, and his hope that full powers might be given to M. de Bernières to treat with M. Pestiers, whose appointment the duke had pressed upon the Pensionary. This would seem to prove that the abortive negotiations between the intendant of French Flanders and the intendant of the late Spanish provinces were under the direct patronage of Marlborough. He certainly assured Berwick that separate diplomatic intercourse with the States-General was out of season, and would result in loss of time. Berwick, however, was forced by his government to reply

that the king rejected the employment of Pestors, and that Bergeyck had already received orders to open the well-known series of communications with Van der Dussen which led to the unfortunate conferences at the Hague. Marlborough had received a decisive rebuff. Yet his patience was not exhausted. The correspondence continued until the end of April, though, with the exception of a promise of services to the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, it contains little of importance.

Marlborough's overtures had extended over a period of nearly six months. What was their motive? A remarkable feature is their extreme secrecy. Hardly a trace is known outside the French archives, although researches at the Hague might yield results. To the professional *intrigants* of the backstairs of Saint-Germain they seem to have been quite unknown, for the Stuart papers are absolutely silent. Towards his intimates Marlborough was not usually secretive, yet his voluminous correspondence conveys no hint. It is needless to dwell here on the consummate influence exercised on her husband by the duchess, and on the complete reliance which he placed in her. No statesmen were ever linked by friendship more devoted than that of Marlborough and Godolphin. The treasurer had long doubted the expediency of continued war, and had, as lately as 1707, suggested a separate peace. Yet the letters to and from the duchess and Godolphin contain no reference to Marlborough's peace proposals. Notwithstanding the attempts to breed jealousy between the English and Imperial generals, no two commanders ever co-operated with harmony more complete than Marlborough and Eugene. Yet Von Arneth's close knowledge of the prince's papers has thrown as little light upon these events as the incomparable industry of Archdeacon Coxe. The idea of peace was, indeed, obnoxious to the Savoyard, yet Marlborough's letters prove that there was no intention of ultimate concealment, that any French proposals should at once be referred to his ally. Mr. Dayrolle, the English envoy at the Hague, was keenly watching the Dutch statesmen, who were suspected of treating with the French, and the diplomatic small fry who swarmed in the muddy waters of the Dutch capital.*

* One passage will suffice to prove how well informed Dayrolle was of the general tenour of the negotiations, and how ignorant of Marlborough's participation:—'The French renew their endeavours to promote here their insinuations of peace, and move several ways to that purpose. On

Petkum had not escaped his notice. The journeys of the Holstein agent to Paris were duly recorded in his despatches; on each occasion he promised to keep the duke informed of every movement. The envoy little suspected that Petkum was directly or indirectly a medium for the English general's proposals.

This secrecy adds interest and difficulty to the diagnosis of Marlborough's motives. For M. Legrelle the solution of this problem is simple. The duke's proposals, he believes, were merely a *ruse de guerre*; he hoped to distract by a paltry game of fugitive notes the embarrassing attentions of the general who alone could woo victory back to the French arms, and so cleverly escape from his critical position before Lille; thus Chamillart's interpretation of Marlborough's motive was correct; in his letter of November 5 he had penetrated and exposed the purpose of the tempter:—

'The great fault of this letter, from Marlborough's point of view—a fault which deserves the boundless gratitude of France—was the refusal, short and sharp, to appear at an ensuing congress with hands tied. The English general, finding this riddle of his real motive read, received the snub with extremely bad grace.'

Such an explanation is surely superficial. Marlborough had, indeed, disliked the policy, at once too perilous and too cautious, of besieging Lille; for him prudence lay in the rapid offensive. The siege, once opened, had entailed dark moments for the English general; he had even advised abandonment. His chagrin must have been increased by the incompetence of the English engineers to whom the failure was ascribed. Mr. Dayrolle's despatches prove the dangerous discouragement at the Hague, which finds full confirmation in the duke's despondent letters to his wife and friend. With ammunition and provisions for but three days, with treasonable embezzlement, as Marlborough believed, within the camp, with disaffection seething in every town

one side Count Bergeyck has renewed his correspondence with some persons of this government, who were formerly the secret promoters of that interest, as I am credibly informed; on the other part, I know some private persons are working on the same subject. The mean design is to engage conference upon the insinuation that the restitution of Spain and the Indies will not be a difficulty. What attention is made to those matters by those who are of the Secret Committee I cannot discover, but I give notice of everything to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.' (Dayrolle to Boyle, November 6, 1708: Record Office, Holland, 344.)

of Flanders and Brabant, the success of the siege hung truly by a thread, and any *ruse de guerre* might well seem lawful. Nevertheless, the objections to this theory are overpowering. Had the peace proposals been practically a military operation, they would have been communicated to Prince Eugene, who was directly responsible for the siege, and of this some trace might be expected in his confidential correspondence. It may be urged, indeed, that it is hard to prove a negative, and that archives seldom answer expectations. To a Frenchman a more formidable objection would be that Chamillart's acquittal is the condemnation of Torcy and of the Dukes of Burgundy and Berwick. All three, to the last, believed that Marlborough's desire for peace was genuine. Of Torcy's ability and experience it is unnecessary to speak. Burgundy, if deficient in qualities of decisive action, was gifted with intellectual insight and sound judgement. Berwick knew Marlborough and comprehended the military situation far better than did the secretary of war. It is difficult to forget that in his ministry of finance Chamillart displayed the same shallow cleverness and fractious independence of which he gave evidence in these negotiations. It is even possible that he deliberately distorted instructions which ran counter to the rival scheme which Torcy had forced him to abandon. This he seems to have been now reviving, for Dayrolle, on November 6, notified the recent visits of his agent Du Puy to members of the Dutch Government, adding that he was suspected of having left for Paris with some secret warrant. If the situation of the Allied army was critical, that of the French was well nigh desperate. The Duke of Burgundy had mournfully to confess that their enemies knew only too well their thoughts and their necessities. Chamillart, urges his apologist, saved his government from entering a congress with its hands already tied. Torcy, however, reproached him with having made admissions which it was afterwards found difficult to retract. But the most conclusive refutation is furnished by the dates.

To establish his position M. Legrelle quotes Marlborough's desponding letter to Godolphin of September 20:—'To you I may own my despair of ending the campaign so as in reason we might have expected.' This sentence could be reinforced by numerous passages from the duke's letters between the middle of September and the middle of October, for this was a period of imminent danger and deep depression. Marlborough's letters to Berwick were, however,

written on or about August 23, or September 14 and 16. Of these, the first alone has any real importance. The second series begins on October 30. At the end of August, Marlborough, however exasperated by news from home, had no anxieties as to the siege of Lille. He was no braggart, his temperament was not even sanguine, he was wont rather to exaggerate than to underrate difficulties, until he faced them. Examples of this characteristic might be drawn from his letters previous to Oudenarde, and from those which describe his nervousness for the siege train which was painfully dragged to Lille from Brussels, its fifteen miles of guns and waggons courting attack on every march. But on August 23 all was bright. The siege train was in position without the loss of gun or waggon. Eugene had opened the trenches on the 12th. Marlborough wrote on the 20th that the French troops, though numerous, were not so good as his own; the infantry, in particular, had been demoralised by Oudenarde.

‘I dare say,’ he added, ‘before half the troops have fought, the success will declare, I hope in God, on our side, and then I may have what I earnestly wish for—quiet. I think, if we can succeed, the French won’t stand at Ghent and Bruges, and I could come home earlier.’

The sharp fighting from the 23rd to the 27th was all in favour of the Allies, and on the latter date he wrote to Godolphin:—‘If Vendôme means to relieve Lille, he must make haste, for the engineers say it will only take ten days.’ Difficulties arose indeed early in September, marked by Marlborough’s letters of the 3rd and 7th. But it was not until the 17th that he wrote both to the duchess and Godolphin in serious despondency as to the slow progress of the siege. This, it is important to remark, was precisely the moment at which Marlborough’s overtures ceased, to be renewed when circumstances were altered in his favour by the capitulation of October 22. The citadel indeed held out, but its fall was on both sides regarded as a mere question of time; delay was due only to the desire of sparing the troops. Berwick on November 9 informed Torcy that Boufflers could not hold out three weeks. The capture of the town had increased the Allies’ prestige; the murmurs of malcontents in England and Holland were once more silenced. On October 29 Eugene had opened the attack on the citadel, while Marlborough, in preparation for an invasion of France in force, pushed his raiding parties into Artois. Vendôme, Burgundy and Berwick were wrangling

at Saulsoy, and on November 1 arrived Chamillart with positive orders to avoid an engagement. On the same day Marlborough wrote confidentially to Godolphin that he expected the fall of the citadel within a few weeks, that the weather was extraordinarily good, and the sick list small; even bad weather could not be so troublesome as it must have been before, for the greatest part of the men that attacked the citadel were quartered in the town, which was a very great ease.

The dates, therefore, confirm Berwick's belief that Marlborough's overtures were not the result of fear. The duke adopted rather Torcy's maxim that peace should be offered at the moment of comparative success. Such were the two moments which he had, as if intentionally, selected. It is conclusive, moreover, against M. Legrelle's hypothesis that Marlborough seized every opportunity of renewing his proposals even after the fall of Lille citadel, the relief of Brussels, and the bloodless triumphs at Ghent and Bruges. It can no longer have been Marlborough's motive to evade disaster by diplomacy, while the embarrassing attentions of Berwick had long been diverted to Alsace. What, then, was Marlborough's inducement? * It is probable that no man acts ever from a single motive, not even if this be avarice. Marlborough hoped, no doubt, that a peace of his own making would not be less profitable than war. Yet he refused the bribe when actually offered.† Even Torcy and

* If his desire for peace was feigned, the feint was rather diplomatic than military. It was doubtful how long Heinsius would control the clamour for peace at Amsterdam and in the smaller provinces. A separate negotiation between France and the States-General was, as Marlborough confessed, the death-warrant of the alliance. He may have wished by bogus overtures to divert the attention of the French Government from its subterranean workings at the Hague, or to countermine its sap and produce an explosion of peace proposals which should end in smoke. This interpretation would explain much, but not everything, least of all the extreme secrecy fraught, in the then condition of English politics, with obvious danger to the duke.

† That Marlborough had the opportunity of reconsidering D'Alègre's offer appears from Torcy's letter to the King, of May 22, 1709: 'I noticed that Marlborough took much pains to mention the Duke of Berwick and the Marquis d'Alègre. I took advantage of this to let him know, in the course of conversation that I was aware of all the details of their correspondence with him, and that your sentiments were unchanged. He blushed, and turned the subject to the peace proposals' (Torcy's *Memoirs*, Petitot, vol. lxxvii., p. 263). Similar proposals were later in the year made by Bergeyck, on behalf

Berwick regarded his reference to the promise of D'Alègre as rather a symptom than a cause. Jealousy of Eugene is no adequate explanation, although the ostentatious parade of the prince's services by the English Opposition may have added drops to a brimming cup of bitterness.

More satisfactory would appear the reasoning of the French Foreign Office, which ascribed Marlborough's attitude mainly to the general difficulties of the political situation. Since the opening of the campaign the atmosphere had been highly charged, and pressure culminated towards the end of August. Marlborough was threatened at once by Whigs and Tories, by clamour for war and murmur for peace, by the fall of his popularity with the people and the rise of Mrs. Masham's influence with the queen. His foes were those of his own household. His brother was believed to be directing the intrigues of the Tories, while Sunderland, his son-in-law, hounded on the Whig extremists against the treasurer and the general. Every letter from the duchess rang the changes of reproach. Marlborough, sincerely attached to the queen, confessed that her conduct was suicidal to her interests and murderous to his own. On him fell the burden of quashing the invitation to the electoral prince, which, in the present temper of the elector, might be as dangerous to himself as it was insulting to the queen. No Act of Indemnity as yet condoned his earlier intrigues with the Stuarts, a serviceable weapon treasured in the armoury of either party. Marlborough was only by accident Whig or Tory; a great peace of his own making might free him from the party trammels which he found so galling.

Whether the duke looked beyond the peace to a restoration is extremely doubtful. Any reference to the exiled family was, as Torcy observed, avoided in his important

of Philip V. Torcy, in his journal for November 6, 1709, writes:— 'As far as I can remember, Bergeyck wrote that if the scheme which he had drafted for leaving Philip in Spain, could find favour with the Queen of Great Britain . . . Marlborough might make sure of receiving, on behalf of the King of Spain, double the sum which M. d'Alègre had offered' (Torcy, *Journal inédit*, p. 3). Marlborough's reply addressed to Berwick has been preserved in the same journal:— 'Pray present my compliments to Count Bergeyck, and tell him that I hope he will approve of my making no other reply to his letter. Say that I am much obliged for his good opinion, and that he may rest assured that I will do my very best to behave as befits a good Englishman. You may count upon that.'

letters; he did not respond to the openings which the French minister afforded. It is not certain that peace was in favour of the Stuarts. The Pretender's chance lay perhaps in the opportunities of war, and in the growing discontent which war occasioned. Marlborough, in writing to the Hanoverian minister, Bothmar, made a merit of his desire for peace. On the other hand, he previously and hereafter assured the French Government that the chief obstacle to a restoration was the fear of the French king, and the protection which he accorded to the Pretender. Should a favourable peace allay the fear and remove the protection, the dynastic clauses of the Act of Settlement might share the fate of the majority of its constitutional provisions. If Marlborough played the Monk of a new Restoration he had much to hope, at the present juncture he had much to fear from an immediate Hanoverian accession.

Yet probably political anxiety and domestic worry were rather the indirect than the immediate cause of Marlborough's longing for peace. He had reached an age when, however multiple may be the motives, health becomes a constant factor. In spite of outward impassibility, he was sensitive, nervously organised, and despondent. There is abundant evidence of the duke's critical state of health during the campaign of 1708. Eugene had wondered at his depression on their first meeting. On May 6 Marlborough complained to Godolphin of the ruin of his constitution; no day since he left England had he been without dismal thoughts; he would fight this one campaign, and then from his soul he would wish to resign. Shortly before Oudenarde his condition was so critical that the doctors wished him to leave the camp. On July 12, instead of expressing exultation on his victory, he complained that he had neither spirits nor time to answer Godolphin's three last letters; his head ached so terribly that he could write no more. 'It looks affected,' he continued on the 13th, 'to be complaining in prosperity, but I have so many vexations that I am quite tired, and long extremely for a little ease and quiet.' For the remainder of the year he is suffering from constant headache and burning drought, the symptoms, doubtless, of the coming paralysis, the peculiar penalty of overworked body and overwrought brain.

But to return to dates. Only five days before his first peace proposal he had again referred to his longing for resignation. On September 17 he wrote to Godolphin, 'I long extremely to have this campaign concluded, for of

‘all the campaigns I have made this has been the most ‘painful.’ On the day following his most important proposals of October 30 he confessed to the States-General that he was suffering acutely, and was compelled to spare himself; on the day preceding them he avowed to Lord Raby his desire of resignation. He warned Godolphin on November 29 that he was very ill, and that if there was any bad weather it might kill him; while a few days afterwards he assured his wife that for some weeks he had sedulously concealed his condition lest the news of it should cause disquietude in England. Marlborough’s own words are:—

‘If Lord Sunderland’s news-letter be true, I should hope the King of France were in earnest, and then there would be a peace which, upon all accounts, I long for, being extremely weary of the life I am obliged to live; for my spirit is so broke that I am become fit for nothing else but a lazy, quiet life, which I prefer before all the pleasures of the world.’

If the duke’s ill health caused or emphasised his desire for peace, it may also serve to explain the concealment of his peace proposals. Nervous exhaustion prompts the sufferer to decisive and secret actions, and it is generally from those who are dearest to him that he will most sedulously conceal them. The attitude of Marlborough towards the more public negotiations of 1709 may still be left an open question. The spring brought relief from the extreme pressure of political anxiety, and the slackening of the strain of overwork. Renewed physical energy, combined with pique at the marked rejection of his mediation by the French king, braced him, at all events, to prepare for war. Nevertheless, the burden of his most private correspondence with the duchess and Godolphin, or with Lord Hervey, Lord Sunderland, and Mr. Travers, is still the desire of peace, for a moment the certainty of peace. The great general was no fire-eater; he neither enjoyed the excitement of coming combat nor the exultation of victory; he fought rather with the brain than with the blood; he had no shame in wishing that after Malplaquet he might never fight again. No general has been more sensitive to the loss of his familiar officers and the sufferings of his rank and file. His note of triumph from the field of Oudenarde was that his English troopers had suffered least.

ART. VIII.—*The Story of Our Planet.* By T. G. BONNEY, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., F.G.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: 1893.

2. *Creatures of other Days.* By the Rev. H. N. HUTCHINSON, Author of 'Extinct Monsters.' 8vo. London: 1894.

THE 'Story of Our Planet' is a sensible book written by a man of ability and experience, learned in all the theories of his science and schooled by a long career of diligent and varied practical observation. The subject is wide and complex. His treatment of it is in its general features clear and simple. With as little technicality as possible, a whole storehouse of trustworthy information is here thrown open to those who have a voracious appetite for general knowledge. Many will feel themselves attracted by this book to further research. A few, who have the faculty of reading between the lines of what they read, may experience a stirring of their thoughts to reflexions more deep and earnest than any which its words expressly challenge.

The illustrations of the book are numerous and well chosen. The drawing of Fingal's Cave, for example, is at once artistic and truthful. Not always has that famous hollow in the basaltic rocks of Staffa been equally lucky in its portraiture, to judge by the 'mythical pictures' of it which Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse some ten years ago extracted from certain prominent works on geology. Another highly effective drawing exhibits the Hawaiian lava stream which in 1840 took its wondrous way down the slopes of Kilauea to the sea. That majestic incident in its career is shown when, over a precipice fifty feet in height, its fiery flood plunged sheer down, a Niagara of liquid flame.

With the title of the volume we take leave to find some fault, rather in the interest of buyers than of readers. 'The Story of Our Planet' might be supposed to be a highly romantic and popular narrative. Under such a title a purchaser might expect to find the subject approached by one 'who with no middle flight intends to soar,' who by the touch of genius can make the presentment of truth stranger than fiction. When the writer of a work on geology has no very exceptional charm of style or glow of imagination, there is something a little absurd in calling his book a 'story.' Professor Bonney, with all his high qualifications, and whatever his inner temperament may be, is essentially matter of fact in his literary mood and method.

He seldom makes any display of enthusiasm. Still less does he wander into any seductive by-paths of fancy. His diction is plain, and usually without mannerism. To this there are two exceptions—namely, his fondness for the adverb ‘roughly,’ and his frequent employment of the twin expressions ‘the latter’ and ‘the former.’ Roughly it may be said, in imitation of his own manner, that he quite legitimately uses the former whenever statistics are mentioned in which precision is not requisite, the latter with no absolute impropriety when alluding to two subjects distinguished in a preceding sentence. The mischief is that the sentence in question often needs to be read over again before the references can be disentangled. It will by many be held to be an advantage that the author makes little or no attempt at fine writing. Others may think that, on the rare occasions when he endeavours to enliven his style by figures of speech, he has sometimes descended lower than was needful in the choice of ignoble comparisons. Thus, he finds that man in relation to the globe ‘is but as a parasite on its cuticle.’ He speaks of ‘large towns and other irritations of earth’s cuticle for which man is responsible.’ The fact that the heaviest precipitation of rain occurs in the equatorial regions, which are those of the greatest evaporation, is brought home to the meanest intelligence by the remark that ‘much of the water ‘is spilt near the pump.’ When the Icelandic ‘churn’ is provoked to a display of its powers by having a barrow-load of sods thrown into the throat of the geyser, this, we are told, ‘not unnaturally turns its stomach, and has all the effect of ‘an emetic.’ Those ancient highlands which have lost their pristine loftiness are described as being ‘now like the ‘carious stumps of mountain teeth,’ a perplexing simile, since they are obviously themselves the mountain teeth to which they are compared.

Our globe has become what it is by a long sequence and vast concourse of events. Of these no single volume can record more than a selected few. It is not given to everyone so to choose or so to recount that the learner may grasp the truth of things, and, while grasping it, may listen, as it were, with parted lips and bated breath, following the thread of the recital as though it were the plot of a romance. In that brief early story of the universe with which we have all been familiar from childhood, there is a sublime simplicity, which made Longinus, in his celebrated treatise on ‘Dignity of Style,’ speak of the Hebrew lawgiver as ‘no ‘ordinary man.’ But those bold outlines were unencum-

bered by the mass of details with which modern science is forced to concern itself. Our knowledge, and even our ignorance, were in those days far out of the range of vision. For it has taken man many thousands of years to learn what he now knows, and to become aware how much he has still to learn. While the ignorance that we know of intersects and fills with impediments every field of research, the ignorance of which we are still ignorant is naturally beyond conception. At different periods inquirers have been confronted with problems which seemed hopelessly insoluble. At one time they never expected to discover the pathway of the wind and the storm, the origin of the hail and the snow; at one time they saw no likelihood of learning how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child, or how in a grain of wheat the embryo plant can feed on and absorb the parcel of food which is providently packed up with it in its cradle. Neither Solomon nor Aristotle ever supposed that man would be able to divine what stuff the sun and the other stars are made of. In geography, indeed, the eagerness of inquiry has almost too rapidly left us bare. There are no more dark continents for future exploration. But in many directions every advance in knowledge opens up some wider realm of the unknown.

Vaguely in old times men of poetical or fantastic imagination may have longed for a new sense without in the least believing that any such thing was within the scope of nature. Now, however, the idea has ceased to be fanciful, because of the curious numerical relations discovered between our actual senses. The sounds which the human ear can appreciate have an upper limit in those produced by thirty-five—or at most forty—thousand vibrations in a second. The colours which the human eye perceives require vibrations numbering 392 billions per second for the red end of the spectrum, and 757 billions for the violet end. Below the red the effect is a sensation of heat, and above the violet the result is that of chemical activity. The sense of smell is supposed to be excited by vibrations of a lower period than those which give rise to the sense of light or heat; and the sense of taste will probably come near to that of smell, since these are so closely connected that we often confuse them, and fancy that we are tasting a thing when we are only smelling it. Between the millions of millions of vibrations which sight and perhaps taste and smell demand and those few thousands which satisfy our sense of hearing there is a vast interval. These intervening numbers will form a huge army

of the unemployed unless, as it has been suggested, there are in nature many more sensations than man is aware of, sensations of which he knows nothing merely because he has an organism as unfitted for their reception as blind animals are for the appreciation of colour. Such glimpses into the world of the unknown may have no direct or immediate value, but their tendency is to make men's minds more readily receptive of new discoveries in science, when those discoveries happen to conflict with the cherished wisdom of the ancients.

Allowance must be made for the difficulty of the task when a writer, laden with information, is invited to explain to the outside world, in a single volume and in an attractive manner, a subject which for the specialist has a whole extensive literature of its own. No doubt the author of a work intended to be popular should follow the advice of Horace and severely leave alone those parts of the subject which cannot be luminously treated: '*Quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquat.*' The poet can easily do so. It is his business to court the sunshine. But in popular science the writer must often find his science standing obstinately in the way of his popularity. When aiming at lightness of touch, he finds a serious embarrassment in the highly technical character of the language he is forced to employ. The terms of art cannot be dispensed with. They must, therefore, be explained. Hence the chapters of a lesson-book have to be intercalated among those which unfold the grand pageantry of nature. Probably the sense of this and kindred difficulties has somewhat complicated Professor Bonney's '*Story.*' He does not begin at the beginning. In fact, more than half the volume is exhausted before the story can be said to begin at all. This earlier and larger half of the book describes the world as it is, and its existing mechanism, as a preliminary to the account of its genesis and subsequent manner of being. We are told at great length how things are, in order that we may be more briefly told how they came to be so. Even at the end of the long preface the story is not told consecutively. For, while '*the building of the British Isles*' is traced forwards from the past to the present, the building of Europe and other continents is traced backwards from the present to the past; and within this latter section the geological record of the Carboniferous system is traced from its beginning upwards.

Remembering his comparison of mankind to parasites

on the cuticle of the globe, we may suppose that only with a sardonic smile did he consent to speak of the planet as *ours*. Of man's concern with the story he has remarkably little to say, though he wisely points out the mischief which men often heedlessly do to themselves by false speculations. It is a vain thing to speak in dispraise of vanity. Those who seek to free mankind from this foible are not only attempting an impossibility, but attempting a thing in which success would be a signal disadvantage. It is sufficient to reflect on the inequalities which nature and society impose, and again upon the moral obliquities which preachers impute to all and single, to perceive that the majority of men without this dear fostering vanity would be crushed under the sense of their own inferiority and worthlessness. But of high-aspiring feats of vanity none can well transcend that which has enabled man to cast his eyes round upon the universe and serenely suppose that it was made almost exclusively for his benefit. If it were not for the hold which such an idea has on the mind of man, the frequently recurring discussion of the question, whether there are other inhabited worlds than that on which we ourselves live, would seem intolerably silly. Slowly we are beginning to appreciate the fact that, compared with the whole imperial universe around it, this globe is but as a particle of the fine dust in the balance. It is so small that it scarcely seems to count. Small as it is, however, so long as we can take leave to call it ours, we are proud of the presumed ownership. Yet even in this respect it is humiliating to be told that, whatever our present claims may be, we are but late comers, upstarts, without whom the globe revolved on its axis in perfect contentment for many ages, and without whom, if all mankind were removed to-morrow, it would continue to revolve for ages to come.

If man is to obey the oracular exhortation, 'Know thyself,' he cannot neglect the history of his race, and in tracing this backwards through records printed, written, or variously engraved and sculptured, from archæology, the science of things old fashioned and out of date, he is presently entangled in palæontology, the science of ancient existences, of living creatures which no longer live, but have left their memorials, their shapes or shells or skeletons, perhaps their feathers or footmarks, leaf and seed, rootlet and trunk, in various states of petrification, preservation, or decay, within the rocks of clay and sand and marble. Palæontology has this advantage over the more speculative

flights of modern science, that it deals with the tangible and undeniable remains of living creatures. They are amusingly described by Mr. Hutchinson in his 'Extinct Monsters' and 'Creatures of other Days.' Yet he fails to tell us why or how these gigantic animals were the first-born of creation, or why, having the whole globe in their possession, they ceased to exist upon it, either by land or sea. But some instructive inferences may be drawn from even the smallest remains of animated nature. In the opening pages of his volume Professor Bonney discusses three fossil shells. Concerning the relations of two of these to the places where they were found, he says that they 'intimate both a change in climate and geographical conditions not wholly identical with the present.' The third 'tells of a time when, instead of a green sward, dark-spotted with old yew-trees, instead of trailing hops and golden corn, a waste of salt waters extended far and wide, and the sea lay deep where now the Kentish Downs overlook the Sussex Weald.' He shows that, in fact, there is no way of avoiding 'conclusions so startling.'

Yet it must not be supposed that the 'Story of Our Planet' will show an uninterrupted series of triumphs for those who have devoted their energies to unravelling the mysterious plot and explaining the many dramatic incidents. Nor yet, though all be fraught with vivid interest and pervaded with a mysterious grandeur, can the telling, however skilful, be dis severed from matters technical, prosaic, obscure. The elementary substances, the minerals, the fossils, the layers of sediment, the igneous rocks, and various other objects, must have distinctive names. Of the problems which have to be presented many are still unsolved. Of the conclusions drawn not a few depend on intricate trains of argument. At almost every step the student who is not a universal genius will find himself bound to walk by faith and not by sight, to put his trust in the astronomer, the mathematician, the chemist, and a host of other experts. Nay, even if he be a universal genius, he will find reason in the past errors of the most skilful specialists to distrust himself. He finds that 'the great Werner' made the great mistake of supposing that the rocks owed their order to successive precipitation from a universal chaotic ocean; that 'the greater Hutton,' in upholding the uniformity of Nature's working, was misled into supposing that its operation showed no trace of a beginning or sign of an end; that Sir Charles Lyell, upon some far from unimportant questions changed

his mind; that the estimates of geological time after astonishing expansion have suffered an emaciating shrinkage; that *Bathybius Haeckelii* and *Eozoon canadense*, so inestimably precious as pristine forms of life, have lost their value since the one has proved to be only an admixture of sea-water and alcohol, and the other is, perhaps, not a fossil at all. Were one disposed to show the ineptitude of the geologist's whole pursuit, and to exhibit it as repellent instead of attractive, it might suffice to dwell and insist a little more on the intrinsic complexity of the subject, its numerous uncertainties, the hostile hypotheses of its professors, the succession of theories which have been set forth as established on solid proofs, only to be subsequently undermined by counter-proofs still more cogent.

Professor Bonney has collected in this volume a vast amount of positive evidence of the history and state of the globe, which is highly instructive and for which we are greatly obliged to him. But when he descants on the speculative theories which have been built on these foundations we must decline to follow him. It is the fashion of the day to call this science. But by science we understand what can be *proved* as certain, as Newton proved the law of gravitation by mathematical demonstration. What is *unproved* is, in our opinion, not science, but nescience. The theories by which it is proposed in our days to explain the formation not only of the earth, but of the universe, are guesses which we might class with the hypotheses of the old Greek philosophers, Thales, Anaximander, or Heraclitus; and it is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding their immense inferiority in the mechanism of observation and knowledge, their systems were not very wide of some modern scientific doctrines. Some, indeed, of our modern philosophers would take us back to Epicurus and Lucretius. '*Non rationam di lor;*' we shall not follow our author into these devious paths; but these considerations do not impair the sum of geological evidence based on the actual condition of the phenomena of the globe we inhabit, which are written with a pen of iron and graven in the rock for ever.

That the sun is extremely hot, that the moon is exceedingly cold, and that the earth is of a temperature somewhere intermediate between these two, are facts which few would dispute. As we know experimentally that, other conditions being equal, small masses cool more quickly than large ones, it is easy to believe that the rule applies to these heavenly

bodies, although two of them are far beyond the reach of our touch, and the third we find embarrassingly large for effective handling. Those who read Professor Bonney's instructive chapter on this part of the subject will see how almost impossible it is to discover what the inside of our mother-earth resembles. It is obvious that the globe is covered by a continuous outside mantle of vapour, then by a sort of ragged garment of water, and, lastly, by a crust of solid material which is continuous, but rugged and crumpled. What is the thickness of the solid crust no one knows. Of the total diameter of eight thousand miles, does the crust attain a thickness of eighty miles or eight hundred? Is the interior a great fiery sea, or is the ball solid to the core? Professor Bonney says that, 'though mathematicians are not unanimous, the majority are inclined to regard the earth as practically solid, while the idea of a rather thin crust finds perhaps more favour among geologists.' Among geologists, however, Sir Archibald Geikie concludes his discussion of the subject by saying:—

'It appears highly probable that the substance of the earth's interior is at the melting-point proper for the pressure at each depth. Any relief from pressure therefore may allow of the liquefaction of the matter so relieved. Such relief is doubtless afforded by the corrugation of mountain chains and other terrestrial ridges. And it is in these lines of uprise that volcanoes and other manifestations of subterranean heat actually show themselves.' (Text-book of Geology, 1882, p. 54.)

Professor Lapworth, on the other hand, observing that everywhere we find evidences of symmetrical crushing of the earth's crust by tangential stresses, and proofs that the various layers of that crust must have been affected differentially, the outer layers being bent the most, is consequently disposed to infer that we are dealing not so much with a solid globe as with a globular shell of many layers. He inclines for his part to agree with those who have suggested that 'our earth is such a hollow shell, or series of concentric shells, on the surface of which gravity is at a maximum, and in whose interior it is practically non-existent.' Though the whole question is beset with difficulty, some points are tolerably free from doubt. Thus, it is known that the interior of the globe is on the average denser than the exterior, so that, if the interior be liquid, it is a liquid in which granite rocks would float. The process of cooling, to which the existence of the solid crust must be attributed, is a continuing process. As the cooling continues the globe

will continue to contract, and as its outer skin thus becomes too large for its body, that skin must wrinkle. It is these foldings of the skin that are said to be traceable, with a wave-like succession, over its whole extent, oceanic as well as continental.

Whatever may be thought of this explanation, it is evident that the co-existence of light, heat, water, air, and earth, all attest the unity of creation, and that none of these primordial elements could exist in the globe without the others. Nor could any living thing exist without that concurrence. In this survey there are several things which sound paradoxical, though they are demonstrably true; all the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; to the fresh-water streams the sea owes a very large part of its salt; there would be no snow if it were not for the heat of the sun; the moist warm air rises to form clouds above our heads, because it is lighter when laden with the moisture than without the load; water becomes heavier with a falling temperature down to a point about 7° Fahr. above freezing-point, and then reverses the proceeding and begins to grow lighter; shells which must have lived in the ocean are found buried on the tops of mountains; plants that now need a temperate or warm climate occur as fossils of the Arctic region. Thus, earthquakes and volcanoes, alternation of day and night, of winter and summer, tides, currents of sea and air, rains and rivers, frost and ice, are all the result of the play or circulation of these terrestrial and celestial powers. As a sample of the discussion which they require and receive at Professor Bonney's hands, we may quote the following passage :—

‘All water, whether in puddle, pool, lake, brook, or river, is subject to loss by evaporation; but the ocean, of course, is the great source of supply for the rainfall of the globe, and the sun is the great pumping-engine by which its waterworks are kept in action. The earth is made fertile by the heat of the sun and the cold of space; without these it would not be even habitable. Were it not for the former, the water would never be raised, and the shores of the arid lands would be laved in mockery by the useless ocean: were it not for the latter, the vapour would pass away by diffusion into space, till at last there would be no more sea, for the water would never fall back upon the earth as rain, and thus the land would be no less desolate.’

From the time when the separation was first made, which is described in the old and now quaintly sounding language as a dividing of the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament, there has

been an unceasing give and take between them. Moreover, ever since the gathering together of the waters to form seas and to let the dry land appear, between land and sea also there has been an interchange, at times active, at times lethargic, but never intermitted. Men's lives are so short and some natural processes are so slow that only of late has it been fully realised how completely all the works of Nature, however magnificent and vast, follow the same law of decay which we perceive in our own bodies and our own furniture. No hill is so massive or made of materials so enduring but what the alternations of heat and frost, the pelting of rain and the friction of descending streams, will blister and crack and score it; while, if these are insufficient, there are many other forces, mechanical, chemical, vital, to initiate and facilitate disintegration. Thus, given a sufficient lapse of time, the proudest summit will be lowered, and eventually all the land would be washed into the sea, did not the underground forces counteract this downgrade movement by slow and gradual, or occasionally very abrupt and sudden, upheavals of the earth's crust.

If posterity does justice to the present age, it must remark with admiration its success in discovering and reading records. The hieroglyphics of Egypt, the cuneiform inscriptions of Nineveh, papyri found buried with mummies, have been made to tell their long-forgotten secrets. Yet none of these have materially altered any important current of opinion, or diverted the minds of men from their accustomed grooves. It has fallen to the lot of another kind of record, scarce opened till within little more than a hundred years ago, to revolutionise the whole conception of Nature's history entertained by men of science. The record in question is that of the sedimentary rocks.

Passing over the difficult so-called Primitive or Archæan rocks, we find that all those which have been since formed are divided into four great series, designated as Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Quaternary, with alternative names for the first three, which are respectively called Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Cainozoic, implying that life in the first of them was of an ancient type, of a modern type in the third, and of intermediate character in the second. Each of these series is subdivided into systems and groups of strata, all having distinctive names, some of which are not a little fanciful. For example, the name of the Lias, in the Secondary period, is really the English equivalent for strata; the word 'layers' have been by local pronunciation corrupted

into liars, and thence metamorphosed into a form less significant, but more dignified. It is convenient to retain the division into series, as representing so many chapters in the record, although the breaks in its continuity which first suggested such a division are ever being lessened in extent and importance by further research. But the unlearned may naturally ask how geologists pretend to determine the sequence at all. The answer is simple. The Primary rocks are never found overlying the Secondary, unless under circumstances which show that they have been dislocated. There is no part of the globe in which the whole succession of strata is to be found superimposed. Tertiary rocks, for instance, may rest directly upon Primary, with none of the Secondary intervening. The explanation of this is, either that the Primary rocks in the particular instance remained out of water throughout the Secondary period, so that no sediment could be deposited upon them, or that the Secondary strata, which at one time covered them, were subsequently removed by denudation before the Tertiary deposits were formed. On either alternative a vista is opened, which to men in general seemed only a mockery, when first they were invited to peer into it. It had the effect of being merely an ocular illusion. So incalculable was the time required, so immeasurable the amount of work involved, if all the acts and scenes of the suggested drama had ever really been put upon the stage of the world, that it was easier to regard the whole suggestion as a fable more wild than ingenious, or as a mischievous hypothesis which might safely be rejected, since, as they thought, it was by its nature unproveable and incapable of being tested. This state of opinion was not to be wondered at.

Suppose, now, that anyone so educated were to become conversant, from motives of business or curiosity, with the Primary rocks as they are exhibited in Great Britain, it is of interest to consider how his preconceived opinions will match his acquired experience. Whether he study Cambrian or Silurian, Devonian and Old Red Sandstone, Carboniferous or Permian, he will find that all these systems of rock contain fossils, the relics of organisms that were once alive. When he considers these with attention, he cannot fail to observe that a very large number of them exhibit forms which are no longer existing. He will note that the trilobites, for example, which are extremely numerous and varied in those ancient rocks, are so far from having living

representatives that we do not even quite certainly know to what class of animals they belonged. In a different group of specimens he will find one named 'Pleurodictyum pro-blematicum,' because its character is so very problematical. Similarly, the slipper-shaped fossil, *Calceola sandalina*, after being assigned tentatively to this, that, and the other set of molluscous animals, has now with hesitation been relegated to the corals. Of the graptolites and the orthoceratites the classification indeed is not doubtful. They belong respectively to the hydrozoa and the mollusca. But they are very distinct from those of the present time; they have had their day and departed. So also the giant crustaceans, or arachnids, known to the Scotch quarrymen as 'seraphim,' have left no descendants. From these and many other examples the observer will learn that, so far from anything approaching a simultaneous introduction of the forms of life, the prevalent forms have varied in a manner the most marked from age to age. If he holds fast to his prepossessions, he will probably try to help himself out of the difficulty by fancying that these rocks and their fossils are the ruins and relics of a world which perished before that world to which his early lessons, referred was framed and peopled. A little care will show him, however, that his early lessons do not admit of such an explanation, and further study will show him that the explanation does not square with the facts. For, while the differences between one fauna and another, between one flora and another, are extensive and striking in proportion to the geological interval between them, there is never any decisive break which separates the earlier from the next succeeding. In the whole succession of forms of life there is something beyond the tying together of system to system and stratum to stratum, such as might be understood from the metaphor of interlacing. Though nature has taken care to show that nothing can stale its infinite variety, or, as it has been otherwise expressed, that it never makes the same thing twice over, yet its intrinsic unity and continuity from one end to the other of living things is clearly established.

This is the more remarkable because the proof rests of necessity upon the extremely defective and fragmentary record which fossils supply. As if it were so arranged on purpose to defeat the supposition of repeated independent creations, amidst all the diversity which prevails there are some forms in the oldest fossiliferous rocks which correspond with forms still living, having persisted through the

whole course of geological time. It is not merely that in the Cambrian rocks all classes of the true mollusca are already represented, but that, so far as can be judged by the shells, distinct genera found in these and the immediately succeeding systems have survived until now. The objection might be raised that in such cases, though the shells are alike, the soft parts of the ancient and those of the still living animal cannot be compared, and that, therefore, the most essential part of their resemblance is left doubtful. But in another order—the foraminifera—the soft part, the perishable sarcode, is so simple in its structure as to be unimportant for the distinction of one form from another. In this order, consequently, it is the shell-fabric that is essential, and here, too, in the successive rock-systems, among the multitude of species which differ from those now living, there are some which persist and show themselves alike in all. If, again, objection be taken to these as too small and insignificant, dwarfish children unmeet for Nature's care or exempted from destruction in an otherwise universal catastrophe by their minuteness, the argument must be shifted from them to larger game. A shark is a huge and a highly organised animal. Even when its soft parts have decayed away, its bones and teeth most decisively declare what those soft parts must have been like. The muscles of its flesh, its nerves, the character of its food, its habits, are all plain to the comparative anatomist, without the least necessity for his seeing them with his bodily eyes. It does not need very advanced skill to recognise that the vertebral column must have contained its appropriate spinal marrow, that the orbits in a skull must have been filled with eyes, that one part of the bony framework protected the brain, that the jaws could only have been moved by muscles of such and such power and position, that teeth of one form are adapted to animal food, and those of another form to a vegetable diet. This being the case with regard to vertebrates in general, there are, in particular, fossil scales and bones and teeth and spines which make it indisputable that the ocean has never been without sharks throughout the Tertiary period, and that earlier still they were already plentiful during the laying down of the Cretaceous system, and that, still further back, this voracious family may be traced even into the Primary rocks.

The observer, then, having provisionally accepted the opinion that all existing creatures are genealogically connected with those of the most distant past of which records

remain, a new difficulty presents itself. Taking into account the whole assemblage of organisms, there is on the average gradual advance and improvement observable, culminating in the advent of man the masterpiece. But while the advance has been far from uniform, and has in some instances given place to retrogression, the circumstance cannot be overlooked that many of the forms of life at their very first appearance indicate the possession of a comparatively high organisation. This applies alike to corals, molluscs, crustaceans, fishes, reptiles, mammals. Those who believe in an unbroken history of life throughout the time represented by the fossiliferous rocks are in a manner forced to believe also that an earlier period was peopled with simpler organisms, numbers of which have perished without leaving any record of their shape and character. It is obvious also that, in all the after ages, a number of forms beyond calculation may, or rather must, have been lost, since creatures without hard parts, like jelly-fish and ascidians, are unsuitable for fossilisation, and the conditions under which fossils are preserved at all make it absolutely certain that only a minute fraction of the whole mass of living creatures leave relics which for any considerable time continue to be recognisable.

From the organic remains the observer will naturally be led to reflect on the materials in which they are embedded. Whether he happen to be considering the Silurian corals of Much Wenlock, the Devonian cephalopods of South Devon, or the Old Red Sandstone fishes of Herefordshire, South Wales, and Scotland, he will soon be assured that the animals themselves lived in water. How these remnants of them come to be found in the midst of thick and solid rocks high upon the dry land he will easily learn. It is no longer a mystery, though it once was. The natural agencies which are at work now were at work then. The rivers were carrying down sediment to the sea; the waves of the ocean were crumbling the cliffs, and spreading abroad the detritus; the corals were growing, and being compacted into rocks; the commotions of storms were ploughing up the shallower waters, and from time to time, just as in these days, burying under mud or sand whole colonies of molluscs and fishes. Slowly, in this way, the Primary rocks were being formed, but the cliffs that were crumbled, the sediment that was washed down, even the ingredients of the water which enabled the sea to support a population of corals and molluscs and fishes, were the product of a pre-existing land

surface—a witness to the existence of rocks prior to the Primary.

If there be no distinct evidence of new species recently coming in, there is such evidence of old species dying out, as in the familiar instances of the dodo, the great auk, and the northern sea-cow. These have disappeared owing to the destructiveness of man, as other species have disappeared owing to the destructiveness of some other animal, before we came on the scene to be the arch-executioners of the Quaternary period. Since, then, the order of nature, as far back as we can trace the history of life, shows us these dissolving views, and for our own days we know by undoubted observation that some species have vanished, it might be supposed that other compensating species are in course of appearing; but of this we have no satisfactory evidence, for though variations within the limits of species are innumerable, they all remain reducible to the primary class to which they belong. How the plasticity of nature works in evolving varieties out of another may be, and in fact is, still the subject of rival hypotheses. The plasticity itself, whether we consider domestic animals or wild ones, can scarcely be disputed. A sportsman, writing in 1804, thus expresses himself:—

‘By gradational shades of variation and crosses oblique, collateral, and direct, the great variety of hounds with which every part of the United Kingdom are so plentifully stocked, have been multiplied and improved from one distinct head. It has been repeatedly observed in other parts of the work that every dog whatever, from the enormous mastiff to the diminutive lapdog, must have originated from a certain stock of one pair only; and that every virtue, property, propensity, size, or shape which we find in every dog upon earth were originally comprehended in the first parents of the species; and that all the infinite variety we now behold in them is the natural product of the different climates, or the accidental and inexplicable effect of soil, food, or situation, blended with the very essence of human care, curiosity, or caprice.’

If he accepts as true this gradual progression of life, an inquirer will soon feel the necessity of extending the age of the globe indefinitely beyond six thousand years. If he hesitates, the stones under his feet will cry out against him. Having once become acquainted with the Silurian corals of Shropshire already mentioned, he will never again be able to escape the conviction that those corals grew on the spot where their stony remains now are, and that therefore the place must at one time have been beneath the

surface of the sea, and must afterwards have emerged above that surface. But he knows from history that for about the last two thousand years these islands have had pretty much the same extent as they have now. If, then, he fancies that the making of Shropshire could have been accomplished in the four thousand years or so which are at his disposal before the arrival of the Romans in England, he must next turn his attention to the Devonian system, and consider whether those rocks also can be crowded into the same limits of time. Here, too, he will perceive that what are now parts of Devonshire must have been slowly formed by the growth and accumulation of organisms in the sea, and that those organisms form a set of species entirely distinct from that Salopian fauna which he had previously examined. Within the same geological period, in lake or inland sea, from the Wrekin to the Bristol Channel, there was being deposited a great thickness of Old Red Sandstone. The thickness is computed at about ten thousand feet. It contains its own peculiar fossils. Obviously, it must have been stripped from previously existing land, and the time spent in laying it down and subsequently raising it up could not have been short.

Let it pass, that we may the more quickly reach the next period, in which the Carboniferous system unfolds before us a wonderful interchange of sea and lake and land. Here is another great thickness, of much more than ten thousand feet, to be dealt with. Here are fossils innumerable, the great mass of them being specifically distinct from the forms which preceded them. When the Carboniferous limestone was being formed, the geological map of the time shows that almost the whole of England and Ireland and the south of Scotland lay beneath the sea, whereas an island occupied St. George's Channel, and extended over the centre of Wales and a part of the English midlands. It is strange to reflect that in the lakes and swamps of the country then just rising above the sea level, the foundations of England's present prosperity were being laid. Some few years ago it was calculated that there were still available in the United Kingdom a hundred and forty-six thousand millions of tons of coal. How long, on the given area, it would take to grow the plants which have yielded this amount, together with the amount already consumed, there are no means of estimating. But time has not left itself without a witness. In various places the coal measures are many thousands of feet thick. The thickness 'consists of numerous alternations of grey,

'white, yellow, sometimes reddish sandstone, dark grey and black shales, clay-ironstones, fireclays, and coal-seams.'* These seams may be many feet in depth, or only a few inches, or reduced to a mere trace. But the point to be noted is that there is a great succession of them. They rest, as a rule, on the fireclays. In those clays the rootlets are found of the overlying plants out of which the coal was made. If any other proof were needed that the plants grew where their remains are found, it is afforded by the fact that these clays are available for pottery and brick-making, through the absence of the alkalis and iron of which the growth of the vegetation would naturally deprive them. It is sometimes suggested that in the Carboniferous age the conditions were very different from those now prevailing, and that with high temperature and abundance of rain there would be a developement of plant growth beyond our conception. But it must be remembered that the nutriment in the soil would not be increased by those hypothetical conditions, so that there is soon a limit put to solid abundance of vegetation, if not to rapidity of growth. But, however quickly a forest, jungle, or peat-moss may be developed, and however massive the plants may be, their speed of growth and quantity will not alone suffice to produce the very thinnest seam of coal. It is not enough for them to live under conditions the most favourable. They must also die under suitable circumstances, or for this purpose they will have lived in vain. Before the plants could be produced at all, the layers of nutritious soil had to be prepared, and when the plants were dead, other layers had to be deposited upon them to seal them up and secure them from dispersion and dissolution. To bury and preserve the fallen forest there must be a silting-up, or the ground must again subside to allow the sandstones, shales, and clays to be slowly deposited in water above the vegetable stratum. Hereby, again, a surface is formed which may emerge and sustain plant life, destined once more to fall and once more to be overwhelmed by sheltering sediment. But, where the coal measures are many thousands of feet thick, it is not once or twice only that the shifting of conditions between land and water has occurred, but scores of times. If the working of natural forces in our own day be considered, it will be perceived that, just where vegetation is concerned, the face of the globe changes most slowly. In every locality plants

* Sir Archibald Geikie's 'Text-book of Geology,' p. 743

form a kind of protecting vesture, so that, if the age of the coal measures was exceptionally favourable to vegetation, the land surface would be exceptionally protected from the processes of denudation.

All things being taken into account, there would seem to be throughout the universe great uniformity combined with endless diversity. It is only reasonable to suppose that the whole movement is ever tending to the support of life. But in no two worlds are the forms of life in the least likely to be the same, just as among the nations of our earth the alphabet is used everywhere for forming words, but the words which are formed are in each language different. After these manifold revolutions of the earth, and the system of the stars, revolutions of incalculable magnitude in space and inconceivable durations in time, at last there steps upon the stage a creature endowed with reason. From out the frail and fragile casket of the body mind looks forth, finite indeed, but with a gaze that dares to scan the universe, arguing from things unstable and transient to the infinite and eternal. Beginning with vivid and painful fears of decay and death, the reasoning being comes eventually to rejoice in the idea that whatever in him is worthless and ignoble will have an end, and trouble him no more. From the narrow and short-lived conditions of his physical tenure he is enabled to look back for millions of years. An Englishman, for example, learns that the very coal which he is burning on his hearth, a material to which the greatness of his nation, the comfort of his home, and indirectly his own existence is due, was being prepared by a marvellous series of operations at a date almost inconceivably remote. Being so strangely indebted to the distant past, what may he not expect from the distant future? The wonder of hope arises in his heart, a hope is conceived, which in many a man becomes an inseparable part of his mental being, that those who have been made the conscious sharers of so great benevolence will one day see face to face a Divine Father, to enjoy without end the increase of His government and peace.

ART. IX.—*The Arabian Horse: his Country and People.*
With Portraits of Typical or Famous Arabians and other
illustrations. By Major-General W. TWEEDIE, C.S.I.
Edinburgh and London: 1894.

‘THESE horses are of the breed called the winged, equal
‘in speed to aught except the Borak of the Prophet.
‘They are fed on the golden barley of Yemen mixed with
‘spices and with a small portion of dried sheep’s flesh.
‘Kings have given provinces to possess them, and their age
‘is active as their youth.’ Thus the disguised Saladin in
the ‘Talisman’ describes to Sir Kenneth the horses, on one
of which the latter had been borne breathless over the desert.
We have no doubt that scores of persons still form their
idea of the Arabian horse from this and similar descriptions.
In truth, it is largely to the poet and the story-teller that
the Arabian horse owes much of his fame; from the twelfth
century to the present time he has been covered by a halo
of romance, his intelligence, endurance, and speed have been
doubled under the influence of writer after writer, whilst
the traveller, enamoured of the same qualities, has so dwelt
on them that the world has for a long time been under the
impression that the Arabian horse is the finest animal of
the species. That in the Middle Ages the fame of the
Arabian horse should have spread far into the West, and
that he should have been invested with an almost mythical
array of qualities, is not in the least surprising when we
bear in mind the kind of horse which carried the Crusader
enveloped in heavy armour, and that there was nothing
between the ambling hackney of the merchant and the
abbot and the slow and heavy warhorse of the armed knight.
The small, hard, and fairly speedy Eastern horse was certain
therefore to become—in the tales of the Crusaders, and con-
sequently in the minds of those who stayed at home—an
animal of extraordinary speed and endurance, and these
qualities, dwelt on by poets and romance writers, were ridi-
culously exaggerated, and the exaggerations came to be
regarded as true. These same traditions were, as we have
said, kept alive and increased by the narratives of travellers,
even in recent times.

‘A view,’ writes the author of this work, ‘akin to Palgrave’s has
been recorded by another of our countrymen. The late Mr. Skene,
her Majesty’s Consul at Aleppo, writing more than thirty years ago,
advised a correspondent that there was “blood and stride in the desert
which has never been seen out of it.” What does that mean? For

example, are we to believe that Mr. Darley's Treasure-Trove, the progenitor in the female line of Herod, was inferior to other members of the same family which were to be found in Najd or on the Euphrates? Let no one imagine that it was so. In order to understand the Consul's statement, it is necessary to go behind it and take note of the circumstances which account for it. Mr. Skene was a devoted admirer equally of the Arabs and of their horses. The lore of the black tents filled his head in the same ratio in which it emptied his pocket. He wound up his letter by intimating that, through helping the Arabs in their business with the Turkish Pashas, preventing oppression and enabling them to trade in safety with English exporters of wool, he was "perhaps the only one who had succeeded" in getting them to sell at long prices a first-class horse or mare. It is unnecessary to say more on the subject of these representations than what may be safely said generally of assertions on the part of any one, that he is able to accomplish what perhaps no other person has ever accomplished. Misled in some measure by printed pages, and in some measure by the imagination, we have been trying for thirty years to call from the desert's "vasty deep," not spirits, but peerless coursers; and, so far, the mere pursuit has had to satisfy us. Not only do all the facts refute the argument that Arabia contains better colts than those which she distributes, but they go further. They show that every desert of which we have any knowledge is so extensively stripped of its best blood horses, that not many likely colts of from three to five years old remain in the hands of their breeders.' (P. 212.)

In later times, the fact that the English thoroughbred has been supposed to be a descendant of Arab progenitors has also tended to keep alive the impression that in the Arabian horse we have an ideal animal. But in truth the extent of the influence of purely Arabian blood in the creation of the magnificent and limited breed now known as the English thoroughbred is uncertain, and probably by no means as great as is commonly assumed. Speaking of the forefathers of this race, and more especially of the horse known as the Markham Arabian, which was purchased in 1616 by James I. for the sum of 154*l.*, an amount which has been placed beyond any doubt by the entry in the records of the Exchequer of the actual purchase, the author of the work before us writes:—

'Though his importers and others may have reckoned him an Arab, it by no means follows that he was one. The same uncertainty equally belonged, as has often been pointed out, to two or three of his principal successors, the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin Barb, who were destined, a century later, to divide among them the paternity of all the thoroughbreds of England, Europe, Australia, the Cape Settlements, and America. The Darley Arabian, as we have elsewhere stated and intend further to illustrate, was a genuine one;

but of the other two—one merely a charger brought from Turkey by one of “Dutch William’s” captains; while of the early history of the Barb,* all that is current is the story of his having left the shafts of a cart in Paris, in or about 1729, to become the sire of Luth; and through him of an illustrious progeny, culminating in our time in the Melbourne family.’ (P. 138.)

This shows the doubt which exists as to the influence of the Arabian horse on the modern English horse, which we may say in one word has been brought to the present state of perfection, not by reason of the Arab blood, such as it is, which runs in his veins, but by the efforts of modern English breeders, and by the selection, year after year, of the fittest sires and dams. But that the Arabian horses are a remarkable and admirable race of animals, distinguished by some special qualities, chiefly those of sagacity and endurance, cannot be denied, and it is one of the merits of the work before us that the author, though he may be described as an enthusiastic admirer and a lifelong observer of the Arabian horse, has not allowed either his enthusiasm or his familiarity to blind his judgement.

It may be as well in this place, before proceeding to say anything more about the Arabian horse, to touch for a moment on this magnificent book, which is an honour both to author and publisher, and which must remain a standard work on the subject with which it deals. In his younger days General Tweedie passed through the Mutiny, and when it was over

‘found himself an Arab as regards his love for horses. Thus it came to pass that when the changes and chances of official life removed him many years afterwards from India to the homes and haunts of the Arabs, one of his first thoughts was that he would enjoy an opportunity of observing whether the Arabian horse rises or falls in estimation when seen, so to speak, through the eyes of the country which yields him. The following pages have grown out of that idea. They were written at Baghdad, between 1885 and 1891, in such intervals of leisure as consular duties permitted.’

* In the Lonsdale Papers there is published a letter, written about 1695, the date being torn off, from Lord Godolphin to John, Viscount Lonsdale, in which, after referring to a horse used for stud purposes by the latter, Lord Godolphin writes: ‘I have at this time a horse called Honeycom that I hope would be very proper for your use. He is a perfect good horse and of a competent speed fitting a barb, and extremely well shaped and very well limbed, and if he be acceptable to your lordship it would be a great pleasure to me that you should make use of him.’ Historical Manuscripts Commission, 13th Report, Appendix, Part VII., 1893.

The result is this excellent work, full of practical and special knowledge, written in a pleasant and unassuming style, adorned with admirable illustrations of Arabian horses, and produced by the publisher in a sumptuous form.

Though we talk glibly of the Arabian horse, it is doubtful if many of us have endeavoured to formulate in our minds a reply to the pertinent question, 'What is the country of the Arabian horse?' To answer this inquiry General Tweedie devotes the first part of his book, and adds to his written description a large map of the country which he regards as being *quâ* the horse, to use a legal form, Arabia.

'Necessarily,' he writes, 'in our pages are counted to the country of the Arabian horse all localities situated in Western Asia, and tenanted in whole or part by Semites, over which it may be said of him, when occurring, that he is at least among his own people, if not strictly on his native soil.'

Speaking more topographically, General Tweedie regards as the country of the Arabian horse not only Arabia proper, or the great peninsula between the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, but also the more northern regions on both sides of the Euphrates and the country to the west of that great river up to, and beyond, the Tigris. There is thus included to the north-west 'the so-called "Syrian desert," or Shâ-mî-ya, which is now appropriated by the Ae-ni-ya'; and 'across the Euphrates the pastures of the Sham-mar. Lastly, 'with the face still Persia-wards, we shall find ourselves, now 'on this side the Tigris, now on that, in Irak—capitals, Baghdad and Bussorah—least Arabian of all these countries, 'but still running over with Arab men and Arab horses.' In other words, the author regards as part of the country of the Arabian horses large districts into which they have, so to say, overflowed.

'In the sequel,' he writes, 'it will be brought out most fully that the central Arabian highlands possess the highest title to rank as nursing mother of the far-famed steeds of Araby. That fact will never be lost sight of. The typical horse of Najd, it will be seen, has a separate chapter given to him. They who accept him, and him only, as an Arabian, are at liberty to do so. But for the subject of this book are taken the horses bred by Arabs all over the territory which our map exhibits.'

This method of treatment appears to be reasonable and correct; the nomadic character of the inhabitants of the original home of the Arabian horse has caused the breed gradually to expand. The breed itself cannot, like a modern English strain, be limited to certain special families, as are

thoroughbreds and certain hackneys, whose pedigree is enshrined in 'stud-books,' kept with more care than many records which relate to the human race. Horses from certain parts may be better than others, just as horses bred in Yorkshire or Ireland are commonly superior to those bred in other portions of the British Isles. Thus, the horse of Najd may be superior to the horse of I'rak. Nevertheless, the latter district supplies large quantities of the so-called Arabian horse.

'True, the I'râkî, or, as he is sometimes, though less appropriately, called, the Baghdad horse, is not an Arabian of high stamp; still, these two facts about him are evident: they who breed him, equally with their horse and mare stock, practically are, allowing for admixture and exceptions, Arabs, and of every hundred Arabs exported a large percentage are from I'rak.'

It is, therefore, obviously incorrect to limit the term Arabian horse to such animals as come from a district where the best class of this horse is to be found. The choicest Arabian horses are to be seen on the Indian turf, they are collected by dealers from the whole region depicted in the map which is attached to this work, and the purchaser cannot possibly tell from what particular part of it the horse which he buys has come. He may be told that he is of the 'breed of Solomon,' but it by no means follows that such is the case. General Tweedie tells how a well-to-do official purchased of a dealer in Bombay an animal with this high-sounding lineage, which, however, in a long march through Persia, had formed one of the author's baggage horses, and 'a dealer bought him as soon as he was 'unsaddled' at Mu-ham-ma-ra, the port of Bussorah. In the same way the heroes of the Indian turf, animals whose names are still remembered in many mess rooms, have been over and over again obtained by the merest chance. The author gives seven illustrations of seven horses which he regards as typical Arabians, and he says:—

'They have this in common, that they were brought from Arabian ports to India through the ordinary trade channels. At first the only real vouchers for them were their good looks. To this day their records are simply the proofs which they afforded on Indian race-courses of speed and stoutness, heart and honesty. In regard to long ancestry, every reader must draw his own conclusions in regard to each of them from presumptive evidence which their several figures supply.'

It is thus clear that the country of the Arabian horse is rightly said to include every part where the so-called Arabian is produced, and where the horses, taken as a whole,

are noticeable for the general characteristics of the breed. To follow the author into the descriptions of these several districts would be impossible in the space of this review.

Having thus obtained some clear idea of the first part of General Tweedie's subject, another question of a practical character at once arises, one which would be the first on the lips of any English horse-owner. For we are quite certain that General Tweedie must have over and over again been asked whether the Arabian horse is the extraordinary animal which for centuries writers have told us he is; in other words, is he superior to the English horse? Most men of intelligence who have given time and attention to the study of horses, who regard them as something more than mere drawers of vehicles and carriers of riders, have formed their own opinion. But that does not make the judgement of a man so fitted to form one as the author of this work the less valuable. It is best to give his conclusion in his own words:—

'The only conclusion we can come to, in view of all these facts, is that Arab horses possess no advantages over other horses in the qualities now under notice. In respect of sagacity and of the courage which is derived from it, the desert breed has kept pace within its own limits with the intelligence of the people who have made it, and that is all.' (P. 195.)

And again, in regard to breeding from Arabs:—

'Never in India, Arabia, or any other country have we seen an Eastern horse which suggested the idea that he was capable of improving the perfected and established breeds of racehorses, hunters, or pleasure hacks of our islands.' (P. 206.)

As regards speed, it has been proved over and over again that the Arabian horse is now overmatched by the English thoroughbred; but it is equally certain that the superiority of the Western horse in this respect is of recent date. The Arabian, sufficiently speedy for the purposes for which he is used, has not advanced in this quality; the English thoroughbred, on the contrary, has, by means of careful breeding to secure a definite object, become in the course of a century a far fleetier animal. But if we could go back to the times of the Darley or the Markham Arabian, and could test Arabian and Western horses, we should doubtless find that the Arabian was then as incomparably the speedier as the English thoroughbred is in our own age.

The Arab poet Imru 'l Kais, fourteen hundred years ago

described the hunter mounted on a dark bay, and he comes upon a herd of antelopes :—

‘ And he laid us alongside of the foremost ; and behind him those that had fallen to the rear in a lot not broken up :

And he passed in his charge from bull to heifer ; running them down without sweating or turning a hair.

And the bustling cooks spent the night in boiling, broiling, roasting, stewing :

And we broke up ; and one’s glance went near failing by the side of him, when the eye looked him all over up and down.

And he stood all night with his saddle on him, and his bridle : and he stood all night in front of me not turned out.’

Here we see a glorification of the speed of the horse—a speed which was handed down, and even increased, in years long before the use of the horse for rapid motion was learnt in Western Europe. And we note, too, a praise of the horse running all through the same poem—a praise which sets him on a level little lower than his master. Nor is the influence of the Indian turf likely to have the same effect on Arabian horses as the English turf has had on the horses of this country. For the supply to India is essentially by importation, and though the Arab of Najd may know if he have a promising colt that a market is to be found for him among dealers who will take him across the Indian Ocean, there never can be the same kind of careful breeding for a special purpose as in this country. That the endurance of the Arabian horse is great cannot be questioned, it has been shown in the most practical ways, not only in carrying the light Bedouin for days over the desert, but ‘ chargers from the ‘ Euphrates have carried our soldiers to Candahar and Cabul, ‘ to Peking and to Magdala.’ But the Arabian horse has habitually to perform long journeys, and mere habit will enable him to do more than a horse unaccustomed to this kind of work. But there can be little doubt that after proper exercise the feats of endurance of the Arabian would not be unaccomplished by the English horse. Again, too, there can also be no doubt as to the sagacity of the Arabian horse, and it is a reproach to us and our civilisation. The Arabian horse, after long ages of companionship with his master, may have become by nature more tractable ; but if the English horse from his birth upwards was as well treated as is the Arabian horse, the so-called vicious animals which are met with in this country would be few in number.

‘ Tractability is intimately bound up with temper, than which there is no more important element of character. It would not be easy to

find another breed of horses which is so uniformly distinguished by evenness of temper, gentleness, and willingness as the Arabian; and the explanation is easy. The force of human companionship in forming the characters of inferior animals has been recognised from antiquity downwards. . . . The common representations that the Bedouins and their mares dwell together under one tent roof belongs to the domain of poetry, but the groundwork of it may be accepted. . . . In the desert the mares and foals and stallions stand day and night before their master. There are no grooms in our sense. Black slaves keep the ground clean, and the wives and daughters of the tent folk wait upon the mares, and romance becomes reality when a drooping mare or a motherless foal is taken into the best part of the tent to be nursed. In villages the mares' shed is close to the habitation in which the family life proceeds. . . . The result is that food and fellowship are among the first ideas which are associated in the minds of Arab horses with the human figure. The mares turn as kindly to those around them as "Gustavus" did to Dugald Dalgetty. The youngling takes its cue from the dam, and is not afraid of that with which they are all familiar. The colt, which is handled by everyone from the first, and ridden as soon as he is strong enough, is sure to prove docile and obedient. . . . Even when full allowance is made for the advantages of early tuition, Arab men deserve some credit for the fine temper of Arab horses. The most patient colt may have to resist its rider if either his anger be excited or too much of his own way be given to him. A little incident which we lately witnessed in a crowded thoroughfare in Baghdad may here be worth introducing. An awkward groom had tumbled off the back of a playful filly, and left her free to career hither and thither. Among the spectators there was nobody who blamed the filly. A red-bearded Persian, whose bookstall was kicked into the Tigris, had the sense to curse the biped and not the quadruped. When she was caught, and the end of her halter-rope was put into the groom's hand by a bystander, the man merely jumped on her back and rode quietly away.' (P. 189.)

It is not merely, however, that the horse of Arabia, whether young or old, is familiarised by the companionship of his owner and his family, and that he is treated with good temper and patience. A good horse is regarded as a great possession, and hence, over and above the mere kind treatment, there is a regard for this animal among the Bedouins which in other countries is kept for deities or for fellow-men higher in rank or ability.

'In Arabia many a one will want for milk and wool and mutton sooner than he whose mare is always saddled. The owner of a Derby winner does not cast so great a shadow as he does on the superiority of whose mare the safety of the flocks and herds depends. For her sake he may be asked to marry an orphan's ten score camels, as in other countries one may marry lands and houses. If he rear a colt from her, he is everywhere received with consideration because of his

horse; and his own kindred will not, if they can help it, let him leave them.' (P. 166.)

This worship of the Arab for his horses has been transmitted by the pen of the traveller far beyond the arid tracts where they are reared, and in lands where he has never been seen the Arabian horse is believed to be swift and strong beyond imagination.

But it may very well be asked, is it a mere blind worship of the Arab for his horse, or is there anything like judgement and knowledge in his regard? We have already seen that though in a limited part of Arabia the best Arabian horses are to be found, yet that the breed covers a great tract of country; and we have also pointed out that there is among Arabian horses no strain comparable in selectness to that of the English thoroughbred, with each generation recorded in a carefully kept stud book. The answer is that the Arab is an admirable judge of a horse, and bases a large part of his regard for those which he may possess on their breeding and form. The perfect horse of the desert is said to be 'Ku-hai-lan,' or thoroughbred, or the descendant of the mythical mare, Ku-hai-la, or is, rather, in the opinion of the writer of the work, a horse characterised by a dark blue tinge of the skin, such being also the meaning of the word. But the Arab dealer of to-day, when he speaks of a horse as 'Ku-hai-lan,' means, or intends the purchaser to believe, that it belongs to a recognised strain of the desert. For the central stem of Ku-hai-lan is subdivided into Al Kham-sa, or the five primary ramifications of the original breed. 'During a long residence in El I'rak, and on many journeys, we have made constant inquiry on this subject from the Bedouin. One undeviating answer has been given on two points: first, that every noble strain in the Arabian desert goes back to the "Ku-hai-la of the old woman," and, further, that it does so through one or other of the lines which constitute Al Kham-sa.' In other words, the Arab believes that in the mythical past there was once a famous black skinned mare, from which, in five breeds, the pure bred modern Arabian horse is descended. These five strains are, in the desert, commonly known as (1) Ku-hai-lan, (2) Sak-lâ-wi, (3) U'Bai-yan, (4) Ham-dâ-nî, (5) Had-ban, and under each of these again are grouped, as naturalists would say, several species, as under the last-named there is, for example, Had-ban Farat. As, however, all the strains of the desert are recorded not by writing, but by oral hearsay, there is absolutely no certainty that a horse belongs to

any one of these species, more especially since the export of horses from Arabia became considerable. For the Arab dealer, like the horse dealer in other parts of the world, is not a regarnder of truth, and will glibly give to the worst-bred horse landed at Bombay a pedigree of any length he pleases if he can thereby enhance the price of the horse which he has for sale. But, on the other hand, the Arab attaches so much importance to purity of breed that he generally knows the breeding for some generations of any horse of value:—

‘It is an evident fact that the Bedouin Arabs, aided by the isolation of their deserts, by their well developed power of orally handing down pedigrees, have to a surprising degree succeeded in preserving the approved character of their Ku-hai-lan. But in our opinion the floating accounts of the purity of even their best strain require to be received with some allowance.’ (P. 248.)

The result probably is that, in Arabia, among the Bedouins themselves, there is some general, but not very accurate, knowledge of the breed of the horses possessed by tribes and families, but that, as regards the exported Arabian horses obtained by Europeans in India or other countries, through dealers, there is absolutely no certainty about them. To use a homely proverb, ‘the proof of the pudding is in the eating,’ and the only guide to the purity of the breed of the exported Arabian horse is his appearance and his capacity.

Among the several typical Arabian horses described in this work with pen and pencil is one called Greyleg. ‘From head to heel,’ says General Tweedie, ‘he is a Ku-hai-lan,’ but ‘the horse was brought to India from Ku-wast or Bus-sorah in a dealer’s string. Judging from the very moderate price which sufficed to buy him at Mysore his importer must have had him on easy terms from the Arabs.’ Hence it is more than probable that this animal was not highly prized by his desert owner, and therefore was probably also not, in his opinion, ‘Ku-hai-lan.’ But his looks and his deeds stamped him as a thoroughbred Arabian, so that, as we have said, it is rather to the horse than to his pedigree that we must look to discover if he is descended from the best Arabian strains. This horse was in India the winner of no fewer than fifty-one races, beginning his career in 1864. ‘In every point of outward form Greyleg was typically Arabian. No one who has seen him is likely to live long enough to see another equal to him.’ ‘His colour was one of the prized ones. ‘His skin was of the traditional *Kuhail*

'colour, which an Arab poet says is "blacker than charcoal." 'When in his prime his silver-grey coat was more interspersed with nutmeg roan than perhaps the picture indicates, and the red spots in it resemble those in the speckled shoulder of a sea trout.' General Tweedie then proceeds to give a description of this horse, which, however, those who refer to this work will probably pass over, for the simple reason that they can see the form of this horse in the excellent reproduction of a water-colour drawing. But any horse dealer in this country who had never seen an Arabian horse in his life, would be at once struck with the fine shape and true formation of the horse, and would recognise in him 'points' which are sought after in the English horse. Such are the admirable shoulder, the short, 'well ribbed up' back, the wide hips, and high hindquarters—all denoting strength and speed. In fact, Greyleg, as we view him in this picture, attains the ideal just as much of an English as of an Arabian horse, and there are to be seen every season in the hunting fields of the Midlands horses as finely shaped as this beautiful animal, from which the conclusion arises that the Arabs seek the same qualities and points as do Englishmen, and that the chief difference between well-formed Arabian horses and well-formed English horses is in their size and, possibly, in their tractability. In other respects it may be doubted whether there is any marked difference between the breeds. 'The kings of horsekind are those of a dark colour,' is an Arab proverb, while another Eastern saying is that 'one should be slow to buy a chestnut horse, and still slower to sell one of that colour which has turned out well.' If we visited a horse fair in Meath or Yorkshire, it would be easy to find plenty of farmers and dealers who would recognise in these sayings from a distant land opinions which they cherish just as warmly as the Arab of the desert. We see this similarity too in the defects of the two races. The disease known as spavin is prevalent among Arabian horses; it is a constant ailment likewise of the English hunter and the English race-horse; it is the disease, so to say, of the speedy horse, of that which is much galloped. 'Curb and ringbone, also diseases with which the horse-owner in the country is only too familiar, are equally well known to the Arab, and the foot, which in our day is so frequently the seat of lameness, is also, though apparently not to so great a degree as in the West, likewise troubled with defects. But into these technical details this is not the place to enter; it is sufficient to

say that the qualities which go to make a good horse are the same all over the world, and though the Arabian horse has some features which give him a character of his own, yet, so far as the qualities of a good horse are concerned, he differs little from his Western brother.

We must not, however, pass away from the typical Arabian without a word as to colour. 'In England an antiquated 'idea lingers that the authentic Arab must be grey.' Such an impression may, perhaps, prevail among persons altogether ignorant of horses, but the sport of racing in India has so increased our knowledge of the Arabian horse that sounder views now exist among horsemen. Two extracts from this work will give all the information that is needed upon this point. His Highness the late Amir Fai Sal of Najd, who was a high authority on Arabian horses, stated that the finest 'may be of any colour; that the prevalent 'colour among the first blood was various shades of grey; 'that on the whole colour went for little, and height for 'nothing, and that blood was everything.' Another author sums up the matter thus: 'Practically the Ku-hai-lan 'colours are bay and chestnut, and the numerous different 'shades of grey and roan.' Into the relation of colour to temperament it is impossible here to enter. Such a discussion, interesting as it would be to the lover of the horse, belongs, not only to the Arabian, but to the equine race all the world over.

It is doubtful if the Arabian horse will improve. Facility of exportation will tend to remove from the country the finer horses which should be progenitors of future generations, and their place will not be taken by others reared, as in this country, on the stud farms of noblemen or enterprising syndicates. But in the warm climate of Arabia horses must necessarily thrive: tended and prized as they are, and must continue to be, by their Bedouin owners, an admirable breed can, in spite of the exportation of the choicest, hardly fail to continue to exist. The traveller will still see 'the noble mare, 'which the Arabs compare to the high-born lady on whom 'it is meet that all maidens should attend,' and who 'frequently shows her aversion to those whom she does not 'know.' The strong horse picketed beside the tent, who is disturbed by the first sound of the intruder, and 'will stamp 'with one forefoot and challenge, sounding one or two short 'and sharp notes,' will still arrest his attention. For the horse is, and will be, essential to the welfare of the Bedouin, and he will still be prized as a companion and a daily helper.

In this utilitarian age, and in a country where horses are too largely regarded as mere machines or as instruments of gambling, it is pleasant for a moment to meet in these pages the simpler inhabitants of the deserts of Arabia, and to note how they have for the horse something of the affection and regard which, in our Western world, is reserved for human friends.

Although the narrative of the 'Mission of Sir Gerald Portal to Uganda in 1893,' which has been edited with great judgement and feeling by Mr. Rennell Rodd, is not connected with the subject of the preceding article, and has reached us since these pages were in type, we cannot omit to notice this important volume, which will be read with intense and pathetic interest. It is not merely the record of an African march across a most inhospitable and famine-stricken region, where a few spots of fertility and beauty are divided by hundreds of miles of savage wilderness; but it is the memorial of two of the noblest lives ever sacrificed to the service of their country. In these pages there is no colour or disguise. They tell us in plain language what the journey is from the coast to Uganda, and what Uganda is when it is reached. Sir Gerald Portal's own opinion is shortly expressed after his arrival at Kampala in the lines, 'I have only come to the conclusion so far that this is a far more complicated, difficult, and disagreeable business than any one anticipated.' Although the book was unhappily cut short by the death of its gallant and accomplished author, it says enough to teach us to view and grasp the subject of African extension without illusion and without passion; and we earnestly hope that it will be widely read throughout the country.

ART. X.—*Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville, 1810–1845.*

Edited by her Son, the Hon. F. LEVESON GOWER. In two vols. London: 1894.

THE only surviving son of Harriet, Countess Granville, has proved to the world what her intimate friends long suspected—namely, that English letter-writing possessed in her a female counterpart to Horace Walpole. Each of them has left us, respectively, a lively picture of what was regarded as the most polished society of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, and many of the portraits they have drawn are, perhaps, more true to life than those which we admire on the walls of the Grafton Gallery. We find in this amusing correspondence the same knowledge of men and manners both at home and abroad, with perhaps more of party spirit, and with a more lively sense of patriotism visible in the ambassador than in the dilettante. We recognise the same playfulness, the same humorous view of human foibles and follies, the same smartness in the expression of a lively fancy, and the same loyalty to friends, with the same capricious judgement of foes. But Lady Granville's letters, if they offer points of resemblance have necessarily points of contrast. The classical culture of Horace Walpole must be absent from a lady's familiar letters, nor can their style be as finished and artificial. The writer from Strawberry Hill studied every period, and weighed every word, less with a view to absolute truth of expression than in the hope, or belief, that the pages he penned would one day be printed, and serve to secure (as they have done) a sort of immortality for the perfection of his own style, and for the absurdities of his neighbours. His remarks have fallen like acidulated drops on the palates of successive generations, and, because men and women remain always the same, successive generations have licked their lips over his tartness, and have felt grateful to him.

Lady Granville's letters were perfectly natural, and their publication was probably the last thing that she ever contemplated. The women of the world—of her world—were not as a rule literary women. England had never possessed either the *précieuses* of the seventeenth century, or those eighteenth-century *salons* which were really anterooms to the *Académie*. We had had in London no Duchesse de Maine, and no Madame de Gœffrin, and Horace Walpole

to find a Marquise du Deffand, had to go to Paris. Letters were written by women sixty years ago with more assiduity and elegance than they are at the present day, but they were not written by ladies of quality or women of the world. It was not then the fashion, as it is now, for lady journalists, lady artists, and lady authoresses, peeresses and princesses, to jostle each other at every bookstall. Each age has its manners, and when Lady Harriet Cavendish began to write excellent prose, she did so like M. Jourdain, without being aware of it. Her only sustained correspondence was with her elder sister Georgina, Countess of Carlisle, with her brother the Duke of Devonshire, and with her sister-in-law Lady Harrowby. To them she wrote, freely, if you will, but always naturally, letters abounding in details which their affection might value, and in allusions, more or less veiled, and more or less piquant, which their knowledge of the same world would allow them to understand. Nor ought we to leave this comparison between her letters and those of Horace Walpole without saying that she would sometimes repair, or qualify, an unfavourable remark. It is to be regretted that she did not do this more often, but she belonged to an exclusive *coterie*, and there certainly were persons who, either from personal or from political causes, found themselves outside of her sympathies.

Lady Granville saw the weaknesses of her neighbours, and she hit off their portraits with more wit than caution. It was her fate not only to go through all the excitement of the Queen's Trial (of which she has left an incomparable account), but likewise to be brought into close contact with the least scrupulous beauties of the Court of George IV.—with women differing, only in degree and outward polish and not in kind, from that angry, vulgar Caroline, who, according to Lady Granville, would, at her trial, confront an unfriendly or unexpected witness with arms akimbo. The King's frail friends were fair game for Lady Granville. They were by no means scrupulous in the matter of bridling their own tongues, and their portentous scandals were able to provide society with gossip without the help of any lady's caustic pen. Lady Granville retails a quantity of gossip about Lady Conyngham and her compeers, nor can she be blamed for doing so, if we remember what her witty contemporary, Mr. Jeykll, said of Moore's biographies. 'What,' he asked, 'can a man do, if, like the Newgate Calendar, he selects rogues for his biographies?'

We have said that Lady Granville was exclusive. That was

unavoidable, because her own family and *coterie* were large enough both to fill her heart and to absorb her time. Moreover that *coterie* was a political one, consisting mainly of the stars which revolved round Mr. Canning as round a central orb. Political importance was due to her and hers, as to persons representing an exceptionally large stake in the wealth and interests of England. Had such importance not fallen to her share Lady Granville would probably not have missed it; as it was, she took it all for granted, as she did the family portraits on the walls, the pearls round her neck, and the hot-house flowers in her rooms. The cultured, the luxurious ease of one who lies in the lilies and feeds on the roses of life appeared to her but as her natural environment, and as the setting due to her rank and grace. She was an Epicurean in her dislike to hurry, tumult, and all contentious matters. She went smiling through a world that smiled at her, in which she expected and found prosperity, and was not spoilt by it. At moments she felt the round of dinners and balls to be monotonous; but, as she had delightful children, whose growth and health took her out of herself, she did not discover that her own nature was being robbed of a fuller development. She lived in the world, and acted under its influence, until she came, perhaps unwarily, to tolerate too many of its principles. She fulfilled her maternal duties with loving care, and so avoided many of the evils that follow in the train of a soft and frivolous life. Her position was one of publicity, and as such it entailed not only much dissipation, but much hard work about trifles. Nor was she all to blame for her manner of life. At the beginning of this century people had far fewer interests in common, and the gulf fixed between the Devonshire House and Holland House *coteries* and persons of low estate was so wide that it was difficult for the white hand of any great lady to reach across it. The services of the Church were few, and about as uninteresting as they could be made, and to none surely can they have proved less edifying than to the members of great families who slumbered inside their big, curtained pews, while the poor coughed and sneezed because the squire's fireplace smoked. The interests of God and the welfare of souls were matters then never mentioned before ears polite; it would have been a solecism to do so; but play was high, political caricatures, full of the grossest allusions, went their round in country houses, and gentlemen's stories circulated at tables where too much wine was drunk. In all these matters a great

and fortunate change has taken place. Those who live in palaces are now as likely as not to be among the most and not the least mindful of the claims of the spiritual life and of the wants of the poor. Of the worldliness of our own day it can no longer be said, as it justly was of the pre-Victorian epoch, that it was 'a state of habitual sins of omission.' It would be every way unjust to judge wearers of purple and finé linen, of whom Lady Granville was one, by our present standard. They saw with other eyes than ours, but as children form the eternal link between love and duty so this Countess Granville, living 'among her own people,' became a truly 'excellent woman,' so that her nephew, the late amiable Earl of Carlisle, could say of her that she had possessed 'a heart and a mind seldom equalled singly, and in their union perhaps never.' She held a charming *salon*, she maintained the honour and popularity of the English name in Paris as they have never been maintained before or since, she was perfectly independent, and yet she was adored, because while she acted on her own thoughts, which were sound ones, she also acted upon her own impulses, which were generally kind ones.

It will be interesting, before making extracts from letters which Madame de Sévigné need not have been ashamed to sign, for us to trace back Lady Granville's qualities to her birth, education, marriage, and official life, since all these things had their share, first in creating, and then in forming, a charming English ambassador. Born in 1783, Lady Harriet Cavendish was the younger daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, by the beautiful Lady Georgina Spencer. As legends of that lady's charms still linger in English society, it is a satisfaction to learn that to her children she appeared ever lovely, loving and beloved. This is how Lady Harriet wrote to her mother during a brief separation which occurred a short time before death came to part them for ever:—'I never knew till I left you what 'I feel for you, and when I think of the happiness of 'seeing your dear face, and hearing your beloved voice, 'I am almost mad with joy. I am sure you alone could 'inspire what I feel for you.' The position of this affectionate girl after the death of her mother was very lonely. Her home became also, from causes needless to refer to here, quite uncongenial, so that she resided with different relations till the time of her marriage. Her elder sister Georgina had already become the wife of Lord Morpeth; and her only brother, the 'Hart' of all these

letters, was but sixteen years of age. Then, three years after he had become a widower, the Duke of Devonshire married again. Lady Elizabeth Foster (*née* Hervey) sold her house in Piccadilly (No. 139) to the Byrons, and went to reign in Devonshire House. Profound, therefore, was the satisfaction of her kinsfolk and acquaintance when Lady Harriet bestowed her hand (1809) on Lord Granville Leveson Gower, second son of the first Marquis of Stafford. By birth and education her bridegroom seemed to be pointed out for a career of distinction. The lifelong friend of Mr. Canning, he had, while still a very young man, also attracted the notice of Mr. Pitt, who sent him as ambassador to Russia. The death of his mother brought him back to England for a short period, but he returned to St. Petersburg in 1806, and only left his post there when the sudden friendship between Alexander and Napoleon caused a rupture between Russia and England. His reappearance in London was to lead to his happy marriage three years later. Five children came to bless a married life of which Mr. Charles Greville said that it was 'a union of more than common felicity.' Of their eldest son the distinguished life is part of the history of England under Queen Victoria. A second son died young. The eldest daughter, Susan, for whom her parents had the tenderest affection, married Lord Rivers. She survived till 1866; while over the death of the younger daughter, Lady Georgina Fullerton (1885), Catholic England has hardly yet ceased to grieve.

The family life at Tixal, and in Paris, was full of natural gaiety and of warm affection, and as her letters to her sister begin immediately after her marriage, we can see how quick of wit and warm of heart was this young wife. Immediately after her marriage the bride was presented at court by the Marchioness of Stafford, wife of Lord Granville's half-brother. Of this remarkable woman, and of her husband, Lady Granville has not, and never had, a good word to say. We think that this is one of the instances where Lady Granville's impressions are not of lasting value, since she passes a somewhat severe judgement on a woman who undeniably possessed one of the most striking personalities of the day. Of Lord Stafford she complains that his self-importance over every trifle was provoking, and the portrait so drawn in a few satirical lines has evidently truth in it. The character of the second Marquis of Stafford, ambassador in Paris from 1790 to 1792, and created Duke of Sutherland in 1833, was given to display, but England, at least, was the gainer by.

his splendid purchases. 'When,' asks Lady Granville, 'will Lord Stafford buy the world?' He did buy many beautiful things, and the traces of his magnificence, and of his love of pictures, are still to be seen in Trentham and on the walls of Stafford House. He was led by a keen partisanship in politics, and he had such a taste for society, its varied impressions, its rivalries, and its gossips, that one feels he must have been, not only a little *le mari de sa femme*, but also unfit for the rôle of a Highland land-owner over a domain that reached from sea to sea. He acquired this territory by his marriage with the young Countess Elizabeth of Sutherland. The character of his wife was far more manly than his own. Left an orphan in her childhood, she was brought up ostensibly by a guardian whom she never saw (Viscount Melville), and virtually by her grandmother (Lady Alva), whom she could set at nought. She had inherited, from a long line of northern earls, along with a masterful temper, a wilderness of mountain and moorland. Nothing ever made her forget that she was a chieftainess. There was unfortunately nothing in her husband's character to soften her own, while the stately and luxurious life he affected must have struck her with surprise if she contrasted it with the narrow *régime* of her own tutelage. Here is the *menu* that Lady Stafford set before the young Lady Granville at Trentham in 1810:—

'The dinner for us two was soup, fish, fricassee of chicken, cutlets, venison, veal, hare, vegetables of all kinds, tart, melon, pineapple, grapes, peaches, nectarines, with wine in proportion. Six servants to wait upon us, whom we did not dare dispense with, a gentleman-in-waiting, and a fat old housekeeper hovering round the door to listen, I suppose, if we should chance to express a wish. Before this sumptuous repast was well digested, about four hours later, the doors opened, and in was pushed a supper in the same proportion, in itself enough to have fed me for a week. I did not know whether to laugh or cry. . . . The house is full of portraits, which amuse me more than all the rest. Two of Lord Stafford, positive and important; three of her—one is by Phillips, very fierce and foreign looking; last, but not least, Granville, between three and four, dancing with all his might with his sisters, and a drawing of him by Downman, when he was seven and a half, in a sky-blue coat, making eyes, and perfectly angelic and beautiful. . . . The Staffords seem to have turned their thoughts to economy, and the society of Scotch agents.'

If our authoress has little good to say of Lord and Lady Stafford, all those entries in her letters which concern their daughter-in-law are of the most flattering description. How could it have been otherwise? To Lady Harriet Howard,

her own name-child, and the daughter of her adored sister Georgina, Lady Granville could not fail to be partial. Nor did it need any partiality to recognise in this fair, stately, and decorous woman, the central figure of English society, and the most gracious great lady of the century. This *Cailliach mhor* (great woman), as her Sutherland peasantry termed her, had wit, wisdom, charity, and generosity. She had the noblest impulses, and her thoughts, words, and deeds only lacked the charm of simplicity to have rendered her adorable. No praise was really exaggerated when applied to Harriet Duchess of Sutherland, nor from her aunt could it well fail to be discriminating. Aunt and niece had, in truth, much in common. Both felt the *joie de vivre*, both had a preference for splendour, both had a turn for caricature, and both loved the society of distinguished people, while both carried to a vast extent what has been ironically termed their 'family worship.' Here is a sketch of the young Lady Gower in the heyday of the beauty which Lawrence has perpetuated, and which she preserved to within a few months of her death, in 1868:—

'I am quite delighted with Harriet. . . . She is in every way, size, health, mind, and character, such a fine creature. She behaves so beautifully, so attentive to Lord and Lady Stafford, and so devoted to him, her manner to every one so proper, and to crown all so infinitely more unpretending than she was before her pretensions were also more than gratified. I found her so handsome and blooming, a somewhat matronly woman, whom I should have pronounced to be about twenty-five [she was nineteen]. As to his happiness, I never saw anything like it, and his mind and manner have so improved under her influence. Lady Stafford quite worships her, and says that she has not a fault.'

The sixth duke of Devonshire, who was but a lad when his sister Lady Granville married, came to fill no insignificant part in her life. His house was always open to her, and she narrates with pleasure the tales of his magnificence, of his love of music, and of the princely manner in which he made London agreeable to foreigners. He certainly enriched English life by grafting upon it the tradition of his public-spirited generosity. The so-called 'beauties of Chatsworth' are undeniably beautiful, the more so that in Paxton the Duke found a man of real genius. And the day when 'democratic finance' shall have destroyed 'the stately homes of England,' and deprived the public of the free use of such parks, gardens, and picture galleries, will be, as regards the pleasure and the education of the democracy, a progress in the wrong direction. No figure was more typical or more

prominent than that of this princely Duke, and a study of Lady Granville's letters to him is worth making. They speak volumes, and are models of tact, grace, and womanly tenderness. Happy, under his circumstances, was the man who read lines like these:—

'My very dear Brother,—How happy you are in the power of being such a blessing to those about you. G. tells me you have been such a comfort to her, and everything to Mrs. Lamb. C. Ellis writes of the Duchess's [Elizabeth] family being so penetrated with a sense of your kindness. . . . I cannot let you forget me, and, therefore, with very little to say, I write. I thought you low at Middleton under the tree, my dearest brother, and feared you might mistake my silence for coldness. Believe me it is not indifferent to me to see you so, but you know I dare not venture upon subjects which might seem like a wish to extort the confidence which, very likely most wisely, you have decided not to bestow. How far it is necessary or right, you alone can know. Only be persuaded that affection, interests, sympathy, indulgence, all wait your bidding, as far as I am concerned. . . . The purpose of all this is to let you know that I am attached to you, interested in you, anxious about you under a mask of indifference worn under the belief that it is your wish it should be so.'

The other bright particular star in her sky was Lady Granville's sister-in-law, the Countess of Harrowby, the woman of whom Charles Greville said that 'she was superior to any woman he had ever known.' Nowhere were the Granvilles more happy than at Sandon; no cloud ever came to shadow their friendship, and it is evident that to Lady Harrowby, from whom she never had any concealments, Lady Granville owed valuable counsels and the happiest influences. She required these aids, for the year 1815 found Lady Granville a genuine power in English life. She was one at Tixal among such county neighbours as the Sneyds and Talbots, the Ansons, Cotes, Bagots, and Littletons, while she shone in London in the brilliant circles of Holland House and Devonshire House. This witty lady never missed the droll side of the situation: neither traits of character nor tricks of body escaped her.

'I will give you a sketch of us at dinner. Lord Carlisle, star-shining, lip-protruding, with a dish of his own, a sort of solid soup, by his side, which he offers to a chosen few. Next to him G., looking amiable, resigned, and very pretty. Lady Julia Howard by her side in a wreath of white roses, more rouge than ever, and innumerable jewels. Granville, very good tempered, between her and Lady Carlisle with a camellia japonica and a red pink in her cap, trying, like a busy bee, to extract conversation from us all by nodding and staring

at us. Doctor Jones by her side, fat, pale, and rather frightened when we ask him what weather we shall have, if it is unusually hot for this time of year, lest his answer should not agree with Lord C.'s sensations. . . . The little dinner at Devonshire House went off well, though my brother, Mr. Burrell, Granville, M. de Lieven, and Miss Merce. scarcely uttered. Hart was testy, and did not conceal it. Mr. Burrell fine. . . . Lord Aberdeen arrived this morning, and is very delightful. I acknowledge he looks beautiful, and there is something in the quiet enthusiasm of his manner and the total absence of frivolity in his tastes that is captivating. He does not like me at all, which makes this praise doubly flattering to him and generous from me.'

This verdict on the silent and conscientious Lord Aberdeen is as characteristic of the writer as was her frank, instant, and life-long appreciation of the Duke of Wellington. He did not belong to her side of politics, but she says of him, 'I quite love the Duke of Wellington. He is neither an agreeable man nor in my eyes a *héros de roman*, but he is the most unpretending, perfectly natural and amiable person I ever met with.' Here speaks the gentlewoman who, in a perverse and too luxurious society, preserved that sincere and high estimate of life and character which can only take its rise in the possession of a very real sense of duty.

The references to Lady Jersey all through these volumes are most diverting; indeed, had these letters remained unknown, posterity would not have been able to arrive at so good a likeness of 'Silence'—as it was the fashion to nickname the great Whig lady, who might, if she chose, have told strange 'tales out of school,' but whose lips remained discreetly closed about her royal friends. A Whig, and as such indoctrinated with the tenet that Queen Caroline was both a sorely injured and a grossly maligned woman, it was also part of her creed that the Queen was the idol of the people. Lady Granville was not prepared to agree with her, though her letters show the universal and painful anxiety which seized upon society, both previous to the trial before the Lords and during its course; in fact, till death had sundered the ill-assorted tie between George the Fourth and his wife. Society might well have been convulsed, for when the trial commenced the very loyalty of the Guards had come to be discussed:—

'Lady Bessborough, heaving with laughter, tells me no two women are in the same mind, except as to the extreme peril we are all in; but if there is an *idée dominante*, it is that the Queen will be carried through in triumph. . . . After I had written yesterday Mr. Greathead called, a wise old man and a Whig. He doubted the Guards, blamed

ministers, dreaded consequences, hipped me to death. It is with the utmost difficulty that they have persuaded Lord Castlereagh to leave his house and sleep at his office. There is to be a cordon of military, preventing the mob penetrating beyond Charing Cross on one side and Abingdon Street on the other. If the Guards are steady, nothing can be safer. There has been a sad *petitesse*. They have forbidden her going in by the royal entrance to the House of Lords. Urged by me, Lords Granville and Morley and Hart mean to get up when she enters. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. . . . Lady Harrowby says truth lies nowhere, not even in the bottom of a well. . . . I found Lady Jersey, her face all drawn into strong lines and fifteen years older. She takes on sadly about the Queen, and cries real tears all the time she is talking. Her Majesty is not so low. They say when she withdraws to the room prepared for her, she talks incessantly and bursts out into such intemperate fits of laughter that the people with her are in an agony lest she should be heard in the House. . . . Lady Conyngham is getting much abused, having been seen driving about in a carriage without arms, and the royal undress livery. The King is reported to be getting terribly nervous and irritable. The Lords are all tired and suffocated, and some ill.'

'Yesterday (October 7, 1820) was even triumphant for the Queen, "Viva Regina!" with accompaniment and a full band, Sir William and Keppel Craven—God help their souls—giving the most entire and cordial testimony in her favour, confuting much of the previous evidence against her. I dined at Cleveland House, Lord Stafford, like the noble Leonatus, *outré*, bursting with rage, for there is nothing else for it. The Archbishop sat on the other side of me. He looks upon the thing as over, and says it is better the Bill should be thrown out, with the moral conviction in the higher orders that she is guilty, than carried with the moral conviction in the lower orders that she is innocent. Very sensible, and my own view of the case. Mr. Wilmot is furious, and we suspect him of an early preparation to rat. Ministers are in a nice kettle of fish, to be sure.'

The excitement spread, as Lady Granville found, even into remote and rural districts:—

'I heard to-day from Mr. Wilmot. He says he had just questioned an apothecary, whom he crossed on his round of death, as to the change of any, produced on the Staffordshire minds by the evidence, and that he says it has produced a salutary one. But he also says he heard one countryman say to another: "Now, only listen to me. They wanted to give her 50,000*l.*, and she would not take it. Does not that prove she is a *virtuous* woman? Aye! God bless her, so it does." Then they shook hands, and drank porter upon the strength of it. . . . Miss Trimmer does not know where to shelter her morality, and her comments are for the most part groans. . . . Lord Holland says he is so tired of the subject that he shall go and live in Hatton Garden with the witnesses, who, it appears in their evidence, do not talk of the Queen. . . . December 20.—Lady Jersey sets netting and raving, and it sometimes comes across my mind that she will go out of hers.

Her countenance is become so stern and political that it affects her beauty. . . .

‘February 1821.—I have seen and heard a great deal, but everything is so mixed up in my head with a very bad cold that I doubt how much clear matter I can produce for your amusement. Mr. Wilmot dined with us. He went over the debates. You will see that the division on the Liturgy question has been better than expected, and it is thought that the Ministers will do, as it is called. The poor dear Duke of Wellington has put his foot in it, and the joke is “that the curtain will never be drawn over that farce.” The Whigs are supposed to have made two great mistakes, pressing the first division and bringing the Liturgy forward before the vote of censure. Their language is that Parliament and the nation are at issue, and that revolution must follow, the House of Commons persisting in supporting the present Government.’

This was undoubtedly the line taken up by the Queen’s friends, and Lord Brougham, in the remarkable article on the Trial which was printed in this Journal (April 1838), boldly says that dangerous manifestations were only averted ‘by the undoubting confidence of a favourable result,’ alarming as were those indications of rage and irritation which prevailed among the populace, and certainly extended also from the people to the troops forming the garrison of London. One tale is only good till another is told. Here are Lady Granville’s impressions :—

‘I give you joy of our being the most loyal nation in the world. You will have heard and seen in the papers how we doat upon the King. I witnessed his reception at Drury Lane, and never saw anything like it, all that lungs, hats, hands and handkerchiefs could do, in short. This, and the division of last night, make the Whigs look rather black. . . . Lady Morley came here for a moment on her way from Covent Garden, where the applause was as great as at Drury Lane. White silk flags waving from the gallery with “Long live George the Fourth” in gold letters upon them. She says his Majesty, though it was evidently painful to him on account of his stays, lay back in his chair in fits of laughing at Grimaldi’s jokes. York roared again. Clarence was dull, and did not twig them. Good-night, dearest, my eyes draw straws. Having given you this sketch of royalty, I go to bye-bye. . . . Johnny has been here. He dined yesterday with the Lambtons, Bennets, and Lord Grey, at Brandenburgh House. The Queen looked old and careworn. She asked him what he thought of the possibility of her name being restored to the Liturgy. He said “it ought to be.” “Well, I will tell you. I am *une espèce de sorcière*, and I know always all that shall happen. It will be restored in a very short time!” She says she shall not go to the theatres or any place of amusement, and that all that is befitting her in her present situation is to have courage and patience, and that she

thinks she has both. She complains very much of her health, and of the injurious effects of the climate on it.

'February 26.—The Queen is entirely forgotten. They have got up a thing at Drury Lane, all full of justice, innocence, spies and servants bribed to ruin their masters, but not a single hint was taken or applied. You will have heard of the Queen's humble letter to Lord Liverpool.'

The death of the unhappy cause of so much vexation came at length to allay the storm which she had raised, except so far as concerned the dismissal from the army of Sir Robert Wilson for having taken part in her funeral procession, and those speculations, which soon became rife, as to whether a sovereign who had recovered his freedom would remain a widower, or contract some new alliance fatal to Lady Conyngham's sway. Opinions differed as to the chances of a second marriage. Lady Granville never believed in the probability of it, first because the King was as much in love with Lady Conyngham as if he were a boy of fifteen; but secondly, and more especially, because 'he is somehow committed to a great deal of morality the next time.' Lady Carlisle and Lady Granville differed, it must be confessed, from many of their contemporaries in the way in which they associated with royal favourites. In fact, by the rank and file of London society they were not unfrequently reproached for a sacrifice of dignity in accepting to be of the *petit comité* of the King and Lady Conyngham.

With Lady Jersey our authoress had a life-long acquaintance, which was sometimes pretty cordial, and sometimes the reverse; but in Lady Granville's handling of this lady it is impossible not to discern an element of feminine jealousy. Report averred that in their early days, and when Sarah Villiers was, by reason of Mr. Child's fortune, the great heiress of her time, she had received and rejected the offer of Lord Granville's hand. With a spice of not unnatural malice the Ambassadors rather enjoyed putting Lady Jersey in her place. It was the fair Sarah's craze to be, at home and abroad, the one leader, the one exceptional woman of her time. It was also her firm conviction that all the sovereigns were in love with her, and by reason of these two assumptions a vein of innate vulgarity became apparent. When she came to Paris she must be here, there, and everywhere, and was, moreover, fairly exacting to her playfellows. Lady Granville asked her once, on the eve of her departure, whether she had enjoyed her stay in town, whereupon the spoilt child of fashion began to whimper, and complained that

‘she had been treated like any other countess.’ It was lucky it was no worse, for Lady Granville wrote:

‘I have had a very cross letter from Lady Jersey, and though I can’t abide her, I am sorry that her hats and pelisses don’t fit her. I know the cap that does!’

On another occasion when Lady Jersey was travelling, and threatened to make a halt in Paris, the ambassadress writes:—

‘Toll her that Herhault is dead, that the Jesuits have forbidden women to talk, that I am grown beautiful, that there is not a Whig in Paris, and anything you can to ward off from us this calamity. Leopold, the Duke of Clarence, and all the unseated members we are threatened with are jokes to it. I had rather tuck George the Fourth up in the yellow bed, and have a *sacre* every fortnight. It would be less of weariness and vexation of spirit. . . . Conceive my astonishment to find that when I had done more by Lady Jersey than by any person in Paris, and thought her more than satisfied, I found she was in a positive passion.’

However, *souvent femme varie*, and Lady Jersey’s moods were no exception to that rule.

‘Lady Jersey arrived last night in high good humour. She has made herself more ridiculous, my story apart, than I have words to say. Perhaps it is that being alone here, and people unused to her ways, her absurdities appear more prominent. Her great objects have been the Bourbons and Villèles. She sent to be received, and said she had been sent for to St. Cloud. This immediately stirred the blood of Mrs. Canning, who rested not till she discovered that the move had been made by the Countess. . . . She distressed Madame Appony next by insisting upon her calling with her on Madame de Villèle. Austria in vain remonstrated, asked if she knew her, told her that, Madame de Villèle having no day for reception at this time of year, it was only *les intimes* who went to her. “C’est égal, je veux la voir.” . . . What makes this more farcical is, that when she makes these *démarches* she goes about saying all these people have sent to beg to see her, which, as she is not here in an official capacity, causes universal astonishment. Another of her *ridicules* is to talk long and loud of her lonely and deserted situation here (Paris, 1826), and of her grief at being separated from *son mari et ses enfans*. “Pourquoi est-elle restée?” is repeatedly asked with perfect *bonhomie* on the part of the inquirers, and I on principle answer “Je ne sais pas.”

Lady Granville adds, in another place, that Lady Jersey, ‘who was really without a grain of feeling, always had a ‘quantity of imaginary grievances.’ She certainly was ill-advised when she imparted them to the shrewd ambassadress, but time can work wonders even among fine ladies.

Mr. Lamb said of 'these Cavendishes, they have at bottom 'a great deal of good sense,' and Lady Granville's amiability also carried the day, even in her intercourse with the exacting and once lovely Sarah, so the last time that she is referred to Lady Granville quietly adds, 'Lady Jersey' is a 'very good-natured old woman.'

Lady Granville could be grave as well as gay, and pass from lively to severe. Here are some of her thoughts:—

'Excitement is a short thing and marriage a long, and it is the unclouded ray that is wanted, even in the happiest union, to gild the inevitable hours of gloom, anxiety, and sadness. . . . I think her manner is too much of a manner, but her self-satisfaction is only the radiance which good humour and being easily and always pleased must give. . . . Another thing annoys me, the activity and energy of my proceedings, and the unwearied loss of time leave me no trace of usefulness or real good behind it. It is frivolous, eternally frivolous, and at fifty I shall be no better or wiser than I am now. At my age the head is not turned by incessant dissipation, but the time is filled and the result much the same. . . . Society is not the sort of puzzling maze it was to be on my first arrival in Paris. I do not think intimacy is either sought for or found here. Their object is to be amused and received. They are like children, clever, lively, troublesome children, without tact, without *suite*, noisy and rude, but if kept in order gay and animated, easily pleased, and rarely offended. I do not think them, as a nation, false or capricious, or that they are to be measured by the same rule as any other people upon earth. Their impressions are all uncommonly vivid, their expressions of affection, admiration or delight proportionally strong; you deceive yourself if you ever believe them, but then it is your own fault. . . . I am afraid that you *écoutez* all your pains and feel too much, which is in itself a disease and grows upon one like the hair on one's head! I wish you could force both your mind and body into more strong, active exercise. Study dissipation, anything but speculating upon blood and bile. For the last month I have found Latin exercises and great dinners drive away thick coming fancies, which, since my Susy's illness, have been at my elbow at every gleam of heat, sour bread, or unripe strawberry; but I have called to my aid every help from God and the world He has placed me in, to rescue me from this malady of the mind. I have a right to preach, for many a tough battle have I fought with nervous terrors, and well I know what dominion they might have exercised over me.'

It is now time for us to leave the family portraits and the intimate thoughts of Lord Granville's wife, and to come to the more public aspects of his life. Canning always trusted him, and always meant to place the Granvilles in Paris. As a sort of preliminary mission Lord Granville was accredited to the Hague in 1824. The voyage was made by

way of Brussels and Antwerp, to the Court of William I., King of the Netherlands. The new English ambassador, in spite of having lost his horses by stress of weather on the voyage, soon settled into life at the Hague :—

‘I delight in the *genre de vie* [Lady Granville had a provoking trick of using French phrases and words], for till five o’clock, our dinner hour, my day is entirely my own—no visits, no interruptions. I dine in my morning gown, with the Attached, who are all merry, obliging, and intelligent people. At six I dress; but nohow at all, and return to the *salon*, where the darling girls, both in high spirits, stay with us till the door opens. . . . This is a little *précis biographique* of the inhabitants of the Hague. You must figure them to yourself all dropping in between the hours of seven and ten. My comments are entirely between ourselves. Lady F. O. has been more kind and useful to me than I have words to say. She knows everybody, every shop, every royalty, and every drug. She seems excellent and amiable, bearing wretched health with exemplary patience; *but, but*, fatal word, and pray secret, she is tiresome, in a fever about trifles, and incessantly talking about nothing, with great confusion in her own ideas, and always taking hold of mine by the wrong end. Lady G., a vulgar manner, but good-natured and obliging, of great use to me. Lady Ormonde, a gentle woman who hates going out of her own house. Mrs. O., the clergyman’s wife, beautiful, like Miss Foote, but quite *nulle* in society. Mr. Chad, merry, intelligent, and devoted, the idol of the Hague, and a great addition to our little dinner diplomacy. (French) M. d’Agoult, a great puppy, despising everything but the Bourbons; his wife is *en couches*: I hear she is no loss. (Prussian) M. de Schlagen, a very agreeable gentlemanlike man, about fifty, receiving us like the dew from Heaven, glad to talk, and talking very well. (Russian) Two large carcasses, with orders, and tall daughters. Mdlle. Betsy rather pretty. A number of minor *envoyés*, who do nothing but bow and wear spectacles. (Dutch) The authorities of the town and their wives. What shall I say of them? Broad, respectable, matter of fact people, that can never offend or please one. M. Dédel, a very gentlemanlike man, talking English like us. . . . Granville has been to Court. They were gracious in the extreme, but a degree of form! He went in a coach and six, the *attachés* following in another, with an escort of cavalry, the whole, His Excellency excepted, looking very gingerbread. I go on Thursday. Then come three days of great representation, all Holland pouring in. Then three more days devoted to returning all these visits in the evening, with a cap under my chin, however. We may also say not at home of an evening, and for about three weeks there will be balls and little *réunions* to go to and dinners. . . . I am quite parched with talking, but I remember Lady Harrowby’s advice, and do not let myself go to any likes and dislikes, but, like the sun, rather a dim one by the way, I shine on all alike. Granville acquits himself *à ravir*, talks incessantly to the Dips., and bows them in and out and looks uncommonly well. . . . The Hague season is nearly over, and a ball

on Thursday is almost the winding up. The incomparable Dutch are *en retraite* during Easter week, and a fortnight before it. The first fortnight in May is, again, all frivolity, the fair in the Vorhoot, and balls every night. After that they all potter off to their *campagne*, wear stuff gowns, and sleep three in a bed till the autumn.'

Lady Granville divided her attention between the Dutch in society and the Dutch masters in the galleries, and hits off their realistic effects as happily as she does the likeness of her neighbours. After a list of notable pictures comes this entry:—

'Jan de Heem—and what though it be a lobster and a lemon, if the one looks just boiled and the other just cut? A Paul Potter—hideous, I think, but the connoisseurs *extasient* themselves over the cow and the ass and the goats and sheep climbing up a sandhill. Five or six Van de Weldes. You see them; rough seas and calm seas (don't you see too that I am bored to death with describing?), a man-of-war in the port of Amsterdam, and fishing boats at sunset. Last, not least, for it occupies one side of a large room, a dinner given by Capitaine Wits to the *bourgeoisie de la ville*, in commemoration of the peace of Münster. It is also in commemoration of the ugliness of the Dutch, all alive, all hideous; it is difficult to believe it is a picture. There is a portrait, also, by the same master, that one can only look at askance, for fear of distressing the gentleman. Now, just run over in your mind's eye Dutch boers smoking their pipes and playing cards on a barrel; women, like Lady Gordon, standing in an edifice hung round with mackerel and herrings, or piled with cabbages and bunches of carrots; ladies in rich white satin gowns; lovers, like Lord Nugent and Mr. Standish, serenading them on guitars; balustrades with a peacock and monkey on them, and red and green parrots in the trees; dead hares with bleeding necks, dead pheasants with ruffled feathers, bunches of grapes and over-ripe melons: and then let your sons-in-law twit me with never looking at a picture if they dare.'

The appointment to Paris marked the estimation in which Mr. Canning held the husband of this witty lady. Paris was not new to her. She had gone there in 1814, and again five weeks after Waterloo, when, in an incredibly short time, an equally incredible number of British grandees flocked to Paris to see with their eyes the stage on which that vast and varied drama had just been enacted which we call the ruin of Bonaparte and the Restoration of the Bourbons. Lady Granville had not then been favourably impressed. There was a universal poverty; foreign troops were in the Champs Elysées; the streets, which were neither paved nor lighted, were full of complaining; the king had just been brought back in a foreign *fourgon*; famine, revolution, war, and

military occupation after defeat—all lent an aspect of inevitable dreariness to the country, and indisposed the French towards the English, who were, as represented by the Duke of Wellington, virtually the conquerors of Paris. Lady Granville had then felt that the women were rude, cold, and impenetrable to her, so that life among them lacked charm. She returned to Paris, after nine years, in an official position. She had duties now that ensured her peace of mind, for her children's education preoccupied her, and her house was to become a centre for English visitors and sojourners. The diplomatic circle, of which she was so prominent a feature, numbered over thirty ambassadors, envoys, and diplomatic residents, to say nothing of inferior agents. No post could therefore have been more coveted, and Lady Granville, in spite of her occasional grumbles, enjoyed herself thoroughly.

'It seems to me as natural to visit all morning and go to *soirées* every night as if I had been a year at my post. I am absolutely baked into civility and perseverance. The Duchesse de Maillé came to me yesterday evening, and said, "Madame l'Ambassadrice, vous êtes une femme unique. Vous menez avec une grâce parfaite la vie du monde que vous détestez le plus. A vous voir on ne s'en douterait pas, et on vous en sait doublement gré." They have twigg'd me, Lady Morpeth, but little they'll heed if they see me drum on, and witness three balls and about a dozen *soirées* since I last wrote, *que je ne me décourage pas*. Yesterday morning Madame de Broglie came to me. Hart must not hate her. She is an angel. Think of a very beautiful, still young woman, quite as strict and good as the Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Money, without one shade of peculiarity, no cant, no humbug, passing half her life in Christian acts of charity and thoughts of piety, yet living in the world, going to theatres, admired and praised by everybody. She says that to persons of her way of thinking seclusion from the world is delightful, and above all self-indulgent; but she thinks it, as I do, injudicious, ostentatious, and cowardly. She says, and to see her is to believe her, that the flariness and *ennui* of the world, to one whose endeavour to combat vanity and to resist allurements of all kinds is sincere, is not to be described; but that in the midst of society, in a box at the theatre, she often feels as completely abstracted as when alone, as in her own room, and then has the comfort of feeling that she has disgusted and repelled no person who thinks differently upon such subjects, that she has not the support of singularity or the applause of the *exaltés*; but that her religion is a practice and a question only for the recesses of her heart. Now, dearest G., listen how Paris people talk of her. They rave of her beauty, but of her character they never talk of its cause, only of the effects. . . . I seize an idle moment, as a cat does a mouse. To-morrow we give a *grandissime* dinner. Here is how. The house all open, teeming with flowers. When we come out from dinner at 8 we shall find chairs on the terrace and steps, and the Duc de Gramont's band will strike up behind the orange trees all

in full bloom. Coffee at 9. The rooms all lit. . . . We have relapsed into dissipation by the arrival (July, 1825) of the Duke of Wellington. He is looking better than I have for ages seen him—thin, but with so much more health in his look and complexion. The Berrys are *coiffe*. Mary is really charming. She is *couleur de rose*, and more agreeable than I ever knew her. George Villiers arrived the day before yesterday. He is uncommonly agreeable, and yesterday we had a most charming little dinner with him, Mr. Frere, and the Ellises. To-day we have the above-mentioned to dinner, with Rumford, Berry, Sir Humphry Davy, Drummond, Dupin, Cuvier, Humboldt, Gérard, Wilkie, and Lord Dunlop.

It is not often that we meet guests as intellectual or as varied at Lady Granville's table, for her society was so exclusively fashionable that it generally excluded the persons best worth knowing. In London she habitually met Sydney Smith, Luttrell, and the literary lions of the time, but in Paris there was nothing of this, and it was supposed to be *de rigueur* in diplomatic society that the circle should not be enlarged. In that body there certainly were giants to be found. Pozzo di Borgo, Talleyrand, the two Pahlens, and Madame de Lieven were all incomparable, and with Madame Appony formed the nucleus of society for the whole civilised world; but, as a rule, Lady Granville saw little of the intellectual life of Paris or of France. The truth is that, accredited to a Bourbon Court, and surrounded by women who had an exorbitant consideration for rank, it could not fall to her lot to make friendships outside of the charmed circle. Circumstances forbade her knowing the distinguished men of the Liberal party, Lafitte, Kératry, Odilon-Barrot, Casimir Perier, Benjamin Constant, Pasquier, and Lafayette, while her acquaintance with Guizot never seems to have spread to Royer-Collard, or to Manuel, General Foy, Villmain, Cousin, and Duvergier de Hauranne. Even of the few men of letters whom she mentions she knew but little, and still less of Lamartine and of Victor Hugo at an era when their muse was distinctly royalist. Béranger was in opposition, but the white flag had rallied Désaugier, Ducis, Bonald, Walsh, Viollet-le-Duc, Silvestre de Sacy, and the two De Maistre. Chateaubriand was still a moral power, and a correspondent of Mr. Canning's, while the Royalist newspapers, like the *Journal des Débats*, had a marked superiority over the Radical press. In the world of art were to be found, as supporters of the Bourbons, Horace Vernet, Pradier, and Cherubini, who wrote the Coronation Mass of Charles X., to say nothing of Boieldieu, Grétry,

and many others, whom, even under a reactionary *régime*, Lady Granville, had she been less exclusive, might have gathered about her. They would have served to console her for the ill-suppressed impertinence of some of the French great 'adies, as well as for the fine and natural artlessness of their insincerity. One of those whom she never regarded with much sympathy might, however, have proved well worth her care, for since the Duchesse de Dino's correspondence with M. de Barante has been published it has shown at once the strength of her understanding and the richness of her sympathy. But the truth is that Frenchwomen and Englishwomen have very little in common, with only this difference between them—that whereas Englishwomen have sometimes tried to cultivate and understand their French neighbours, and have failed, the said neighbours but rarely trouble themselves even to make such an attempt. When Lady Granville's house and table were not filled by the resident or the passing English, she took refuge in the diplomatic body, and played her part at large official gatherings. Suddenly, into the middle of this life, with its accidental acquaintances and its round of gaiety, fell, like a thunderbolt, the death of Mr. Canning.

'Paris, August 1827.—I shall say nothing of what I feel, dearest sister. I found Granville in deep sorrow, but still sanguine, still hoping, because not to hope would be to despair. Yesterday morning Villèle sent the fatal intelligence. It is a calamity of so fearful a nature, the loss is so irreparable to his friends, to the world, it is impossible to look at its consequences or to define the changes it may bring, the happiness it destroys, the miseries it may entail, that one feels bewildered and crushed, as well as grieved. In sorrow and suspense I look forward. . . . To do right seems to me the only stimulus or object left. No motive but to honour his memory and promote his views can rouse any one to exertion. . . . Mr. Huskisson sets out to-morrow morning. . . . I trust that no minor grievances, no secondary considerations, will cloud the only consolation for Mr. Canning's friends.'

The writer seems to have had some presentiment that Mr. Huskisson might prove (though a good Minister for trade) a broken reed to lean on, and incapable of continuing the policy of the lost leader. There was a great deal of truth in what Brougham said of the great man whom she mourned, 'that more attachment was conceived for his memory by his family and his devoted personal friends than by his most staunch political adherents.' He certainly was the delight of his family, in which he

had placed his own happiness, and it is equally true that a man who had spent the most vigorous and active part of his life in opposing reform did imperil the support of many when he began to distinguish between the reforms which he felt to be necessary, and revolution, against which he ever protested. The course of his later policy had been liberal on all subjects, except on the contemplated change in the franchise. With regard to foreign affairs he had been successful, and his death came as a shock to foreign statesmen. To his own coterie it was a great blow. The Granvilles followed the subsequent changes with an interest all the more intense because Lord Carlisle formed a part of the Goderich administration on which so many hopes were built. The mantle of Canning was supposed to have fallen on Mr. Huskisson, but so far was he from being able to hold together moderate Tories and equally moderate Whigs, that he speedily withdrew owing to a misunderstanding between himself and the Duke of Wellington:—

‘I beseech you to write and tell me what is thought and said; if the Whigs and Huskissonians meditate strong opposition, and how opinion in general inclines. There is a letter from Lord Jersey, saying he cannot see how such a Government is to last.’

But greater changes were at hand:—

‘The courier (June 20, 1828) brought no letter to Granville from Lord Aberdeen, therefore the official announcement of Lord Stuart’s appointment has not yet been made. . . . But I have done with politics. Mr. Canning is forgotten, and honest men must look on with everything but surprise at anything that may happen. We dine at a great hot dinner at Pozzo’s. . . . Granville is very sorry, but sorry like an honest, noble-minded man: no repining, no irritation. He stands, by his own conduct, without one shade of bitterness or unfairness. In short, I think more highly of him than of any human being—happiness enough for any woman.’

Arrived in London, the correspondence with Lady Granville’s family naturally becomes intermittent, but there is enough to perpetuate sketches of Reform Bill riots and of the advent in London society of her French acquaintances whose position became painfully altered by the revolution which sent them and their sovereign into exile.

The year 1831 began under new auspices. Lord Granville was reappointed to Paris, and thither, in the highest spirits, and with the best hopes of happiness, our ambassadress wended her way, to a city where nothing but triumphs now

awaited her. The relations between the two countries were cordial, and the English were to become the fashion :—

‘Paris is Paris still, *malgré les retraites, les absences, les bouderies, et les résistances*; it swarms with English, and the French are rising from their ashes every day. Yesterday, at two, I went to the Palais Royal. I found the Queen, the Duke of Orleans, two Princesses, three *dames* and one man, most amiable, most kind, most gracious. They talked of everything, of the difficulties of the times, and, *surtout*, France. I think their great wish is to pursue the late firm though very moderate course the King has taken, to restore the tone of society by degrees, to promote a return to amusement, hats, and flowers. *Les boudeuses*, you must know, do not go out, and dress like beggars. . . . We like Paris better every day. I have just come from a dinner given to the English Embassy. Perhaps the Queen may like you [the Duke of Devonshire] to read to her the following sketch of Paris this moment in regard to society and the Court. Most of those absent from Paris, who have quite retired into the country, are personal and devoted friends of the ex-royal family, such as d’Escars, Chastelux, Damas, Narbonne. Here there are two different parties into which, though there are many shades, society divides itself. Those who go to the Palais Royal, who support the present state of things *chaudement*, who were all ready to rush to Court in the first stormy days. These are called *les dames du mouvement*: Madames de Vaudemont, de Boigne, de Montmorency, de Valmeny, and de Laborde. On the other hand are *les dames de la résistance*. Amongst these last almost all the Faubourg Saint-Germain: Madame Girardin, violent; Madame de Maillé and others, almost ruined; Madame de Jumilhac; the Noailles; Madame Théodore de Bauffremont, daughter of the Duchesse de Montmorency. These last are expected. “*Elles portent le deuil: cela ne durera pas; c’est un très petit deuil.*” All wish for peace. All the sound-headed and right-hearted pine for order, all love and respect the present royal family, and all condemn Charles X. and Polignac. There is a third class: *les dames de l’attente*. They are said to be only watching the weather. The Queen here is adorable and adored.

‘I am expecting Appony every moment. Pozzo has just received his letters of credence. Baronne Delmar is the great thing; her concerts charming. Madame de Flahaut, the other great thing, with *soirées*, and the few French who show. We have been at a forty dinner at Pozzo’s. Lord and Lady William Russell have arrived. She is really beautiful, grown into a very large woman, brighter and clearer than anything I ever saw.”

At this stormy period, when the society of Paris was torn by another revolution into contending and irreconcilable factions, it fell to the lot of Lady Granville to establish over all of them a pacific, if not a healing, influence, which was alike acknowledged by Royalists and by Orleanists, by the men and women of the past and by the men and women

of the new era, and to convert the British Embassy into a neutral territory, where even the fiercest antagonists met and laid aside their arms. This surprising result is the best evidence of the charm of Lady Granville's manners and character. It was due to the stately graciousness with which she played the part of a hostess, but still more to the kindliness and toleration which she extended alike to the greatest and the humblest who entered her doors. Her *salon* had not the dryness and stiffness of an official reception. Something of the tenderness and affection which Lady Granville felt for her nearest relations and intimate friends penetrated beyond that narrow circle. Something of the wit and gaiety which lay below the surface sparkled into light. The supreme tact which enabled her to blend so many discordant elements gave to the society over which she presided a sense of unity not to be found elsewhere, and everyone felt that the tie which attracted and combined them all lay in the quiet ascendancy of the ambassadress herself.

Of all the persons in the astonishing gallery of European celebrities which Lady Granville's letters open to us, no one gains more than the Princess de Lieven. Her correspondence with Lord Grey has recently revived a literary interest in the career of Christine de Benkendorf. Born in Riga in the winter of 1785, her father was Governor-General of Livonia, while her mother was a German, Schelling von Canstadt, from Würtemberg. In 1800, and when barely fifteen years of age, her sovereign, the Empress Marie, wife of Paul I., married her to Count Christopher de Lieven, whom Paul regarded with favour, and who was already a major-general. Till 1810, their home was in St. Petersburg, but in that year Alexander sent the Lievens to Berlin. They remained there only two years because they were transferred to London, to commence that career of diplomacy which the tact, accomplishments, and ability of the woman must have rendered so much more easy to the man. Her reputation became world-wide. The Duke of Wellington, Mr. Canning, Lord Harrowby, Lord Grey, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Castlereagh were her friends, while the diplomatic body, Metternich, Esterhazy, Pozzo di Borgo, and Falk, were among her correspondents. Lady Granville and Christine de Lieven met in Paris, as in London, on common ground, and exchanged a thousand good offices. The title of princess was given to her in 1826, by Emperor Nicholas, who treated her ever as an exceptional person, and one to

whom he owed a great deal. Restless and intelligent, she regretted her departure from England in 1834, but the death of her two sons shut her off for a time from all her favourite occupations, from intellectual pleasures, and the active exercises of life. Out of the torpor of her grief the society of M. Guizot first roused her. Her greatest friends were the Duc de Broglie and the Duchesse de Dino, and after them Lady Granville. Perhaps because of her long acquaintance with England and its best men, perhaps because of her Protestant creed, perhaps because the *salon* of the Princess ever excluded the purely democratic party, there reigned more sympathy between this gifted cosmopolitan stranger and our ambassadress than Lady Granville, either rightly or wrongly, ever arrived at cementing with any Frenchwoman.

As time went on life in Paris did not become less pleasant and captivating to this English ambassadress who had and who deserved to have so many friends, but the mother's attention became more and more absorbed by the marriages of her children. These letters reflect all her anxiety and all her satisfaction in the marriage of her adored 'Susie' to Lord Rivers. Then we have 'Susie's' confinement and recovery, both suggesting to the older woman touching thoughts of entire submission to the Will that controls the issues of life and death. Then in the same year comes the marriage of Lady Georgina to Mr. Fullerton, and notices of the success of 'Ellen Middleton,' the first of many charming books from Lady Georgina's pen. Finally, we have in 1840, the marriage of her eldest son to the fascinating widow of Sir Richard Acton. This lady, *née* Dalberg, satisfied even the exacting heart and the fastidious requirements of her mother-in-law. Time and chance happen to everyone, and in 1840, Lord Granville's post in Paris, which had long been very pleasant, became an anxious one. The two countries seemed to be on the verge of war, and if peace was maintained it was, said Mr. Charles Greville, thanks to the exertions and to the personal qualities of Lord Granville. But fast on these grave perplexities, perhaps even on account of them, came loss of health, and in 1841, he resigned his post in Paris. It was in the autumn of 1841 after a general election which had resulted in the triumph of the Tories. Lord Granville was not likely therefore to receive any appointment, nor was he at all likely to accept one. His health recovered so far as to allow him to live in England, and it was very characteris-

tic of his wife that she was distracted between her wish to procure for him the amusement of society and her fear of his over-exerting himself in it. His death occurred in 1846. We will now let Mr. F. Leveson Gower speak for himself in describing the close of his mother's life:—

‘My mother survived him fifteen years, and lived during her widowhood in complete retirement, seeing scarcely any one but her children, her brother, and her sister's children. She especially dreaded meeting those whom she had known in happier years. Her immediate relations were always delighted to be with her. Her sympathetic nature, and the gift she had of investing with amusement all the small incidents of life, made her society always most delightful. The last four years of her life she resided at Chiswick House, which had been left to her by her brother. She read a great deal, and devoted much of her time to charity, one of her principal amusements being to invent a variety of articles which were sold for the benefit of her poor. One year she wished to sell the camellias in the hothouses in order to devote the proceeds in charity, but she had some misgivings whether she was justified in doing so. No one raising any objection, she wrote in delight to a friend, “Dear me, how rich my poor will be!” She died in November, 1862. Her loss to her children is irreparable, and she was regretted by many who had not seen her for years, but who retained a loving remembrance of her in her brilliant days.’

With these expressions of filial piety the editor of these volumes concludes his task. He has executed it with courage and independence, and we are indebted to him for a genuine portrait of one of the most distinguished women of her time, and for a comprehensive survey of society in the most brilliant period of the nineteenth century.

ART. XI.—1. *Address by the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, M.P., to the Members of the Nonconformist Unionist Association, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. The Times, June 22, 1894.*

2. *Speech of the Right Honourable William Harcourt, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, introducing the Budget, on April 16, 1894. Hansard's Debates.*

3. *Speech of the Duke of Devonshire at Buxton. The Times, June 14, 1894.*

Is it possible, with the public mind in a condition of profound tranquillity, to carry through a Revolution? Is it possible, in a country such as ours, that a revolution should be successfully led by leaders who are kindled with no spark of enthusiasm for the changes which they advocate, whom even their most faithful followers can hardly believe to be in serious earnest? Were it always wise to judge the present by the experience of the past, there would be no difficulty about the answer to be given to these questions. Hitherto in English experience sweeping changes, 'going deep down into the Constitution,' have been accomplished only when some feeling—religious, patriotic, or democratic—has strongly possessed the public mind and conscience, and when leaders, who were great men, and men not merely admired, but trusted and venerated by the people, have placed themselves at the head of the national movement.

Mr. Gladstone's method of advocating the Home Rule cause introduced a new procedure into British politics. It was not attempted to argue the new policy on its merits, to develop it, to meet with argument the criticisms of his opponents, which were, after all, but his own arguments of the day before. The widest distinction was drawn between opinions and votes, and the strongest supporters of Gladstonianism were sought for and found amongst Welsh and Scotch and English Dissenters, amongst Highland Crofters and temperance fanatics, none of whom cared, or professed to care, one jot for the great measure which is to base upon new foundations the Constitution of the British Isles. The ostentatious disregard of educated public opinion, and the shameless seeking for Home Rule votes on any and every ground other than that of a belief in Home Rule itself, have been special characteristics of the Home Rule movement. Even in Ireland, where many Englishmen believed that Mr.

Gladstone's policy had deeply stirred the masses, the absence of all popular indignation, almost amounting to a feeling of relief, on the rejection of his Bill by the House of Lords was most striking, for it showed that it was amongst Irish politicians, and not with the Irish people themselves, that Home Rule alone found enthusiastic support.

It is the curious combination of incongruous elements that renders the political situation of the day so absolutely unique—the condition of the public mind, the character and the conduct of the advisers of the Queen, the revolutionary programme. The situation assuredly has its ludicrous side. He must be a very bitter political opponent indeed who sees either in the personality of the Prime Minister or of his principal colleagues qualities of a dangerously inflammatory kind. Statesmen who are themselves without enthusiasm are naturally incapable of kindling it in others. The brilliant humour, the easy wit of Lord Rosebery give a touch of lightness to a Cabinet in which a somewhat sombre political colouring prevails. No one has ever suspected Lords Kimberley, Spencer, and Herschell, for example, in the one House, of any extravagantly burning zeal in favour of even the most moderate reforms: 'Safer men,' in the opinion of 'the Man in the Street,' it would probably be difficult to find. The zeal of Messrs. Asquith, Fowler, and Bryce, again, in the other House, has consisted in the fierceness with which they have agreed with Mr. Gladstone rather than in any consuming devotion to extreme or advanced measures. Perhaps the shrill platform speeches of Mr. Morley may convey some feeling of terror to exceptionally nervous constitutions, though most certainly the sentiment they usually evoke amongst men is one of profound regret that gifts which would have done honour to a professorial chair should have been prostituted to the lower purposes of the party stump. It would, on the whole, be difficult in the past to find a Cabinet whose members had in their previous careers done so little to establish a character for statesmanship—so little to earn the confidence of the public.

Fate, nevertheless, has decreed that these quiet gentlemen, the advisers of the Queen and professed leaders of the people, should in these tranquil times of ours put themselves at the head of a revolution! A sense of responsibility attaching to high place in the councils of the State must, one would imagine, have a steadying effect upon the most self-seeking, the least serious, the most frivolous of politicians. Yet upon what business do we find these sober statesmen who sur-

round the Queen's throne engaged? Lord Rosebery has taken over the stock-in-trade of a Minister who had appealed to 'the masses,' and Lord Rosebery and his colleagues know that they are nothing if they are not believed to be democratic. Hence the unedifying spectacle presented of a Ministry straining every nerve, but labouring as yet with far more perseverance than success, to provoke class antagonism, to stir up popular passion, and to persuade a naturally long-headed and practical people to forsake their old ways and to tread the doubtful paths of political revolution.

In the past the Queen's Ministers have been statesmen in a wider sense than belongs to the mere holding of great offices of State. In the present these high officials are serving Crown and country by promoting, amongst others, the following changes in the Constitution: Repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland; establishment of a separate Parliament for Scotland; * disestablishment and disendowment of four dioceses of the Church of England; disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Scotland; abolition of the legislative authority of the House of Lords; the restoration at the public expense and in the discretion of arbitrators of Irish tenants evicted since 1879 for non-payment of rent; making into paid offices all the seats in the House of Commons. In order, perhaps, that these projects may have a little time to ripen, they have devoted a session to the introduction of a quite new principle of taxation into our financial system, without apparently taking the least trouble to think out its consequences, further than in calculating its effect in rendering a budget 'popular.' As 'democrats' they have used every endeavour to set the two branches of the Legislature in mutual antagonism, and, where differences have arisen, to prevent conciliation and agreement. We are governed by a Ministry of the masses; and yet the only statesman who had it in him to stir the masses has withdrawn into private life. The situation is certainly a strange one!

Is the Ministry in earnest? Do they propose to carry their projects into law? Can they carry them into law without having at their backs an overwhelmingly strong public opinion? It is here, however, that we are struck with the change that has come over our modern English politics

* The House of Commons, led by the Cabinet Minister responsible for Scotch affairs, has passed a resolution in favour of this.

in the evident waning of the authority of instructed public opinion. Neither the Cabinet nor the House of Commons responds as in former days to this opinion; neither the one nor the other appears to set any value upon the respect in which it is held. In the last two years there has developed amongst us in an extraordinary degree the power of party organisations, the power of the political machine. Organisation, wirepulling, caucus-mongering, are the methods by which votes are to be obtained. The Press, great as is its power over opinion, certainly wields less authority than formerly over votes. Moreover, the Press is itself in danger, by losing its independence, of becoming absolutely subject to the party machinery. Baronetcies and knighthoods have become the recognised rewards of party service in the Press, almost as much as of the services of the party hack in the House of Commons. Ten years ago no Ministry that had seriously proposed to give Ireland an exclusively Irish Parliament, and at the same time to retain eighty Irishmen in the House of Commons to govern England, could have survived for a week. Inextinguishable laughter would have overwhelmed it. With the party machine in the ascendant ridicule has lost its power. During the present session the House of Commons, in a three hours' debate led by the Cabinet Minister responsible for Scottish affairs, resolved in favour of the repeal of the main article of the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland, that which provides for the whole of Great Britain a single Parliament. We venture to say that nine out of every ten educated Englishmen and Scotchmen regarded this action of the House of Commons with contempt. And yet this is the body to which, absolutely without check, party leaders would intrust the destinies of the country!

It is in the substitution of the power of the machine for the power of public opinion that the explanation of the action of the Ministry is to be found. Mr. Gladstone indeed appealed directly to the masses. His successors, without the gifts which stir men, have recourse to the machine. The Prime Minister invites the caucus to tell him what to do about the House of Lords. The Conference at Leeds proposes the abolition of its legislative power, and this sage advice Mr. John Morley, with eulogistic phrases, promises 'shall receive from the Cabinet the consideration which the 'gravity of the demand requires.'* In the meantime the

* Speech of the Right Hon. J. Morley, M.P., at Rotherham, June 27, 1894.

Conference at Leeds is evidently treated by public opinion with precisely the 'consideration it deserves.' The 'gravity' with which the demand was preferred was exemplified in the weighty words of those solemn statesmen Mr. Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson! If it were not for Mr. Morley's own 'gravity' we should fancy he was laughing at the whole thing himself.

We repeat, that so far at least as we can read the signs of the times, the British Public is not at the present moment in a revolutionary frame of mind. The Cabinet, since Mr. Gladstone left it, is a Cabinet of survivals, a Ministry of Gladstonians without Mr. Gladstone. Not one of them has any real personal attraction for 'the masses.' They are Home Rulers who have dropped Home Rule; they are democrats who feared to appeal upon their own much-vaunted measure to the people against the House of Lords. They are individually for the most part moderate men. They seek, however, inspiration for their policy from mere electioneering agencies. And the advice they receive is to satisfy the wishes of every little group¹ of faddists capable of raising a finger against them. The height of absurdity is now reached. Political machinery in the eyes of party leaders has supplanted public opinion, and the people, without wanting it, is to receive from a Minister without convictions a brand-new machine-made Constitution!

It is a relief to turn from the electioneering harangues of Mr. Morley and his colleagues to the thoughtful address given last month by Mr. Balfour to the Nonconformist Unionist Association. A change has come over men's opinion since the days of John Stuart Mill. A quarter of a century ago, as Mr. Balfour correctly calls to mind, Mill was the prophet at whose feet sat the thinking portion of the Cambridge undergraduate world. He taught that on the whole it was to the individual rather than to the community that men must look for social progress. At the present time individualism is out of fashion;

'and if you were to go and ask precisely the same class of young man amongst intelligent University students what his views were, you would probably find that he held a creed far vaguer in outline, far less precise, but nevertheless, as far as one can determine its elements, profoundly different. He would not probably call himself a socialist and probably he would not be a socialist, but he would admit that he had great socialist leanings, and that he looked forward to great social reforms carried out by the action of the Government, or, in other words, by the community acting as a unit rather than the community acting in its individual capacity.'

Will socialism, then, be adopted in England? Mr. Balfour says no. In the first place because such a wholesale change of the whole social condition cannot come suddenly from within society itself. In the second place it cannot come gradually, for the experiments with which it must begin will inevitably end in disaster; and by experience we shall learn. Assuredly the nature of Englishmen must undergo a complete change before English life can be fitted into a socialistic frame.

Nevertheless Mr. Balfour holds, and most men will agree with him, that 'there are a large number of things which the community can only do in its collective capacity, which it ought to do, and which it can do with perfect safety.'

The Leader of the Opposition concluded his address with a well-timed warning against that statesmanship (if so it can be called) which waits for the whole of its inspiration on 'the voice of the people.'

'That is a phrase which sounds well, but, believe me, it is perfectly meaningless. If the leaders of the Gladstonian party refuse to lead that party, do not suppose that the members composing that party will take their place. The democracy must be led by some one, and if it is not led by leaders it will be led by the wirepullers. By leaders, do not suppose I restrict the term to those who, by the necessities of their profession, sit day after day in the House of Commons wrangling over the details of this Bill and that Bill. I mean more than that. I mean all those—and I appeal to every man and woman in this room—who have it in their power to make public opinion. They are the leaders. Upon them is thrown the responsibility of forming such a public opinion as will indeed be the guide of practical statesmen, and will indeed help those who are intrusted in the last resort with the management of the affairs of their country to manage those affairs with honour and success.'

The strong personal individuality that used to distinguish so many members of Liberal Ministries in past, but quite recent, times seems to have disappeared. Before a man was called to high office he generally had established for himself some parliamentary reputation. The public knew him, and his taking office was some sort of security to them for the general tendencies of Government action. There were others, of course, who, unknown to the public, owed their more rapid advancement to the high opinions formed of their characters and abilities by the Prime Minister and his chief advisers. When we think of such men as Lord Hartington and Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Courtney—most of all, when we call to mind those statesmen who presided over

Liberal Ministries—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston—and then turn to Lord Rosebery and to Lord Rosebery's colleagues, we cannot but be struck by the change. The present Prime Minister has never been a power in Parliament. He has never had the opportunity of distinguishing himself as a great administrator. And hitherto qualifications of the one kind or the other have been deemed indispensable to the chief advisers of the Crown. Still, such was the condition in which the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone left his followers that the probable alternative to the premiership of Lord Rosebery was a break up of the Ministry. Lord Rosebery's qualifications were not of a high order, but at all events he possessed qualifications not possessed by any of his colleagues.

Let us glance for a moment at matters outside the United Kingdom.

The adherents of Lord Rosebery have hitherto assured the public that his administration of foreign affairs during 1886 proved his possession of qualities belonging to the higher order of statesmanship. It is true that for five months of that year he was moderately successful in carrying on the policy which, for the previous five years, Lord Salisbury had pursued to the general satisfaction of Englishmen. It is true that, since his return to office in 1892, he has shown himself inclined to repudiate the timid counsels which Mr. Gladstone in the days of the Newcastle Programme seemed to claim as the policy of the Liberal Party. What, however, he has actually achieved in that field of politics where his special strength is said to lie, it is by no means easy to discover. The House of Commons has not as yet been allowed to discuss the action of the Foreign Office and of the Government in reference to Siam, nor in the still more recent negotiations with the Congo State. The papers have not yet been presented to Parliament, and are not likely to be presented till the Session has actually or virtually closed.

The public know no more than that in the one case our relations with France have been strained almost to the breaking point, and that in the other not France alone, but Germany and other Powers as well, have remonstrated to such good purpose that our Foreign Office has given way and abandoned its project. Lord Rosebery and Lord Kimberley and the Foreign Office were, it has been explained, in ignorance of the negotiations that took place between Germany and Great Britain four or five years ago as to the frontiers of

the territory of the former Power and the Congo State! The explanation throws great discredit on the management of our foreign affairs. The recent action of our Government cannot be adequately discussed till the official papers have thrown light upon much which is now obscure; but one observation at least is called for. Whatever value may be supposed to attach to the acquisition of a formal right of way from one British 'sphere of influence' to another, or even to the possession of a continuous wire from Cape Town to Alexandria, a still higher value attaches to our own good name for straightforward dealing amongst the nations. It is only natural that foreign nations should be less ready than Englishmen to attribute to the incompetent blundering of a Minister or department what necessarily at first sight looks so like an attempt to steal a march upon our own friends and good allies. Information having been studiously withheld from Parliament on this disgraceful transaction, the country is not aware of its extreme importance, and even dangerous consequences. Meanwhile the worst construction has been placed on the conduct of the British Government by foreign nations. We are accused of a design to extend British occupation throughout the Valley of the Upper Nile, to violate the formal conditions of the Berlin agreement of 1884 with the other Powers, and to rob Egypt of a territory in Equatorial Africa, which was occupied by her troops long after the fall of Khartoum, and which certainly does not belong to this country. These extravagant charges are, we doubt not, unfounded, though such measures have been advocated in the press, by the fanatical promoters of African extension; but they should have been publicly and peremptorily denied by Lord Rosebery, without a moment's delay; yet Lord Rosebery has remained silent, feeling perhaps the embarrassing position in which the Government is placed on this question.

The assassination of President Carnot has sent through our own countrymen a thrill of sympathy with the French people. The Head of the State falls a sudden victim at the hands of an enemy—not a private enemy, not in an especial degree an enemy of France, nor of the French system of government; but an enemy of all government, of all law, of society in general. Owing to the peculiarities of the French Constitution, the State is left for an interval without a head at all. '*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi,*' has no application in France. And the news of the catastrophe at Lyons is published in England on the very day of the announcement of

the birth in direct male descent of a great-grandson of the Queen! The prompt election of M. Casimir-Perier to the Presidency of the French Republic and the tranquil demeanour of the French people are signs of the stability which their system of government has now acquired. The expression of the sympathetic goodwill of England towards France in her great misfortune cannot fail to evoke in France equal goodwill, and it is to the mutuality of good feeling between the two nations that we must look to prevent the natural rivalry between them assuming the character of national hostility.

Neither as regards Siam, nor as regards the Congo State negotiations, nor as regards Uganda, have we as yet seen any evidence that the foreign relations of the country are conducted with statesmanlike foresight and firmness. On turning to India, matters seem far worse, for there the conclusion is unavoidable that the interests of that country have been sacrificed to the necessities of propitiating the class interests of certain English constituencies. No great statesman would remain Secretary for India for a single day on the terms of being overruled on highest matters of Indian policy; and overruled in order that electioneering interests in England may be served. There is no Mr. Fawcett now in the House of Commons to advocate the cause of India. When a few years ago a Parsee gentleman was elected for a London constituency, there was a great flourish of trumpets in the Gladstonian Press. It was asserted that the interests of our Indian fellow-subjects had at last found an advocate. Yet never before have the interests of India been so entirely subjected to party necessities at home, and no voice of protestation is raised in the House of Commons. It is bad enough to make electioneering the sole standard of statesmanship in our domestic affairs; but Heaven forefend that an attempt should be made to govern the Indian Empire on similar principles. The appointment of the roving Opium Commission (which is afraid to publish its own report) was dictated by a few ignorant faddists in this country; and the refusal of the India Office to allow a moderate revenue duty to be imposed on British fabrics for the much-needed relief of the Indian Treasury was a mischievous and unjust interference with the fiscal interests of India. We fear that these highly impolitic measures have made an impression which will not easily be effaced.

Let us now inquire what claim the Ministry of the masses has established to the confidence of the nation in its dealing

with the National Finance. The steady developement of certain tendencies in the House of Commons is of more importance perhaps than the idiosyncrasies of particular Chancellors of the Exchequer, and assuredly there is much in the modern treatment of our National Finance by the House of Commons to cause men to ponder. In this present generation the relations between Parliament and the people, between the taxers and the taxed, have undergone great modifications; whilst at the same time great changes have come over public opinion as to the functions which Government, either in its Imperial or in its local aspect, is expected to perform. If in the one character or the other 'the State' is called in to undertake duties never attempted before, not only directly to manage such matters as education and sanitation, but also to inspect and to regulate almost every great industry and commerce for the protection of those taking part in them, whether it be mining, shipping, factory, or otherwise, it is of course inevitable that our national and our local expenditure—that is, our national and local taxes—should steadily grow. The danger to the economical management of our affairs consists in the popularity attaching under modern conditions to a policy of spending. The same influences which are felt in the House of Commons largely sway our local representative authorities. As our National Debt is reduced the local indebtedness of the country grows. The rate collector is a more formidable personage than the Imperial tax-gatherer; and no statesman, in the present state of affairs, can be considered a great financial reformer who is incapable of treating together both branches, Imperial and local, of our public expenditure, and adjusting for the general benefit of his fellow-citizens the whole of the public burdens imposed upon them.

It is this popularity of spending which causes so much uneasiness amongst thinking men. In the London County Council—standing, of course, first amongst our local representative bodies—it is very evident that all popular pressure is in that direction. The desire that the County Council of London should get its necessary work performed economically is not nearly so strong as the desire that it should pay on the most generous scale every one who is employed on its behalf. The organisations of the trades unions representing labour—that is, those who receive—speak politically with a more powerful voice than the grumbling but inert and undisciplined mass of Londoners, who mainly pay. As Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, there is a risk in very

democratic institutions of the general public becoming the mere slave of a highly organised minority, which makes use, for its own selfish purposes, of the machinery of government.

On this occasion, however, we wish to deal with Imperial finance and with the House of Commons; and we invite our readers to reflect that in not one of the many groups into which that House is divided, that in not one of the many 'platforms' which statesmen and caucuses are constantly constructing, is the cause of national economy upheld. This is not as it was in the days when the sturdiest economists were grouped together below the gangway, and when the watchword of 'Retrenchment' was found side by side with reform on the banners of the popular party of the nation.

Sir William Harcourt, in introducing this year's Budget, told the House of Commons that, notwithstanding the large decrease in the sums required to pay the National Debt, the expenditure of the country had increased during the last twenty years by twenty-three millions. The chief heads of the increase are in naval and military expenditure, in education, and in the large subsidy out of Imperial revenue in aid of the multifarious demands of local government. Yet during the last quarter of a century Parliament has been steadily limiting the resources from which the revenue springs. Though expenditure is highly popular, taxation with those who pay it is no more popular than heretofore. Parliament is, however, far less than formerly controlled by those who feel the pinch of taxation, and far more than formerly is it sensitive to the opinion of classes who apparently have more to gain than to lose by an increase of expenditure.

Assuredly our Chancellors of the Exchequer have time after time, in deed or in intention, sacrificed the future interests of the country to considerations of the merest temporary expediency. It was not necessary, in order to vindicate the free-trade orthodoxy of Mr. Gladstone's Government, that Mr. Lowe should have repealed the surviving shilling duty on corn, a tax which practically injured no one appreciably, and might have become a source of national profit. Is there to-day a single statesman on either side of politics who does not think that had Mr. Gladstone succeeded in 1874 in abolishing the income tax he would have rendered the greatest disservice to the State? Sir Stafford Northcote showed more of the foresight of a statesman in reducing the income tax to 2*d.*; but he, with a desire no doubt to approximate to 'a free breakfast table,' went on to abolish entirely

the duty on sugar, which if maintained at a very low rate would still have brought in revenue, and might, if occasion had arisen, have proved an element of strength in the financial position of the country. New taxes, as a general rule, a modern House of Commons will not face. Witness the fate of Mr. Lowe's match tax and Mr. Goschen's wheel and van tax. To increase an existing tax is a far simpler matter. The machinery is there. And if these existing taxes affect only those more select classes of the community who cannot defend themselves by that all-powerful weapon of the present day popular agitation, Parliament will hardly trouble itself to insist upon considerations of mere justice in the present, or on the interest of our national finance in the future.

When Mr. Gladstone proposed to abolish the income tax was he acting in the character of one of the greatest masters of finance that English statesmanship has produced, or was he, as a mere party electioneerer, making a bid—and a mistaken bid—for popular support? It is certain, at all events, that the lessons taught by his unsuccessful electioneering are better remembered than his financial teaching. With the electorate since 1867, and *à fortiori* since 1884, the income tax is not unpopular. 'The masses' are largely exempt from its burdens. It is 'the classes' upon whom it weighs! This, then, is the key to the problem with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to deal. Public opinion and Parliament insist upon increased expenditure. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has, therefore, to raise additional revenue by increased taxation. But taxes remain unpopular with those who pay them. There can be but one solution for the 'ministry of the masses'—viz. 'tax the classes.' Leave alone—no, diminish even in a year of deficit—taxes upon the many; pile them up upon the few! Statesmanship consists in electioneering. It is almost shamelessly avowed. Let us think, then, of the moment only. Let us shape our finance so as to satisfy the wire-pullers of the caucus, the professional orators of the platform. In old days it was only when times were prosperous, when there was a surplus, that a Budget could be popular. We have changed all that. To spend is popular. To tax is popular also, if you tax the right people, and the few. A grand discovery has been made; the nation is starting upon a new path, and the guardian of the public purse leads the way!

Let us consider what is the state of affairs with which in this year of grace the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to

deal. The year 1893-94 he describes as an 'ill-starred year,' the first six months of which were 'apparently disastrous.' Misfortune had accumulated upon misfortune.

'The financial difficulties in America, the embarrassments in Australia, the disturbances of trade in India, the labour disputes at home, the general depression of agriculture, aggravated by the special circumstances of the drought, affecting crops in the south of England, in their combined effect might have been expected to produce the most unhappy of consequences, and a collapse of the State finance, such as that which has been witnessed in several foreign States.'

Yet, on detailed examination of the main heads of our national income, a more prosperous condition of the revenue than such conditions seemed to render possible is disclosed. The customs revenue of 1893-94 exceeds by nearly 100,000*l.* that of 1892-93. An increase on spirits, on tea, on tobacco, on dried fruits, more than balances the decrease upon wines, the consumption of which year by year is rapidly diminishing. The contribution of wine to the revenue, moreover, diminishes in even greater ratio than the quantity consumed, as the public taste changes from the more highly taxed sherry and port to the lighter wines which come in at a lower duty. Excise contributes almost exactly the same sum as last year, a fall on spirits being balanced by a gain on beer, the consumption of which during this year of disaster has positively 'broken the record.' The revenue from beer has, by more than 80,000*l.*, surpassed the beer contribution of any previous year. The income-tax receipts exceed the estimates by 50,000*l.*, and it is not till the produce of 'business stamps' and 'death duties' is considered that any serious deficiencies are found in the revenue. Under these heads the loss of more than 1,000,000*l.*, as compared with the receipts of the previous year, tells a tale. It witnesses to the stagnation on the Stock Exchange and of the money market. The very heavy fall in the legacy and succession duty may be accounted for either by reason of there having been fewer deaths, or by reason of the greater poverty of those who died. Sir William Harcourt leans apparently to the former theory, on the ground that the probate duty shows comparatively a much smaller falling off. Moreover, the year 1892-93, with which he is making the comparison, was the famous 'influenza year,' a rich year in the eyes of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, but which has left behind it less pleasant recollections for the mass of mankind. After such a year it is only natural that there should have been a kind of reaction

on the part of humanity, and, accordingly, this year the death duties are less prolific than they were. 'Disastrous' the year 1893-94 may have been; but yet Sir William Harcourt was able to sum up the whole situation, and, as we think, fairly enough, in the following words:—

'In the first place there is no sign of any diminution in the resources or consuming power of the wage-earning class. Secondly, the Savings Banks return proves that they have the power and the desire to lay by their economies. Thirdly, as regards the wealthier classes, though, as we are all well aware, there have been serious diminutions of income from agricultural depression and from shrinkage of dividends, the stability of the income tax and the probate duty shows that their losses have to a great degree been recouped by a growth of wealth and savings in other directions.'

With a revenue in this condition Sir William Harcourt finds himself face to face with a deficit of $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions—that is to say, the additional expenditure for the ensuing year is so large that the mere renewal of last year's taxation would leave him $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions short. The sum required, taking into account the $7\frac{1}{4}$ millions which he is obliged to hand over to the local authorities, reaches the enormous amount of 102,700,000*l.* The deficit is, in the main, due to the increase of expenditure upon the navy, amounting to more than three millions, and to an increase of nearly half a million for education, an increase welcomed by the House of Commons with loud cheers. There is no doubt that the heavy additional expenditure for the current year is demanded by public opinion, and that less could not have been asked for by the Ministry if it wished to retain the confidence of the House of Commons.

Sir William Harcourt's plan of dealing with the deficit is as follows. He first of all reduces it from 4,502,000*l.* to 2,379,000*l.* by appropriating towards its liquidation the sum of 2,123,000*l.* previously destined to the reduction of the National Debt. This proceeding he justifies on the ground that he is, in fact, still using the money for the reduction of debt, in relieving the revenues of the year from the mortgage imposed upon them by Mr. Goschen; a policy of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer against which at the time he had strongly protested. It is unnecessary for our present purpose to consider whether Mr. Goschen's plan for the payment of the expenses of the naval programme of the late Government was the best possible; or whether Sir William Harcourt's suspension of so large a portion of the fund destined to the reduction of the Permanent Debt, and

its employment in relief of a mere temporary burden, can be justified by the circumstances of the time. By this means at all events the Chancellor of the Exchequer has succeeded in reducing his deficit to very manageable proportions. The problem is how to raise 2,379,000*l.* by taxation during the remaining nine months of the year. He shows that to add another 1*d.* to the income tax will in that period produce 1,780,000*l.*, and that an addition of 6*d.* a gallon on spirits and 6*d.* a barrel on beer will in the same time produce 1,340,000*l.*, together a sum of 3,120,000*l.*, thus wiping out the deficit and leaving him with a balance of 741,000*l.* at the end of the present year, with the prospect of a very handsome surplus next year, when the whole twelve months' taxation would, of course, be taken into account.

The situation, then, disclosed by the Budget speech stands thus :— There is a deficit of some two and a third millions, due to additional expenditure on objects of the highest national importance, insisted upon by public opinion and the House of Commons; and at the same time an inelastic rather than a falling revenue, the details of which show that the pressure of bad times has as yet been felt almost solely by those above the wage-earning class. Sir William Harcourt's observation on the return of the year's customs and excise is upon this point of considerable importance, and is worth quoting. 'Not only financially ' but socially it is a most satisfactory return. It shows that ' on the main taxable articles, which constitute the comforts ' of the people, there is no evidence of pinching, no sign of ' diminished resources or consuming powers in the mass of ' the nation; ' but that even in this trying year there has ' been a substantial increase.'

Assuredly in the situation itself there exist no causes for a revolutionary treatment of our national finance. There is no great national emergency to be met by measures of oppressive taxation. The purposes for which the additional revenue is demanded are objects which we all have in common. The cause of national defence and the cause of the education of the people are not of more importance to the rich than to the poor. The Government, in the interest of the whole nation, asks for the additional revenue which, they say, the safety and the highest welfare of the people imperatively demand. The Chancellor of the Exchequer himself points out how the money may be obtained by placing the bulk of the burden upon income tax, and the rest upon alcohol. Though the peculiar but short-lived tender-

ness with which Mr. Gladstone twenty years ago regarded the payers of income tax does not appear to be now felt either by himself or by other statesmen of his party, the proposal to fix income tax at 8d. in the pound in time of profound peace might seem to many men a large if not actually an unjust proportion of the revenue to raise by means of direct taxation. Is the great public, the general consumer, not to be asked to contribute a farthing towards adding to the defences of the nation? Surely even teetotallers should pay something to the common purse. This is not the light in which questions of taxation are regarded by the Ministry of the Masses. With them the question is not how in the most equitable and least burdensome manner to contrive that all in due proportion should contribute to the general objects of all. The problem is of a different nature, viz. how to make a budget involving increased taxation popular.

It must be remembered that the Budget, unlike the other principal Bills introduced or promised by her Majesty's Government, is intended to pass. It cannot, like Home Rule, it cannot, like Local Veto, it cannot, like Disestablishment, remain for an indefinite period the pious opinion of a Party. Moreover, as a money Bill Parliamentary custom places the whole responsibility for its enactment upon the House of Commons. The fate of the Bill and of the Government are entirely dependent upon the popular Chamber. What, then, can our Ministry of the Masses do in its war against the selfishness and prejudice of the classes? It is true that taxes must be raised, but surely the financial genius of the Government is capable of so arranging matters that the burden of the taxes may be lifted from the shoulders of their own clients, and may fall, or at all events appear to fall, upon the shoulders of those against whom party managers wish to direct the general envy and ill-will. True it is, on the showing of their own Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the classes, and not the masses, have felt the pressure of bad times; true also that the objects to be obtained by increased taxation are of general, and not of class, interest; true also, as has been shown, that out of income tax and alcohol ample resources can be obtained for present needs without touching perceptibly the pockets of the wage-earning millions. But of what account is all this? The Ministry must live up to its reputation as the Ministry of the Masses. It has nothing else by which to live. As a Home Rule Ministry it has become a bad joke. As a Disestablishment

Ministry its best friends suspect it. 'Mending or ending' strikes the public to the dismay of party wire-pullers as a method of treatment more easily applicable to the Ministry itself than to the House of Lords. What remains, then, but to tax the classes? Above all, let blows be aimed at conspicuous instances amongst these classes. Let the opponents of the Ministry be identified with the party of the Dukes and their million of rent, whilst the Ministry itself becomes identified with the people and its millions of votes.

Let us inquire how these very statesmanlike ends are to be accomplished. Sir William Harcourt, by means of alcohol and income tax, provides himself with the before-mentioned sum of 3,120,000*l.* He then proceeds to treat that portion of it—viz. 1,780,000*l.*—arising from income tax as follows: He grants total exemption from income tax on incomes up to 160*l.* a year, instead of up to 150*l.*, as formerly, and he allows an abatement of 160*l.*, instead of 150*l.*, upon all incomes up to 500*l.*, instead of up to 400*l.* The result of these exemptions and abatements is to reduce the revenue from income tax on a complete year by 840,000*l.*; and to insure that, in spite of the change from a 7*d.* to an 8*d.* income tax in the present year, incomes of less than 500*l.* a year should be more lightly taxed than before. Again, a change is made as a sort of counterpoise to the treatment of the death duties by substituting net income for gross income in the assessment of real property under schedule A, and this entails a loss of 100,000*l.* per penny of the income tax in a full year, and causes a loss of 700,000*l.* in the present year alone.

In this way the addition made to the revenue by the new penny on the income tax is reduced from 1,780,000*l.* to 330,000*l.*, which sum added to the 1,340,000*l.* derived from the new 6*d.* on alcohol, leaves the Chancellor of the Exchequer short by nearly a million of the sum required to wipe out the deficit and allow something over for exigencies or error of estimate. For this million he has recourse to the death duties.

Mr. Gladstone, if we remember rightly, declared not very long ago that the careful reconsideration of the death duties would be fit work for a whole session; and it is only as the discussion has gone on, day after day and week after week, that the true nature of these duties and the effects of the proposed alterations have begun to be understood. It is, of course, true that under the present system realty and

settled personalty escape more cheaply from the death duties than does 'free personalty.'

A man who inherits land in fee simple is taxed upon his life interest in the net rental only, the value of which depends upon his own age. Further, he has time given him to pay the full amount of the duty, and the State charges no interest upon the delayed payment. All differences and distinctions are henceforth to be swept away between the various classes of property, real and personal, settled and free. A duty in the nature of the probate duty is to be raised upon the *corpus* of the whole estate passing at the death, to be called the estate duty; and subsequently duties in the nature of legacy and succession duties payable upon a consanguinity scale, as at present, will be levied. The new estate duty is to be a duty 'graduated' or proportioned to the value of the whole 'aggregated' estate.

Thus—

	£		£		Per cent.
On estates between	1,000	and	10,000	the duty will be	3
"	10,000	"	25,000	"	4
"	25,000	"	50,000	"	4½
"	50,000	"	75,000	"	5
"	75,000	"	100,000	"	5½
"	100,000	"	150,000	"	6
"	150,000	"	250,000	"	6½
"	250,000	"	500,000	"	7
"	500,000	"	1,000,000	"	7½
"	over 1,000,000				8

By means of the graduation and rearrangement of the death duties Sir William Harcourt hopes in the present year to raise an additional million, and ultimately as much as four millions a year. Yet care has been taken (as was the case with the income tax) to prevent the many from contributing to this increase, and to lay its burden solely on the few and comparatively rich. Though both these taxes have been increased, and are to produce much larger revenues, yet every one whose income is less than 500*l.* a year is to pay less income tax than before, and it is intended that only successions of over 25,000*l.* shall pay larger death duties.

The consanguinity scale, rising to 10 per cent. where the successor is not a near kinsman of the deceased, is still to remain in force, and the claim of the revenue in that respect is over and above its claim for the graduated 'estate duty.' A stranger in blood, therefore, who succeeds to an estate or to a portion of an estate of a deceased millionaire

will have to suffer a deduction of 18 per cent. of his succession, this being the extreme limit to which the duties can rise. The method of calculating the value of the estate upon which these percentages are taken is, of course, of the utmost importance. According to Sir William Harcourt, 'there is no more difficulty in estimating the principal value of real property than that of pictures or jewels. The real test is the fair market value at the time and under the circumstances.'

The truth is that there are distinctions of fact between the case of land and ordinary personal property which would often make it in the highest degree inequitable to treat them as if they were identical. Even though the nominal duty may be the same, the burden in the one case and the other may be very different. With money in the funds or other investments, with plate, with a gallery of pictures, with jewels, it is easy to value. It is easy also to realise a portion of the estate in order to pay the duty upon the remainder. The valuation is made with respect to a market which has a real existence. What, however, is the position of a squire who has come into the ownership of two or three thousand acres? He cannot break off a hundred acres and present them to the Government in lieu of taxes. It may be that a considerable portion of the estate has not for years past paid any rent. Experts are capable of anything, and will no doubt put some 'market value' on the property; but the 'market' will be a creation of their own fancy, and its 'value,' whatever it may be, will not be what any purchaser in the flesh is ready to give. Yet, in the shape in which the Bill was introduced, the owner newly come into possession of half a dozen farms, perhaps not one of them producing any rent, would have been called upon to pay a heavy percentage of their capital value as fixed by an expert. In this respect Mr. Balfour has been able to do something to prevent the perpetration of the grossest injustice as regards 'agricultural property.' The case of Holland House has been mentioned in debate, and, but for Mr. Balfour's amendment, the percentage would have to be taken upon the selling value of that estate for building land!

The remarkable statement made at Buxton by the Duke of Devonshire must have come as a revelation to many who have never had occasion to look into matters of this kind for themselves. In every estate with which the Duke is connected no less than 30 per cent. has been locally expended; in some cases the 30 per cent. has become 50 or

60 or 70 per cent., and in one case these expenses have greatly exceeded the income of the estate.

'When I tell you that from the surplus income derived from estates of this character have to be provided all such charges as those which I have inherited—encumbrances, family allowances, and so on—and when I further tell you that . . . the exactions which will probably be required by the State from my next successor will amount from six to ten, and possibly twelve years of any available income which I have ever received from the estates which I have inherited—I do not think you will be surprised if I tell you that probably some very great changes are, before very long, impending in the manner in which the incomes derived from the Devonshire estates are expended. I do not refer to these things as a matter of complaint. I do not ask your pity or sympathy. . . . There is no necessity why I, or my family, or my successors, should be in a position to keep up great places like Chatsworth, or Hardwick, or Bolton Abbey, or Lismore.'

The Duke of Devonshire utters no word of complaint; he asks neither for pity nor sympathy. He sees no necessity why he or his successors should have the privilege of aiding in every good and charitable work in the counties with which they are connected. 'These things have been a pride and a privilege to my predecessors and to myself, but they are not necessities.' If expenditure of this kind has perforce to be reduced, 'it will not be due to any fault of myself or my successors; it will be solely in consequence of the inexorable necessities of democratic finance.'

Surely a statement of facts such as these deserves respectful consideration at the hands of Her Majesty's Ministers; something better than the wild screams of Mr. Morley from the platform at Rotherham. 'No!' shouts that statesman to his Yorkshire audience, the Duke has been taxed too lightly. 'It is you and I who have been keeping up the pleasure grounds. If the Duke pays so much less than his proper share in order to perform these public duties, you and I have to pay so much more. I repeat, it is we who keep up Chatsworth.'

It is proposed, then, to lay upon land on the death of the owner a fresh burden, amounting in many cases to several years' rent of the land. Is this just? and even if it be just, is it expedient in the circumstances of the time? A statesman

'Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand . . .'

would surely have paused before choosing a period of deep and dire agricultural distress in which to impose upon the

land one burden the more. With country houses shut up, with farms in many cases unlet and going to ruin, with a daily increasing difficulty in finding employment for the rural labourers, who are flocking in ever-increasing numbers to the towns, it is proposed to raise this heavy fine from the land! Is it desired in the public interest that landowners should still further discontinue their improvements, shut up their houses, and reduce the number of their employés? As with the Duke of Devonshire so with every small squire in the kingdom. Is it good policy, in the general interest, still further to increase the mortgaging of the land? Are these in truth necessities of democratic finance? In any case let it be clearly recognised that the blow falls not only upon the wealthy duke or the poor squire, but upon the rural population—the farmer, the labourer, the employé—who cannot thrive if those who own the land are deprived of means.

Is there, however, justice in these proposals? Do they, in truth, produce equality of burden between one class of property and another, and between one man and another? The Chancellor of the Exchequer, whilst increasing the death duties, professes to make taxation fall equally upon realty and upon personalty. Mr. Goschen's much-quoted tables are cited once more to prove that in 1868 land in England contributed only some $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the total Imperial taxation, whilst land in France, Prussia, and Hungary contributed respectively at the rate of $8\frac{1}{2}$, $11\frac{1}{2}$, and $32\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Is it not clear that these comparisons are almost useless unless we know what is the proportion that the revenues of the land bear to the commercial and industrial wealth in those countries and in our own? Had, moreover, Sir William Harcourt read a little more of Mr. Goschen's report he would have found that when local taxation as well as Imperial taxation is taken into account the balance is redressed, and that English realty contributes as highly as French to the general requirements of the State. 'Equality of taxation' becomes a bitter mockery if the burdens imposed upon land for local purposes are to be left out of account.

The more the new death duties are examined the more gross appears to be the inequality of treatment they mete out to both properties and persons. It used once to be considered a canon of wise taxation that it should be certain in amount. Under Sir William Harcourt's scheme a legatee of 1,000*l.* from a millionaire will have to pay an 'estate

'duty' of 80%, and legacy duty—possibly another 100%.—on the consanguinity scale as well; whilst the legatee of 1,000%. from a testator worth less than 10,000%. will have to pay an estate duty of only 30%, including legacy duty. Yet very probably the first legatee may be a richer man than the last. Is this an example of that grand principle of 'graduation'—of that 'equality of sacrifice'—of which democratic finance is so proud? A 'just graduation'! Heaven save the mark! The graduation is visible enough, but where is the justice? In the name of this sacred principle every little legacy of 100%. or less, by a wealthy man to his butler, his coachman, gamekeeper, or other employé, is to be taxed on the millionaire scale, *because* the testator was a millionaire! Indeed, we have heard of a recent instance where a wealthy testator, and one no less liberal than wealthy, left legacies of small amounts to more than two thousand of his employés, the legacies varying with the rate of wage and the length of service. The tax intended to fall on the millionaire would have been deducted from the amount coming to each of these poor people at the rate of 18 per cent. What, again, so uncertain as the date when the property will have to provide the tax? One estate will go untaxed for sixty years. Another will, in consequence of rapid successions, have to pay several years' profits several times over in the period of a single average generation. The man who has sacrificed most income to improvements, and to bettering the condition of his farms and his cottages, has in adding to the market value of the estate but subjected that estate to a larger exaction.

The prolonged discussions in the House of Commons have brought the grand principles of our Chancellor of the Exchequer to the test. Is it so certain that in aiming your blows at the rich you are not, in fact, hitting also multitudes who are very poor? It may be easy to make a target of 'the classes,' but it is evidently very difficult to prevent your missiles flying at random amongst the crowd. Even if it is not very useful, it is at least highly interesting to watch on the great and difficult subject of national finance the workings of the ministerial mind. In the days of poor Mr. Goschen finance and taxation seemed to be essentially practical matters to be arranged with regard to the ordinary experiences of men, whose convenience even it was not right altogether to despise. We have done with these low views. We are engaged in the application to National Finance of grand theories, with which the facts are to be

made to square. Sir William Harcourt, who very ably personifies the accumulated financial genius of Lord Rosebery's Cabinet, founds his policy upon theory. There is the theory of 'the margin,' viz. that no one really requires more than a very limited sum on which to live, and that upon everything beyond this the Chancellor of the Exchequer will do well to keep his eye. Yet an able Cambridge professor has lately been teaching the world the difficulty of drawing the line between necessities, comforts, and luxuries. It is a grand conception of the ministerial mind, one full of consequences, that the right man to draw this line is the finance minister of the masses! It is always rash to prophesy; still the conjecture may be hazarded that in this 'margin' future Chancellors of the Exchequer will find a happy hunting ground.

It is evident that the ministerial mind has not been in travail for nothing. But the theory of 'the margin' is not its only birth. There must surely be some kind of romantic fascination attaching to these death duties! It is not sufficient to regard them as the appropriation of private property to public purposes, to be approved or disapproved as one approves or disapproves other taxes, such as income tax or tea duty, for some reason bearing upon the necessities of the State, the justice and equal incidence of the tax, and the convenience of the taxpayer. No! In the eyes of an admiring ministry the death duties rest upon the theory that at a man's death the whole of his property *prima facie* belongs to the State! It would be unjust not to give the actual words:—

'The title of the State to a share of the accumulated property of the deceased is an anterior title to that of the interest to be taken by those who are to share in it. Nature gives a man no power over his earthly goods beyond the term of his life; what power he possesses to prolong his will beyond his life—the right of the dead hand to dispose of property—is a pure creation of the law, and the State has the right to prescribe the conditions and limitations under which that power shall be exercised. The right to make wills, or settlements, or successions is the creation of positive law. In case of default of disposition by intestacy the State settles the distribution under the Statute of Distribution. It is most important to keep this clearly in view. An objection is often taken that taxes of this kind are so hard upon this person or that person . . . Suppose a man leaves property amounting to 100,000*l.*; the probate duty, which will now be the estate duty, is deducted before any one gets anything. The deduction may be 4,000*l.*; what really belongs to the beneficiaries collectively on the death of the

deceased is not 100,000*l.*, but 96,000*l.* They never had any right to any more !'

It surely is clear enough without having recourse to any verbiage about natural rights that the position of the beneficiary is just the same as the position of any other taxpayer. With income tax at a shilling the citizen has no right to more than 19*s.* in the pound of his income. The State has a right in law and morals to be paid. The taxpayer pockets the remainder. He never had any right to any more. We have no space to go into the origin of wills, either of lands or chattels; but if the meaning of the language quoted is that with regard to either case and in historical and civilised times the State used to absorb the property of deceased persons, we must join issue with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and can only refer the Ministry to what Lord Beaconsfield would have called 'its historical conscience.' Even 'forfeiture for felony' is out of date; yet the *theory* of forfeiture is supposed to be applicable in the present day to the whole of Her Majesty's innocent subjects !

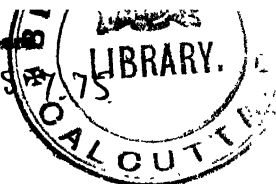
The Finance Bill is but one more instance of the inveterate tendency of the Ministry towards electioneering. There has been as little real demand by the people for the introduction into our financial system of 'graduated taxation' as for the abolition of the House of Lords. A supposed inexorable necessity compels Mr. Gladstone's successors to pose as democrats. In their programme of legislation for the session it turned out that there was nothing which strongly attracted the masses. The Budget, therefore, was to be the only Bill of the year, and it must at all costs be made a 'popular' one, one with which, if need be, ministers might go to the country. When changes are introduced for reasons such as these, we cannot feel sure that they will prove a permanent modification of our system. A temporary combination of circumstances has caused them, 'rather than an enlightened desire for financial reform.'

After all, electioneering is not the sole end of statesmanship, and perhaps a General Election may show that the masses themselves look for higher qualifications in those who would lead them than are possessed by the present Prime Minister and his colleagues. The political situation is evidently transitional, and the country is not likely to rest contented till statesmanship of a different order is once more in the ascendent.

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ART. I.—*Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough* (1650–1702). By Field Marshal Viscount WOLSELEY, G.C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1894.

LORD BOLINGBROKE is reported to have said of the first Duke of Marlborough: ‘He was so great a man, that ‘I forget his errors.’ This terse and generous sentence may serve for the epigraph and the justification of Lord Wolseley’s arduous undertaking. But in the latter years of Queen Anne, and again in our own times, the current of opinion turned in the opposite direction. Contemporary malevolence denied Marlborough the attributes of a great general, and even of ordinary courage. The most brilliant of modern writers has branded him as the Judas of English history. The first reproach, however, invented to serve the purposes of a political party, does not seem to have misled the nation, and the deadly venom of Swift’s pen was unable to destroy the military reputation which rested on the glories of Blenheim and Oudenarde. Even during the dark years of Marlborough’s disgrace, when the greatest soldier in Europe, who had so often seen the hosts of France flying before him, was forced to abandon the country he had raised to such a pitch of greatness, and take refuge amidst foreigners—even during those dark years the cruel suggestions of his political enemies found no credence with the people. Nor have they been perpetuated, as deserving of investigation, by any of the numerous historians who have dealt with the era of the Revolution. Those who have had the lowest opinion of Marlborough as a man, and as a gentleman, have never questioned his right to be ranked amongst the most brilliant of soldiers. It is significant,

too, that Napoleon, who, in his hatred of England and everything English, deliberately omitted to class Marlborough with Gustavus Adolphus and Turenne, though he allowed the claims of Prince Eugène, was the first to place the military renown of the great Englishman on a solid basis. The *Life of Marlborough*, published in Paris in 1805, was written by his order. This biography, in spite of many deficiencies arising from want of access to the best sources of information, was certainly the most complete and discriminating which had yet appeared, and was the first to do justice to Marlborough's eminent qualities as a soldier and diplomatist.

Neither Coxe nor Alison, although they added much, improved, as regards the military events, on the methods or discounted the eulogies of the French author; and with Coxe and Alison the list of writers who have dealt with the campaigns of Marlborough at satisfactory length comes to an end. Lord Wolseley, therefore, in approaching that portion of Marlborough's life with which his training and experience should peculiarly qualify him to deal, has before him a comparatively easy task. He will have few misconceptions to remove, few prejudices to combat, and the path is cleared for him by the labours of his predecessors. It is, doubtless, his treatment of this portion of his subject that will specially awake the interest of his readers. Both Alison and Coxe, despite their literary talent, laboured under the disadvantage of possessing no more than a theoretical acquaintance with the art of war and the science of command. It requires a very real knowledge of the obstacles which beset the path of a general at every step—a knowledge which can only come from constant contact with troops, from long familiarity with camps and bivouacs, from actual experience of rough marches and hard service, and, above all, from an intimate acquaintance with human nature under the stress of a campaign—to enable men to appreciate the skill of a great captain, or to point out when and where his genius shone pre-eminent. Even Arnold himself, the historian of the exploits of Hannibal, confessed that he was compelled to take Turenne's military reputation upon trust, 'not disputing it, but being unable to appreciate it.'

Marlborough has suffered in his biographers. Not only have none of them had experience of command, but none of them have been soldiers. They have been able to describe, with more or less lucidity, the progress of his campaigns;

but their narratives, unrelieved by comment, criticism, or comparison, save of the very tritest order, are merely a dry record of events, and lack the life and fire which a writer, with many pictures of war impressed upon his memory, and with an experience which would enable him to put himself in the place of the commander, to penetrate his motives, to realise his difficulties, and to appreciate his moral strength, would be capable of inspiring. Lord Wolseley would probably be the last man in the world to assert that for such a task as this he is fully qualified. It would be an insult to his intelligence to presume that on his experience of English warfare—large as it is—he bases a claim to stand on a level with the man who took on his own shoulders such vast responsibilities as did Marlborough. But, at the same time, it would be unjust to deny his qualifications as Marlborough's biographer; and from his long acquaintance with war, his wide knowledge of military history, his success in independent command, and his dealings with statecraft and administration, it is only fair to anticipate that, when the present work is completed, we shall possess an adequate history of the greatest of English generals. The achievements of one of our most famous 'men of action' in the past have happily found an historian in a 'man of action' of the present.

Lord Wolseley, however, has not confined his work to Marlborough as a soldier. In fact, the two volumes now before us carry us no further than the death of William III., treating only of the years during which the son of a poverty-stricken cavalier was slowly establishing his reputation as the first soldier in England, and not of that more glorious period which left him the first in Europe. A mere military biography would have left much to be desired. To soldiers it would doubtless have been useful. But a work thus limited would have missed more than half the lessons which the life of Marlborough can teach both individual Englishmen and the English nation.

Amongst the soldiers who adored him, in the camps he ruled with such admirable discipline, and in the heat of the great battles he controlled with such splendid courage, the strength and grace of Churchill's personality shone with unsullied lustre. From his first venture in arms as a young ensign in the Guards every additional campaign brought Navarre's 'bel Anglais' additional renown. Wherever he served—behind the crumbling walls of Tangier, with the French upon the Rhine, with the troops of James against

Monmouth, with the troops of William against the Irish, with the Allies against Louis, as subaltern, colonel, brigadier, as subordinate, and as commander-in-chief—he was always a conspicuous figure, distinguished alike for gallantry, for prudence, for ability, and for that extraordinary fascination of manner which served him so well. Here, at least, his honour was unstained. It was not here that his vices showed themselves; the besetting infirmities of his nature, so active in the vicious atmosphere of the Court, seem to have vanished altogether in the clearer and purer air of camp and bivouac. But, notwithstanding all his glory and all his fascination, few men have less claim to unqualified admiration. It would be a sorry thing, indeed, should the character of John Churchill be held up as one which soldiers might well imitate; or if military renown and attractive manners were held to redeem duplicity, double-dealing, and disloyalty. Yet, were his campaigns alone the theme, it would be difficult not to make him out a hero. If by the records of noble lives men may be attracted, as they doubtless are, to high ideals; if, in admiration of noble deeds, they are led to imitate the characteristics of those who achieved those deeds, it is well that the whole truth should be put before them. No false standard of what constitutes greatness should be suffered to exist, and no circumstance should be omitted, no incident slurred over, no fault minimised which would tend to show how far the hero fell short of the ideal. The glamour of great abilities, of great victories, of great reforms, should never be suffered to obscure the still greater splendour of the simple virtues, honesty, purity, and unselfishness. If men have lived such spotless lives as may induce those who come after them to hate vice and to admire virtue, there are some whose very faults and failings, accentuated and made darker by contrast with their greatness, may have exactly the same effect. Amongst these was Marlborough; and it is well, therefore, that a record of his career should not be confined to his military services alone.

But in resolving to place before us the man as he lived and moved in the palace and in Parliament, as in his country home and in the camp, Lord Wolseley is treading on difficult ground. Whether we agree with Macaulay that Marlborough was everything that was base, or hold with Coxe that his character was upright and his principles of the purest, it must be admitted that the evidence for either opinion is by no means complete. When the whole of it has been sifted,

and we have come to a definite conclusion as to the real motives which prompted Marlborough's desertion of James and his infidelity to William, the question still intrudes itself, Have we yet fathomed that inscrutable mind? Is it not perfectly possible that there may be depths of falsehood, hypocrisy, and selfishness which ordinary men may suspect but can scarcely realise? It is urged in his favour that he refused to change his religion. There were men, however, notoriously wicked, comrades of his own, who had the same scruples. 'Kirke was also spoken to, and replied briskly 'that he was already pre-engaged, for he had promised the 'King of Morocco that if ever he changed his religion he 'would turn Mahomedan.' 'Though the soldiers,' says Burnet, 'were bad Englishmen and worse Christians, the 'Court found them too good Protestants to trust much to 'them.' Lord Wolseley lays great stress on Marlborough's religious consistency; but it may be observed that his fortunes were absolutely dependent on his relations with Princess Anne, whose attachment to the Protestant cause was indisputable. His interest, therefore, coincided with his belief. But his Protestantism never seems to have stood in the way of his clandestine assurances of devoted adherence to the Catholic party.

That Marlborough was a monster of deceit we are very far from asserting, but that he was so is not an absolutely unfair conclusion. Why should not his extraordinary powers of dissimulation have enabled him to deceive mankind as effectually as he cajoled the Dutch deputies and duped the marshals of King Louis? In any case, it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that his was a character besides which even Shakespeare's villains were but dull and commonplace rogues; and it is absolutely certain that the story of his life is one of the most complex with which a biographer has ever been called upon to deal.

If during the reigns of Charles, James, and William, the period of which Lord Wolseley's volumes treat, John Churchill had scant opportunity of displaying his military abilities, he was still a conspicuous figure at the English Court, and played a most prominent part in politics. His intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland, the most depraved of King Charles's sultanas, brought him early notoriety, and from that time forth the name of the handsome guardsman was familiar in the courts of Europe. His share in the Revolution at once established him as one of the dominant factors in English politics, and the influence which, despite

the efforts of King William, he maintained over the Princess Anne made him, on her accession to the throne, the most powerful subject in the three kingdoms. Nor was this all. Churchill, in addition to his undoubted ability and great strength of character, possessed qualities which should have made him the most popular of Englishmen. He was the embodiment of all the graces. In person, manner, and address he was fascination itself. His self-control was in itself the mark of a great man. Vanity had no place in his nature. He was affable with all, considerate to his inferiors, and without a particle of arrogance. During the period we have referred to he did much for England. He had played the most prominent part in her emancipation by an act of unparalleled treachery to the sovereign he professed to serve. He had led English troops to victory in Ireland and at Walcourt, though in a subordinate capacity. He had led the opposition against William's Dutchmen. He had compelled the king to dismiss his obnoxious guards. He had never wavered in his allegiance to the English Church. His temperance and his domestic virtues were such as to compel respect, and he was the intimate friend of the most popular of princesses and the best beloved of queens.

It is true that he was not beyond reproach. As an ensign in the Guards, 'in an age when gallantry was so much in vogue that it was almost as natural to be gallant as to live,'* he had easily yielded to temptation. In bringing about the Revolution he employed means repugnant to common honesty and honour. But, considering the gross depravity of the times, even 'the most rigid of casuists' would scarcely condemn the lapses of a boy brought up in the vicious atmosphere of court and camp; and the vastness of the issues at stake when, in 1688, arbitrary power so nearly succeeded in crushing all freedom of thought and action, may be held, as we shall show, to palliate the treachery employed to defeat its efforts.

Still, notwithstanding his most attractive personality and his eminent services, Churchill found no place in the hearts of his contemporaries, and posterity has consistently refused to place him in the same category as Wellington or Nelson. Macaulay has made the most of his alleged avarice. He represents him as the most sordid of men, to

* 'The Secret History of Queen Zarah.' Mrs. Manley. 1705.

whom the loss of half a guinea was a matter of infinitely more importance than the loss of his reputation as a man of honour. Innuendos as to his love of money for money's sake attend nearly every mention of Marlborough's name; and, if these be accepted as true, the victor of Blenheim, gloating over his hoards of broad pieces, or saving and paring in his palace, becomes a figure as repulsive and contemptible as Isaac of York. Macaulay, however, in his detestation of Marlborough, appears to have fastened too eagerly on the evidence supplied by Swift and the Examiners. This question has been fully discussed, by Lord Wolseley and others, in the 'United Service Magazine,' and that Swift was the authority on which Macaulay based his charge has been, to our thinking, clearly proved. Marlborough, however, was by no means the only public man whom Swift accused of the same vice. 'Detestably covetous' is his note on Marlborough in 'The Characters of the Court of Queen Anne;' but in the same volume the Lord Keeper, Lord Abingdon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke of Argyll, are all branded with the same epithet. We are justified in assuming, therefore, that Swift, when he accused Marlborough of avarice, had no intention of insinuating that he was the miser and the niggard which Macaulay paints him. He was undoubtedly thrifty, and even the partial Burnet admits that his love of wealth continued to the end. Nevertheless, even Burnet's support is not in itself sufficient to prove the more serious charge which Swift was the first to publish, and which Macaulay did not hesitate to endorse—viz., that this passion was so strong as to extinguish every other. Not only Swift's character, but the circumstances under which he wrote, are sufficient in themselves to render his evidence liable to the very strongest suspicion.

In 1711 the Tories were determined to withdraw from the war with France. The commander-in-chief of the English army was the chief obstacle in the way of peace. To destroy the opposition it was first necessary to destroy the reputation of the General, and a tool was chosen for the purpose whom Macaulay has thus described: 'In the front of the Tory ranks appeared a darker and fiercer spirit, the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race, a mind richly stored with images from the dunghill and the lazar house.' And at Swift's beck and call was a band of hirelings, who were not slow to improve upon the methods and suggestions of their employer. No reputation, however

spotless, but would have suffered under the attacks of these poisoned pens, and it is little to be wondered at if the traits of prudent economy and careful husbandry of wealth were rapidly distorted into characteristics of a more repulsive kind. It is not difficult to imagine that, to an opponent such as he who denied Marlborough personal valour, the rude appointments of Wellington's bedroom, the care with which he checked the expenses of household, and his avowed preference for brushing his own clothes and even his own boots, would have furnished evidence of the most sordid avarice.

Macaulay has not hesitated to assert that Marlborough, in order to minister to his ruling passion, resorted to most dishonourable practices. Referring to his dismissal from his offices in 1692, he speaks of the 'corruption and extortion of which he was notoriously guilty.' This accusation rests on more flimsy foundations than the charge of avarice. The Examiners, as well as the obscene allegories of Swift and Mrs. Manley, certainly give it colour, but we agree with Lord Wolseley that not only is there nothing whatever to show that it is true, but that there is much evidence to show that it was absolutely false. Evelyn, whom Macaulay quotes as his authority, notes in his Diary on January 24 that 'Marlborough is dismissed from all his charges, for his 'excessive taking of bribes, covetousness, and extortion on 'all occasions from his inferior officers.' On February 28 he notes that 'Lord Marlborough having us'd words against 'the King, and been discharg'd from all his greate places, 'his wife was forbid the Court.' Here are two entirely different statements, the first of which was certainly inaccurate, and it is but fair to assume that the writer of the Diary was but repeating the rumour of the town. 'Such 'accusations,' says Lord Wolseley, 'were commonly made 'against nearly all leading publicmen, and, indeed, the echo of 'them is to be heard even in our own days.' Evelyn was not aware when he suggested this cause of Marlborough's disgrace in 1692, that the true cause was incomparably more serious. It was in point of fact that he was suspected—and not unjustly suspected—of correspondence with the enemy at the moment when the country was threatened by a most formidable invasion. Evelyn himself, in the same page, records the danger, in comparison with which a mere charge of covetousness and extortion shrinks into insignificance.

Lord Wolseley appears to accept with equal facility the

disclaimer (by the Duchess) of the charge of venality. It is probable that he never actually received bribes from foreign states, and Lord Wolseley thinks that the practice of selling appointments is no slur upon his character. But that he tampered with these dangerous practices is absolutely certain. We demonstrated in the last Number of this Journal (p. 165 of this volume) that in 1706 the Marquis d'Alègre offered a bribe to Marlborough to be paid on the conclusion of peace, and that Marlborough wrote in 1708: 'You may rest assured that I shall be heartily in favour of peace, having no doubt that I shall receive the proofs of friendship which the Marquis d'Alègre promised two years ago.' The moral standard of an historian must be a low one when he condescends to apologise for actions which deserve to be branded with infamy.

'Nevertheless,' as Lord Wolseley mildly says, 'it is not easy to love his memory as we all do that of Nelson, nor to respect it as we do that of Wellington.' History has perhaps been kinder to the heroes who broke the power of Napoleon than to him who had broken the power of Louis XIV. They belonged to an era of loyalty and of union, when the whole nation was inspired by a fierce and unyielding spirit of resistance to the foreign foe. No political necessity demanded the sacrifice of their good name, nor were principles so low, even if the pens could have been found, to permit obscene and anonymous scribblers to expose the secrets of their domestic lives. Marlborough was far beneath them. His determination to resist the domination of France in the War of Succession, and to preserve the liberty of England and of Europe, was probably just as resolute. But faults which it is impossible to forget will never permit him to take that rank in the hearts of his fellow countrymen to which his splendid victories give him a title. Nelson and Wellington, whatever may have been their faults, were free from guile, truth tellers and truth lovers. Marlborough, whatever construction may be put upon his motives, showed, in his public life, no more regard for truth than did Napoleon. Falsehood sprang readily to his lips, and it was almost instinctive in him to deceive. He could play a part as well as the most accomplished hypocrite. He could assure James 'with an oath' of his devotion at a moment when he knew that his desertion was but a matter of a few hours. He could wait on William as the king made his toilette, despite his close correspondence with the monarch he had driven into exile, and preserving always 'that bland serenity which neither

'peril nor infamy could disturb.'* It is possible, indeed, that the complete absence of this faculty of deception was the reason why Wellington was in that particular inferior to both Marlborough and Napoleon. Not the least of Marlborough's triumphs was his bloodless capture of the lines of Bouchain. These strong entrenchments—the prototype of Torres Vedras—were occupied by a French army almost numerically equal to that of the Allies.

'Marlborough first took Arleux (an advanced post on the French right), which he strengthened and enlarged as if with the design of holding it. He then carried his whole army to the other extremity of the lines, leaving Arleux to its fate with a very insufficient garrison. . . . As he anticipated, Arleux was taken and its defences destroyed, and thus the most serious obstacle to the success of his meditated attack in that neighbourhood was removed. The English general now pretended the deepest mortification. He shut himself up in his tent, with exquisite dissimulation changed his usual courteous demeanour, became morose, and declared loudly to all who approached him that he would wipe out the loss of Arleux by attacking the entrenchments in his front at all hazards. This was communicated to Villars by his spies; and to confirm him in his error, Marlborough, attended by his generals, made an elaborate reconnaissance of the French position in full view of the army. He rode along the front within cannon shot, and stopping occasionally, and pointing to different parts of the intrenchments, carefully explained to his subordinates the direction their several columns should take in advancing to the attack, which was then ordered to take place at dusk the same evening. Having thus completely deceived both friends and foes, and prevented the possibility of his real plan being communicated to Villars by confiding it to no one, the troops were formed as if for assault at nightfall, and with some cavalry were actually sent forward on the right to disquiet the enemy by a pretended attack, the army was moved off suddenly to its left, and marching all night, the leading troops at eleven o'clock the next forenoon passed the lines unopposed at the ruined fort of Arleux; a few hours later the whole army occupied a strong position within those defences, and Villars, who had not penetrated Marlborough's design until the latter had made good a start of many hours, only arrived to find the enemy's position unassailable, and himself compelled to abandon the barrier whose strength he had too hastily vaunted.' ('Modern Warfare and Modern Artillery,' by General Sir Patrick McDougall, K.C.M.G., pp. 60-2.)

* 'To the last he professed unbounded devotion to the courts both of Hanover and St. Germans. In April 1713, he writes to the Elector: "I entreat you to be persuaded that I shall always be ready to hazard my fortune and my life in your service." In October of the same year we find him solemnly protesting to a Jacobite agent that he had rather have his hands cut off than do anything prejudicial to King James's cause.' ('History of England,' Lord Mahon, 5th edition, vol. i. p. 15.)

The extraordinary method by which Marlborough outwitted and deluded his adversary finds its only parallel in the dissimulation practised by Napoleon previous to the campaign of Marengo and the battle of Austerlitz. We do not say that to impose on an enemy by such methods as Marlborough employed was reprehensible. The spreading of false reports is a trick which generals of spotless reputation have not disdained to use. The two great Virginians, Lee and Jackson, men whose honour was without stain or blemish, knew well the art of mystifying their foes. The Richmond newspapers were more than once the vehicle by which absolutely inaccurate information reached the Federal camps, and in 1882 Lord Wolseley himself employed the special correspondents as the unwitting instruments of his strategy. But we doubt whether Wellington would, under any circumstances, have resorted to such methods. Finesse of any kind was utterly foreign to his nature, and this element of success he altogether neglected, preferring 'to act in a down-right, straightforward sort of way that leaves no room for 'misconception on the part of the enemy, and which in war 'generally illustrates the reverse of the great ethical maxim 'that "honesty is the best policy."'* Such instinctive regard for truth might have left him in the second rank of commanders if rank be awarded to trickery, but it has raised him to the first in the hearts of his own people.

Even if it were necessary, it would be impossible within the limits of this article to recount the instances in which Marlborough said one thing and meant another. The falsehoods which he uttered, the promises he never had the slightest intention of fulfilling, and the expressions of a penitence which he never felt, would fill a volume. James, William, and Anne, the Elector of Hanover, and the Pretender, he deceived them all; and he had little more scruple in deceiving them than he had in deceiving Villars. From first to last he made the claimants to the crown the sport of his unparalleled powers of cajolery and dissimulation.

In all history there are few incidents more disgusting than the 'agony of repentance' in which he confessed to James's agent his treachery to his exiled benefactor. 'He beg'd of 'him to go to the King and acquaint him with his sincere 'repentance, and to intercede for mercy; that he was ready 'to redeem his apostasy with the hazard of utter ruine, his

* *Modern Warfare and Modern Artillery*, p. 64.

'crimes appearing so horrid to him that he could neither sleep nor eat, but in continual anguish, and a great deal to that purpose.'* 'If appearances could be trusted, this great offender was as true a penitent as David or as Peter;' and yet, says Lord Wolseley, 'it was all lip work. . . . He never seriously desired to have James established again in England, his object being merely to hedge against the contingency of the exile's restoration, which then seemed by no means improbable.'†

Dissimulation, however, is not the only fault of which Marlborough has been accused. The grosser crimes which have been laid to his charge have been thus summed up:—

'His obligations to James were of no common order. He had been raised from the position of a page to the peerage, to great wealth, and to high command. He had been trusted with the most absolute trust. His wife was the familiar friend of his benefactor's daughter. But he not only abandoned his benefactor in the crisis of his fate, with circumstances of the most deliberate and aggravated treachery, but also employed his influence over the princess to induce her to fly from her father, and to array herself with his enemies.'

Nor was this all:—

'Loaded under the new government (William III.) with titles, honour, and wealth, placed in the inner council, and entrusted with important State secrets, he was one of the first Englishmen to enter into negotiations with St. Germain; he purchased his pardon from James by betraying important military secrets to the enemies of his country, and during a great part of his subsequent career—when Anne was on the throne—he was secretly negotiating with the Pretender.' ('History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' Lecky, vol. i. pp. 148-9.)

The truth of the majority of these charges is generally admitted. The evidence as to fact is overwhelming. On the other hand, the evidence as to motive is most conflicting.

Although in his own lifetime his ingratitude and treachery to James were matters of general comment, Marlborough made no attempt whatever to justify or defend his conduct, and the writings of his free-thinking spouse are often so palpably garbled that it is always difficult to credit her assertions.

It is not, however, ingratitude and treachery which are the blackest counts. The gravamen of the charge is that in furthering the Revolution he was merely furthering

* Life of James II., published from the original Stuart MSS., vol. ii, p. 446.

† Vol. ii. pp. 227, 231.

his own interests. We propose to devote a few pages to the investigation of these questions—First, can Churchill's conduct towards James be justified? and, second, was that conduct dictated by any higher motive than self-interest? To begin with, it is necessary to realise Churchill's position:—

‘In 1688 he was something more than a mere soldier, owing military obedience to this Sovereign above all things. He was a power in the country. The time was one of intense excitement, religious as well as national, the forces were evenly balanced, and Marlborough's influence, into whichever scale it should be cast, would decide the issue. The question . . . was, should he remain faithful to James, and rivet, perhaps for ever, the yoke of despotism and popery upon the neck of the English people, or should he, by transferring his allegiance and service to William, set them free?’ (Wolseley, vol. ii. p. 83.)

His power in the country was due to two causes. In the first place, not only were he and his wife the intimate friends of Anne, but the Princess was completely under their influence. Not a step would she take without the advice of her dear Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and Mr. and Mrs. Freeman could easily prevail on her to move in any direction that they pleased, provided it was not adverse to Protestantism. Anne was an important element in the Revolution:—

‘It was, if not absolutely essential, yet most important, to the success of William's plans that his sister-in-law, who, in the order of succession to the English throne, stood between his wife and himself, should act in cordial union with him. All his difficulties would have been greatly augmented if Anne had declared herself favourable to the Indulgence. . . . What part Anne would take in the contest which distracted England was matter of deep anxiety.’ (Macaulay, vol. ii. pp. 235-6, 239.)

In the second place, Marlborough was one of the chief officers of the army. He was the senior of the three major-generals. Lords Craven, Feversham, and Dumbarton had higher rank, but no soldier in England had so distinguished a reputation, whilst two of his seniors were Catholics, and the third over eighty years of age. He had had as yet but little opportunity of showing his capacity for high command; but his gallantry under Turenne, his prudence and energy in the short campaign against Monmouth, particularly at the battle of Sedgemoor, were in themselves sufficient, at a time when active service fell to the lot of few, to attract the admiration and confidence of the army. And the army was even a more important factor in the Revolution than the Princess Anne. It was 40,000 strong, ‘with the

'reputation of being the best paid, the best equipped, and 'the most sightly troops of any in Europe; '* and although it was certainly not large, it was far larger than any force that could be mustered by William of Orange. As a matter of fact, the army of invasion did not consist of more than 12,000 or 13,000 men.

Moreover, James had taken care to leaven his battalions with his own partisans. 'He knew,' says a contemporary writer, 'that he had in his army of old disciplined troops 'Papists and bigoted Tories, who in number equalled, if not 'exceeded, the Prince's forces, and would have found them, 'or any such body of men, work enough upon equal terms.' †

If the army remained loyal there was very little chance of bringing the Revolution to a successful issue. William's Dutch soldiers, half of whom were raw recruits, ‡ would fare no better than had Monmouth's scythemen, and the six English battalions in the service of the States were too weak to avert disaster. Moreover, the invading army, after a long sea voyage, was not likely to be in good case, and its cavalry, at least, would compare but ill with the Royal Life Guards and Dragoons. It is easy to imagine with what terrible energy Claverhouse, at the head of the Scots horse, would have urged the pursuit on such troops as Lord Warrington describes: 'The condition they were in did not 'render them very terrible, many of their men being sick, 'and all discouraged by the great storms' and long lying on 'shipboard; most of their best horses killed, and the rest 'rendered almost unfit for service, and the Dutch were never 'esteemed very famous for land service, though they behave 'themselves very well at sea.' §

It was consequently above all things essential that, in some fashion or other, so formidable an obstacle in the path of the Revolution should be removed. This task fell to the lot of Churchill, and it was a task which was far less easy than to persuade the Princess Anne to desert her father. Lord Wolseley appears to suggest that the troops were already disaffected:—

'Although the British soldier is a volunteer, he is no mercenary, no mere hiring who will fight in any cause, be it just or unjust, for the

* James II., vol. ii. p. 71.

† See the works of Henry, late Lord Delamere, Earl of Warrington. London: 1694. P. 59.

‡ 'Seven thousand new recruits were raised . . . in July and August 1688.' (Hozier, 'Invasions of England,' p. 275.)

§ Lord Delamere's Works, pp. 59, 60.

prince or government who pays him. He is not a mere piece of machinery to be wound up like a clock, or regulated like a steam-engine or a spinning jenny. He has not only a body to be shot, but he is endowed with the same feelings and the same love of life as other people, and with the same respect and enthusiasm for a righteous cause as the best in the land. His heart—for he, too, has a heart—must be in the contest, and if it be not there is little to be got from him. The government or the general who counts upon the British soldier to fight well in an unrighteous and unjust cause, relies for support upon a reed that will pierce the hand that leans upon it.' (Wolseley, vol. ii. p. 84.)

Elsewhere he writes that James 'never fully understood how 'strong was the dread and hatred of popery in all classes of 'the community, nor could he believe that any such feeling 'would ever make his soldiers and sailors unfaithful to 'him.' Now, whether it be the fact or not that all classes of the community were hostile to the king, it is absolutely certain that neither the common soldiers nor the common sailors proved a reed that pierced the hand that leaned upon it. Lord Warrington, speaking on this subject, makes the following very pertinent remark:—

'It was quickly discovered how far this contagion [the desertion of Marlborough and his fellow conspirators] was spread in the army; for it was presently understood to have infected the officers rather than the common soldiers, by which King James was no less deceived than the Prince of Orange abused, for all those officers that had promised the Prince did withal assure him that they had concerted the thing with the men under their command; but it proved quite otherwise by that one instance of Langston, when he went over to the Prince, which made the greatest noise of any other revolt, and was in effect more than was done by anybody else. . . . Yet most of my Lord Cornbury's Dragoons, and all my Lord Oxford's regiment, save two men, came back to King James, and made their way with their swords; and even Langston's men, when they came within the Prince's Guards, cry'd out that they were betray'd, and tho' they stay'd, it was rather as prisoners than as friends, till by the largess of a month's pay they were brought to be of another opinion. Whereby the Prince was no less disappointed in his inclination of the soldiers than was James deceived by the fidelity of the officers.' (Delamere, p. 62.)

The sailors were no more inclined to mutiny than the soldiers. Active measures were taken to tamper with their allegiance. Admiral Herbert, who had joined William in Holland some months before the invasion took place, issued an appeal to the sailors of all ranks. 'Ruin or infamy,' he said, 'must inevitably attend you, if you do not join with 'the Prince in the common cause for the defence of your

'religion and liberties.' It would be infamous, he added, if they suffered him to fail, and if he succeeded all those who did not join him would be dismissed from the navy. 'And yet Lord Dartmouth' (James's admiral), says Burnet, 'assured me some time after that, whatever stories we heard and believed, either of officers or seamen, he was confident they would all have fought very heartily.'

We have here, then, a very curious comment on the character which Lord Wolseley has given to the British soldier and the British sailor. Notwithstanding that they were engaged in an unrighteous cause, notwithstanding that a large number of their favourite officers abandoned them, and notwithstanding the knowledge that loyalty, if they were unsuccessful, meant ruin, they not only refused to desert their colours, but showed not the slightest disinclination to fight the enemy wherever he was met with. In fact, they displayed a respect for constitutional authority, a loyalty to the Crown, and a sturdy independence of character which we have no reason to believe is in the slightest degree impaired. They refused to follow the officers, influential as they were, who endeavoured to seduce them from their duty; and they at least showed that, in becoming soldiers, they had accepted the inconveniences which the oath of allegiance may entail. Had the army or the navy, at the time of the Revolution, acted like the Roman Prætorians, and awarded the throne to William, it would have supplied the enemies of a standing military force with a weapon which by this time would probably have ruined England. When either army or navy presumes to disobey the constitutional authority, whatever may be the upshot, the traditional dread of the military power will revive with tenfold strength.

Moreover, if the army was already disaffected, why was it necessary to use such extraordinary means to break down its *morale*? Why did the officers, Marlborough, Grafton, Ormond, Trelawny, Cornbury, Berkeley, and the rest, wait till the outposts were almost in contact before they left their colours? Why was it necessary that such a boy as Lord Cornbury should find himself in charge of all the troops that were assembled at Salisbury?

'It seems extraordinary that, at such a crisis, the army on which everything depended should have been left, even for a moment, under the command of a young colonel, who had neither abilities nor experience. There can be little doubt that so strange an arrangement was the result of deep design, and as little doubt to what head and what heart the design is to be imputed.' (Macaulay, vol. ii. p. 502.)

Marlborough had indeed laid his plans with consummate skill. The soldiers would not desert their colours. They were full of fight. But it was above all things essential that there should be no bloodshed.

'If any part of the royal forces resolutely withstood the invaders, would not that part soon have on its side the patriotic sympathy of millions? A defeat would be fatal to the whole undertaking. A bloody victory gained in the heart of the island by the mercenaries of the States General over the Coldstream Guards and the Buffs would be almost as great a calamity as a defeat. Such a victory would be the most cruel wound ever inflicted on the national pride of one of the proudest of nations. . . . The hatred with which the High Commission and the Jesuits were regarded would give place to the more intense hatred which would be inspired by the alien conquerors.' (Macaulay, vol. ii. p. 414.)

It was necessary, therefore, that the English army should be defeated by a force of less than one-third its strength, and that it should be defeated without a blow being struck. In comparison with such a task as this the capture of the Bouchain lines would seem an easy feat. It was well for William that the same military genius which had won that extraordinary victory was enlisted on his side.

Before the King left London, Cornbury, the leader of his advanced guard, went over to the invader.

'This disastrous intelligence caused James for the moment to change his plans. He ordered the artillery train, his own equipage, and the troops then on the march for Salisbury, to halt, as he now hesitated about going there himself. His reliance had been in his army, and he at last realised that it could no longer be trusted. In reporting this serious news from Salisbury, Feversham [the royal commander-in-chief] pointed out in his letter how important it was that the King should at once appear amongst his troops; James, after much hesitation, accordingly resolved to set out forthwith.' (Wolseley, vol. ii. p. 33.)

On the 19th he reached headquarters. William had already marched into Sherborne. The royal advanced guard was at Warminster, under command of the notorious Kirke. On the 20th the hostile patrols came into collision. On the 21st—

'James assembled a council of superior officers. Some, including Churchill, urged him to fight. . . . Feversham and others advised him to fall back behind the Thames. Believing that everything depended upon the army, whose fighting value had been somewhat rudely shaken by the desertion of Lord Cornbury and others, James made a touching appeal to the loyalty of the officers present at the council. He tells us in his memoirs: "They all seemed moved at this discourse, and vowed they would serve him to the last drop of their blood." . . . That very night Churchill, the Duke of Grafton, Colonel Berkeley, and some

other officers, with about twenty troopers of the Royal Dragoons, quietly left Salisbury for Axminster, where they joined William on November 23. . . . From this moment the number of deserters increased rapidly. Brigadier-General Trelawney, with Colonel Charles Churchill and some of his non-commissioned officers and men, quitted Warminster to join William. On some frivolous pretext, Kirke (commanding the advanced guard), when ordered to march to Devizes, refused, and was sent a prisoner to London before he found an opportunity of deserting. . . . No officer of influence was left to strike a blow for the King. Churchill's defection had turned the scale hopelessly against him, and the army could no longer be depended on. "Abundance of officers are gone, but not that proportion of souldgers," wrote one on the spot. . . . James now heard that the garrison of Plymouth had declared for William, and that the infection had spread to the navy, for upon the arrival of Lord Churchill's brother George, in command of the "Newcastle," he also had deserted.' (Ibid. vol. ii. pp. 36, 40, 43.)

'All these things confirmed James in the resolution which he had taken on the preceding evening. Orders were given for an immediate retreat. Salisbury was in an uproar. The camp broke up with the confusion of a flight. No man knew whom to trust or whom to obey. The material strength of the army was little diminished, but its moral strength had been destroyed.' (Macaulay, vol. ii. p. 518.)

Lord Warrington (Delamere) puts the numbers of desertions at no more than two thousand, and it is significant that so late as December 4 those who had joined William, including the country gentlemen and their tenants, could be formed into no more than three regiments.

The whole of the evidence goes to prove that it was not on the patriotism of the common soldiers that the conspirators counted, but on the blow to their discipline and their military spirit inflicted by the sudden defection of their officers.

"Englishmen," says Lord Warrington, alluding to James's army, "seldom turn their backs, and will go as far as their officers will lead them." "I have heard wise men say that if James had turned out the old officers and made new ones amongst the common soldiers, King William would not easily have brought about his enterprise; at least, there would have been more bloodshed." (Speech of the Duke of Wharton in the House of Lords in 1724.) "It was asserted by many who were aware of the circumstances at the time, that had James marched against William at once when he reached Salisbury, his soldiers would have fought for him. Lord Forbes pressed the King to attack forthwith; for, as he truly said, 'Soldiers only desert when left inactive; they do not do so when marching upon an enemy. The foreigner, Feversham, did not possess the qualities of a general, and had no influence with his troops; but had there been at the King's side a real soldier of Churchill's military capacity, and who preferred

the King's interest to the liberty and religion of the English people, how different even then might have been the history of the time. The military student,' he adds, 'will readily understand how much we are indebted for the successful issue of the Revolution to Marlborough's desertion.'"' (Wolseley, vol. ii. p. 34.)

If we add that, on his arrival in London after leaving Salisbury, James found that the Princess Anne had fled secretly from Whitehall, the overwhelming strength of the blow, which seems to have paralysed the faculties of the unhappy king, became even more apparent.* It is little to be wondered at if the terrible events of that fateful fortnight, desertion succeeding desertion in such quick succession until they culminated in the flight of his own child, should have overwhelmed his intellect under a very sea of troubles. At the same time the skill with which the plot was devised and executed reveals an ability pre-eminent in deception and in foresight.

So complete was the treachery, so crooked the design, so refined the perfidy, that it is scarcely singular that the arch conspirator should be branded as absolutely unscrupulous, absolutely pitiless, and absolutely shameless; or that his name, despite his glory, should have become a byword for everything that is mean, everything that is ungrateful, and everything that is false. Lord Wolseley by no means accepts this conclusion. 'As I read history, England owes him a debt of gratitude for the calculated deceit which marked his desertion.' At the same time he admits that his conduct, at the present day, would place such a man beyond the pale of society. The passages in which he gives the grounds for his opinion are too long for quotation, and we may say at once that although Churchill's conduct towards James implies a depth of baseness and treachery which is all but diabolical, yet if the Revolution was to be accom-

* 'He (the King) might plainly see that they had thrown away the scabbard and contemned the thought of asking quarter; for as they could never hope for another opportunity to recover their liberties if they failed in this, so they well knew the inexorable temper of King James, and that it would be to no great purpose to sue for his mercy: whereby being made desperate, and abetted, moreover, by the whole nation, he must expect the utmost that could be done by united vigour and courage, revenge, the vigour of liberty, and despair, all which would make up too strong a composition for King James his tender stomach, and turn his thoughts from fight to contrive the best way to save his life, and this was the storm that drove him from Salisbury.' (Delamere, pp. 68-9.)

plished at all, it was amply justified. So early as 1687 a large number of the leading men in England had determined to get rid of James, and had entered into communication with the Prince of Orange. Churchill soon joined the conspiracy, and on August 4, 1688, he wrote to William, placing his services at the disposal of the Prince, and putting his honour into his hands, his motive, according to the letter, being his resolve 'to die in that religion which it had pleased God to give the Prince both the will and the power to protect.'

From the moment that letter was despatched, he was irretrievably committed to the course which he afterwards pursued. The letter itself was the head and front of his offending; the terrible deliberation of his treachery was but the natural sequence of his resolve. We have already referred to his position, to the importance of the part he was called upon to play, and to the enormous difficulties which would be overcome by his aid alone. It is abundantly clear, from the extracts we have already quoted, that the power of resistance with which his strong and loyal army supplied the king, would never have been dissolved unless Churchill had acted as he did. A more straightforward policy would doubtless have failed.

'It has been urged by a host of writers that it was Churchill's clear duty, as an officer and a gentleman, to at least resign his commission before entering into a treasonable conspiracy against his master. In ordinary circumstances that would unquestionably have been the proper course. But the circumstances were not ordinary; they were most peculiar; for his master and benefactor had become a despot, who could only be disposed of either by assassination or a revolution; and had Churchill suddenly quitted James's service, the existence of a plot would have been instantly guessed, and those suspected of conspiracy would have been sent to the Tower. Any open attempt to drive James from the throne would have failed as signally as in Monmouth's case. French troops were constantly at hand to crush any attempt at rebellion, and unless James could be lulled into a false sense of security, or otherwise kept from calling in those troops, no revolution would have a chance of success. . . . Several military and naval officers joined William in Holland before he set out for England, and had Churchill followed their example, none could with any justice point a finger at him. It was the course,' he adds, 'which any gentleman of the present day would instinctively follow.' (Wolseley, vol. ii. p. 85.)

But were such a gentleman in Churchill's most peculiar situation, he would certainly show far less thoroughness and far less foresight than Churchill, if, having once resolved to

rebel, he were to take the very course which would expose the plot and render success impossible.* The question is, was Churchill, to whom the consequences of his action must have been absolutely clear, justified in placing his services at the disposal of William, and in putting his honour in his hand? It may be urged that any man, in any age, who deliberately resolved to enter on a protracted course of lying, deceit, and treachery, must indeed have been 'a prodigy of turpitude,' and that he who, from the summer of 1687 to the night of his desertion in the winter of 1688, acted one long lie, must have lost all sense of honour, have stifled conscience, and have abandoned all respect for that religion which he professed to hold in so much esteem.

Lord Wolseley brings forward the excuse that the majority of his contemporaries, placed in the same situation, would have done the same. This is doubtless true. But we believe that the danger which threatened the country in the person of King James is a far better defence. It was not only that he had determined to force his own religion on his subjects, but that he had determined to establish in England a despotism as complete as that of Louis XIV. in France. He had tampered with immemorial rights:—

'He took the customs against law; he carried on, by his countenance and bribery, sham plots to destroy honest and worthy men; he bereaved the Corporations of their liberties and franchises; he turned out the judges for acting according to their consciences, and filled the Benches with the raff of the gown. . . . He set up in time of peace a numerous army to the terror of his subjects, and allowed so little for their quartering, as it amounted to little less than free quartering; he assumed a dispensing power, and declared he would be obeyed without reserve.' (Delamere, p. 402.)

Such were his crimes as described by his contemporaries, and there is not the slightest doubt that in 1687 and 1688, with the Bloody Assize of Jeffreys still fresh in their memories, Englishmen had good reason to fear that life, property, and conscience were at the mercy of a tyrant such as England had never seen. Moreover, as Lord Wolseley well says:—

'Popular sentiment had been intensely roused by stories of the persecution of Protestants in France, and the feeling was kept alive by

* 'I confess indeed that the Duke of M——h might have laid down his commission; yes, and the rest of the Bishops might have gone to the Tower, and the clergy hand in hand to other prisons, and the Prince of Orange might have staid on the other side of the water.' (The Duke of M——'s 'Vindication,' in answer to a pamphlet so called, p. 8. London, 1712.)

dramatic tales of horror related by the Huguenot refugees who crowded into London and all our large towns. By his revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Louis XIV. had declared war against Protestantism and free thought, and in so doing had aroused here an intensely angry feeling against himself and against all those Englishmen who still adhered to the ancient faith.' (Vol. ii. p. 435.)

It was but natural to expect that James, who had already given startling proof of a cruel disposition, would not be long in following the policy of his close ally.

It may be usefully remembered that not only Englishmen, but every European nation, or at least every European sovereign, including Pope Innocent XI., openly disapproved of the proceedings of the Court of France. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was everywhere loudly reprobated, and, except in France alone, Louis was looked upon as the enemy of the human race. When the Sovereign Pontiff abandoned James as well as his ally, Englishmen might with good reason class them both in the same category.

It may be said that Marlborough was no more to blame in deceiving James than was Stanley in deserting Richard on Bosworth Field, or than a keeper is in humouring a dangerous lunatic. The means adopted were, doubtless, such as no soldier, no gentleman, would have willingly selected. But so strong was James's position, that no other means had the slightest chance of success. In the fact that James was the enemy of England, and an enemy far more formidable than an open and declared foe, lies the justification of Marlborough's letter to the Prince of Orange. A more serious question is whether Marlborough, in deserting James, was actuated by patriotic motives. Lord Wolseley declares that he was, and he has brought forward much evidence to prove his case.

Even Macaulay admits that he was a sincere Protestant, and Mr. Saintsbury, most unbiassed of biographers, declares that in joining William—

'he was throwing away almost a certainty for a remote and weak possibility. . . . Anne, when James was once out of the way, was an insecure and distant source of profit. As events proved, Marlborough had to wait nearly fifteen years before deriving much benefit from his desertion of the king. If Mary had lived to the ordinary term he would have been dead before her, and if she had had children he was nowhere. That William personally should favour him was very unlikely.' (Saintsbury, p. 32.)

In joining the conspiracy against James—

'he relinquished the almost certain possession of all those objects

which men are usually most anxious to secure. He quitted the service of a king who was attached to him, and would presumably have advanced his fortune, to throw in his lot with a prince who might not even succeed in his enterprise, and if he did succeed might prove to be no friend.' (Wolsley, vol. ii. p. 75.)

Nor could he have hoped for higher command in the army than he now enjoyed. Marshal Schomberg, William's favourite general, had a European reputation, far surpassing that of any English officer, and was esteemed one of the first soldiers of the age.*

A revolution without William's help and presence, even if successful, would have very probably ended in the triumph of the Republican party. Evelyn writes in his Diary (January 15, 1689): 'Some would have the Princess [of Orange] made Queen without any more dispute; others were for a Regency: there was a Tory party (then so call'd) who were inviting His Majesty again upon conditions; and there were Republicians [*sic*], who would make the P. of Orange like a stadtholder.' So Bishop Turner, to his Considerations of what Method is left for the Bishops to use, in representing to the Prince of Orange their sense 'concerning the King's kingdom,' adds:—

'This paper should be delivered by one of us to Monsieur Benting, or some chiefe Minister, to be handed by him to his Highness, with as little noise and notice as may be, and if such a representation does not putt a stopp (as 'tis to be feared it will not), then it will be time enough, and high time it will bee, for the Lords Spirituall, and those Temporall that will act conjointly with us, to oppose the commonwealth-men openly at the Convention.' †

Moreover, Innocent XI.'s advocacy of William might have proved a most useful weapon in the hands of James. Had he appealed to the nation against the interference of the Roman Curia, had he repeated the words that he had used at his accession, assured them that he intended to be 'an upholder of the Royal Supremacy against the Pope' ‡ and called upon them to assist him in crushing a foreign prince who had been sent to possess himself of England, 'with the Apostolic benediction of an Italian priest,' the Dutch expedition might have met the fate of the Armada.

* 'He [Marlborough] could not pretend to rival Schomberg.' (The Duke of M——'s 'Vindication.')

† 'Thomas Ken.' By Dean Plumptre. [Archbishop Sancroft's MSS., Bodleian Library.] Vol. ii. p. 29.

‡ Memoirs of Sir John Reresby, p. 328. See also Thomas Ken, vol. ii. p. 19.

An unfortunate sentence in the Duchess of Marlborough's 'Vindication' has been turned to profit by those who take an opposite view. 'It was,' she says, 'evident to all the world that as things were carried on by King James, everybody must sooner or later be ruined who would not become a Roman Catholic. This consideration made me very well pleased at the Prince of Orange's undertaking to rescue us from such slavery.' Here, according to Macaulay, 'the motive which determined the conduct of the Churchills is shortly and clearly set forth.' It may be observed, however, that Sarah may have meant something more by the word 'ruin' than the mere loss of place and property, that she is speaking of herself alone, and that she says elsewhere, in a private letter to a friend and relative: 'Having done so much for the cause of liberty, and for the good of England, I had much rather have him [Marlborough] suffer on that account than change sides, for that would look as if what hee [*sic*] did in the Revolution was not for those reasons, as it really was, but for to comply with the times.*' The lady possibly protests too much, but the evidence she gives in Marlborough's favour is at least as strong as that which she unwittingly bears against him.

As we have already suggested, the tortuous methods by which the Revolution was effected induce us to view his every word and action with the deepest suspicion. We are of opinion, however, that during the revolutionary period his conduct was justified by the very trying situation in which he found himself. As was well said of Sunderland, 'If he was true to his country, he betray'd his master. If he was true to his master, he was false to his country.' It is possible that his motives were not unmixed. That he had an eye to his own interests may well be inferred from the tenor of his after life. But it is difficult to see how those interests were furthered by his desertion of the king, and there is ample evidence to show that liberty of conscience and the maintenance of the Established Church were the principal motives which determined his line of action.

In his letter to William, written whilst the plot was hatching, he gives this as his reason for deserting James, and speaks of it with much emphasis. He had made no secret in conversation of his intention of

'abandoning James if he attacked either the laws or the Church. He

* Letters of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. London: J. Murray, 1875. To Mr. Jennens (*sic*), July 9 (O.S.), 1713.

had solemnly warned the King not to attempt the re-establishment of popery. Nor did he finally decide to take part in the Revolution until he had taken the advice of his friend, the Bishop of Ely. The bishop told him that it would be rebellion against God if he sided with those who sought to destroy the civil and religious rights of the people, and that to refuse assistance to those who "came to the help of the Lord against the mighty" would be to incur the curse pronounced against Meroz.' (Wolseley, vol. ii. pp. 75 and 77.)

We may add that the fact of the conversation referred to is established by independent evidence. Moreover, a letter from Anne to Mary, written in December 1687 (O.S.), has the following:—

'For though he [Marlborough] is a very faithful servant to the King, and that the King is very kind to him, and, I believe, he may always obey the King in all things that are consistent with religion—yet, rather than change that, I dare say he will lose all his places and all that he has.' (Wolseley, vol. i. p. 378.)

Had he been as loyal to William as to his religion, he would not need apologists; his thriftiness would be characterised as wise economy, his fidelity to his wife would be extolled, the decency of his life in an age of grossness would be held up as an example, and, in all probability, he would be esteemed as the saviour of our liberty and a pillar of the English Church.

Unfortunately for his good name, before William had been three years upon the throne, Marlborough entered into communications with St. Germain. We have no intention of reviewing his transactions at any length. We have already alluded to the disgraceful humiliation of his interview with Colonel Sackville, and we may add that his letters to the king display the same shameless mendacity and deplorable hypocrisy. Nor was he content with this disgusting spectacle of feigned remorse and grovelling penitence. Not only did he cringe like a rated cur at the feet of James, but he eagerly offered the information as to the military plans of the king, whose Privy Councillor he was. More than all, this information was not only valuable to James, but it was valuable to Louis. The secrets he betrayed concerned English expeditions directed against French ports, and were not such as would merely expedite the designs of the exiles, but would entail the defeat of English soldiers and the disgrace of the English flag.

This information had been already supplied by other conspirators, and in his darkest and most notorious act of treachery, the letter to James which exposed the intended

attack on Brest, he took care to be anticipated. In fact, 'he merely officiously volunteered information which was 'generally known,' and was a traitor in appearance rather than in reality. But this defence is as scandalous as the act itself. It rather increases the turpitude and falsehood of Marlborough.' The crime was not only in the act, but in the base intention.

Nor was this all. Marlborough did not even maintain the outward semblance of discipline. Both he and the army had doubtless special grievances. Dutch generals were employed both in Ireland and in Flanders in command of English troops, and were generally unfortunate. The English officers, even when their services were brilliant, were unrewarded and ignored. Crown property was lavishly bestowed on William's Dutch favourites. The Dutch Guards still usurped the functions of the Grenadiers and Coldstream, and the English army was rapidly losing that reputation in Europe which had been won for it by Cromwell's splendid infantry. The spirit of discontent, due to these causes, Marlborough set himself to fan. 'He spoke 'openly in the army of the want of consideration shown to 'English officers, and in his anger he often alluded to 'William in disparaging and offensive terms.' In addition, therefore, to the crime of holding correspondence with the enemy, he was guilty of the grossest insubordination.

The affair of Brest is the blackest part of his commerce with William's enemies. Lord Wolseley shows conclusively that the destination of the expedition was known to the French at least a month before Marlborough's letter could have been handed by James to Louis, that before that letter was despatched Godolphin had already communicated the information to the French Court, and that Marlborough was aware that he had done so. The expedition culminated in the defeat of the English force, 'but it is quite certain that 'the disaster would have taken place all the same, if Marlborough had been beheaded for treason two years before.'*

In the years of which we are speaking William was exceedingly unpopular in England:—

* Wolseley, vol. ii. p. 315. See also p. 306. 'For months before the troops put to sea the intended attack on Brest had been the common talk at London dinner-tables. Contemporary papers and letters prove this beyond doubt.' Mr. Leslie Stephen ('Dict. of Nat. Biog.' vol. x. p. 319) brings to notice the fact that William was well aware that the French had been warned, and in consequence condemned the enterprise as imprudent.

'To put the thing in a nutshell, an enormous majority of Englishmen would have infinitely preferred James if he could have made himself tolerable, and only tolerated William because they could not do without him. . . . James was a countryman and William a foreigner ; James far enough for his personal shortcomings to be forgotten, and William's disagreeable personality always on the spot.' (Saintsbury, p. 40.)

It was the dread lest these feelings should burst into action—a very probable contingency—that led Marlborough, amongst many other public men, to make his peace with the enemy whilst he was yet in the gate, and to endeavour, by every means in his power, to regain the favour of King James.

That there was no truth in his treason was the view accepted. It was accepted, we believe, by William, who was well aware of his treachery, for on no other supposition can we account for his restoring Marlborough to favour in 1696, recalling him to the Privy Council, appointing him Governor to Prince George, a Lord Justice, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Hague. Nor has it been disputed, so far as we are aware, by any writer of repute.

In 1694 Queen Mary died. • Anne was now heiress apparent, and William was compelled to treat her with the respect due to her position. Under these changed conditions Marlborough gradually relaxed his opposition, and his communications with St. Germain's became less frequent and his promises more vague. In these three years, however, his honour had become irretrievably blemished. It has been urged that he was merely hedging ; that his promises to James were only ' lip work ; ' that in the treatment of the army he had just cause for resentment ; that it was the fashion of the time, and many of the highest names in England are stained by the same crime ; that he treated life as a campaign, politics as a game, in which, by fair means or foul, he must be on the winning side, ' and that there ' must always be for his action the excuse that it was not ' in deliberate defiance of laws which the actor recognised.' Such are the pleas which have been put forward in his behalf ; and we still believe that these three years, with their rank luxuriance of falsehood, will ever be a bar to Marlborough's taking rank in the estimation of his countrymen with Nelson and with Wellington.

It is true that everything was against him. His upbringing was by no means in his favour. His education had been neglected ; and, as Macpherson observes, his mind

had not been refined by familiarity with the noble characters of previous times. The Churchills were by no means a religious family. His sister had become James's mistress, with the approbation of her parents. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was his mother's cousin. The second of his brothers was tried by court-martial for speculation, and two of them left illegitimate children. He left school early, and his character had been formed in the most dissolute Court in Christendom, in the camps of France, thronged by the gallants of Louis XIV., and in attendance on a prince who was by no means a model of morality.

It was, indeed, difficult to escape from the atmosphere of vice. The ordinary code of honour was never so near vanishing point as in the reigns which succeeded the Restoration. The example of King Charles was in itself sufficient to corrupt a nation, and even the clergy, with some few honourable exceptions, had found a way of compromising between God and Mammon. In politics, venality and corruption reigned supreme; 'power was pursued for the most 'vulgar and selfish motives.' Never was an age so deplorably deficient in great or noble characters. Never was religion at so low an ebb. Never was the struggle for place more desperate, and never was patriotism less pure.

A stronger man than any of his contemporaries, with the single exception of William, Marlborough was far more capable, and, possibly, far more ambitious. That he did not become altogether vile may be taken as evidence that there were bounds which that which was good within him would not allow him to overstep. Men are the creatures of their surroundings, and it is seldom indeed, when those surroundings are utterly vicious, that such innate nobility of soul can exist as to raise the individual above his fellows. Even in the age of the Revolution there were men, like Penn and Evelyn, who scorned a lie, or who, like the Primate Sancroft and Bishop Ken, were ready to sacrifice everything for principle. Marlborough was not amongst those. His standard of public morality was low. He was not naturally truthful. He did not instinctively recoil from falsehood, and he felt no shame in sacrificing his honour to his interest.

We believe that in deserting James his motives were political, and that the urgency of the situation justified the manner in which that desertion was carried out. In corresponding with St. Germain's his only motive was self-interest, and his duplicity cannot be excused. We certainly cannot believe that any man with as fine a brain as Marlborough's could act as he did during the reign of William and remain under

the delusion that his action was in accordance with the ordinary rules of honour and the teachings of his religion.

These views of his conduct may possibly seem inconsistent. It is to be remembered, however, that after 1688 no cherished principle was at stake. Both the religion and liberties of England were secure, for, even if William had been dethroned, James had promised solemnly on more than one occasion to maintain the Church and to respect Parliament. The truth is, we are convinced, that Marlborough's weakness was a proneness to deceit, and that, in the years 1691-94, under much temptation, and with the example of many others to urge him on, he fell an easy victim to his besetting sin. But for all that Marlborough was no abandoned scoundrel. He was selfish and untruthful in his public life, but he can hardly be called wicked. His political principles were lax, his political practices disgraceful, and he did not display that regard for discipline which a lofty conception of duty would have dictated. But, as has been before pointed out in this Journal, Macaulay, 'when he pilloried Marlborough to all time, with less compunction than if he had been a dead polecat to nail on a barn door,'* did his memory a grievous wrong.

Lord Wolseley arrives practically at the same conclusion, but by different methods. His chief argument is that 'hedging' and pretended treachery were the fashion of the times, and that Marlborough, consequently, must have considered his correspondence with St. Germain's as merely a venial fault. This argument we cannot accept. As we have said, we believe that Marlborough sinned with his eyes open and his conscience wide awake. Nor do we follow Lord Wolseley in his enthusiastic admiration of Marlborough as a man. It is a pity, we think, that in his final chapter, eminently interesting as it is, he should have gone beyond the period of which his volumes treat. The Marlborough of 1702 was by no means a great man. He was a very powerful nobleman, a good soldier, and a model husband. He had served England well at the Revolution, and the liberty she enjoyed was in great part due to him. But his conduct towards William was a dark blot upon his character, and had he died before Blenheim England would have had no reason to be proud of him. It was the war with France, the defeat of Louis XIV., the glory won for England, the liberty won for Europe, that redeemed his fame. Lord Wolseley, as has been suggested elsewhere, has always

* Edinburgh Review, cli. p. 513.

before his mind the story of that heroic struggle, the power of France, the weakness of the Allies, the difficulties which lay in Marlborough's path, and the far-reaching result of his many victories. In the victor of Blenheim he sometimes forgets the Privy Councillor of William, and in his eyes, to some degree at least, the splendid services of the soldier extenuate the vices of the politician.

We are obliged to notice certain blemishes in Lord Wolseley's volumes. It is doubtless of importance to emphasise the lessons to be learned by statesmen, by sailors, and by soldiers, from the events of the period he describes. But, in our opinion, it would have been well had he refrained from driving these lessons so directly home. Allusions to administrative and military defects existing in the present year of grace may befit a review, but detract from the dignity of history. Moreover, this '*Life of Marlborough*' will take a place amongst our standard literature, and readers of generations to come will scarcely thank Lord Wolseley for his constant allusion to abuses which we may hope will then have long been swept away.

It must be remembered, however, that these volumes are merely introductory. Lord Wolseley will doubtless contend that in the great struggle with France, the period of Marlborough's greatness, not only as a soldier, but as a man, and as an Englishman, his patriotism was pure, his hands unstained, and his conception of duty high, although even during the war his conduct was open to grave suspicion. Had Macaulay's judgement been allowed to stand unchallenged; had that which may be urged in condonation of Marlborough's faults been left unsaid; had attention not been drawn to his many redeeming qualities, his achievements as a commander might not be followed with the interest and the sympathy they now attract. But there is something morbid in the enthusiasm which Lord Wolseley feels for so mixed a character as that of Marlborough. It is a bad example of misplaced hero worship. It shakes our faith in the historian's judgement, and we do not suppose that his arguments will have any effect on the opinion of the world. All the critics who have noticed this work acknowledge the industry and great literary merit of the author, and we gladly concur in this tribute to Lord Wolseley's style; but not one of them, as far as we know, has accepted or adopted his conclusions. In the sequel Lord Wolseley will be on surer ground, and we have no doubt he will do ample justice to Marlborough's splendid military achievements, in which we shall all agree.

ART. II.—*Town Life in the Fifteenth Century.* By Mrs. J. R. GREEN. In two vols. London: 1894.

THE good that a man does lives after him is a saying of the truth of which this book is an instance. For though it is the work of Mrs. Green, it owes its being to the example and the bidding of her husband. 'When Mr. Green's work was over he asked of me a promise that I would try to study some of those problems in mediæval history where there seemed to him so much that still needed to be done, and so much to be yet discovered. In this book I have made my first beginning toward the fulfilment of that promise.' It is a tribute to the memory, and a continuation of the method, of an historian whose life was too short, but who has done very much to vivify English history, and who viewed facts and events in their true proportions. To him is due, wrote the late Mr. Freeman in the introduction to his 'English Towns and Districts,' 'the happy phrase "the making of England," to describe the process in which many of the towns and districts here spoken of played no small part.' It is a phrase which causes us to regard historical facts from quite a different point of view from that which was at one time common. Great events and constitutional conflicts, the policies and the deeds of statesmen and of kings, have now found their proper place in the making of England side by side with the apparently insignificant movements of trade and commerce, with the gradual growth of borough and port, and with the broadening of freedom from precedent to precedent among burghers and townsmen. To this appreciation of some of the less striking, but not less important, elements in the making of England these volumes are an important contribution, since they place before us the materials which enable us to realise both the growth and the character of town life in the fifteenth century, and, to understand, looking before and after, the place which the towns hold in the early political and social history of our country. Mrs. Green, while wisely refraining from large generalisations, has sometimes allowed her interest in her subject to bias her judgement; but she has, on the other hand, illuminated her collection of materials with pertinent and well-timed remarks, which put the reader in the way to form his own conclusions, and to draw his own pictures from the facts which are collected in these pages.

It may perhaps be asked why Mrs. Green has chosen to write the history of English towns in the fifteenth century. We may give her answer in her own words:—

‘There is no better starting point for the study of town life in England than the fifteenth century itself, when, with ages of restless growth lying behind them, and with their societies as yet untouched by the influences of the Renaissance or the Reformation or the new commercial system, the boroughs had reached their prosperous maturity. It would be vain to attempt any reconstruction of their earlier history without having first stood, as it were, in the very midst of that turbulent society, and by watching the infinite variety of constitutional development learned to search out and estimate the manifold forces which had been at work to bring about so complex a result; and no study of their later history is possible without an understanding of the prodigious vitality of the mediæval municipalities.’ (Vol. i. p. 9.)

It is the age at which the English boroughs had reached a period of prosperity, after which their history is more interwoven with the general history of the nation. Thenceforth, also, new forces were to affect the towns individually, so as, in some instances, to produce a still larger growth; in others, to hasten their decay. Up to this time ‘the burghers went ‘on filling their purses, on the one hand, and drawing ‘up constitutions for their towns on the other, till, in the ‘fifteenth century, they were, in fact, the guardians of ‘English wealth and the arbiters of English politics.’ This is too broad a statement, though it is a striking way of emphasising the fact that the English towns, by their corporate growth, and by the comfort and the wealth of their inhabitants, had attained a place which caused them henceforth to be important factors in the politics of the age and vital elements in the social system of the country. At the same time, it is necessary to guard against the idea that there was a uniformity in the growth of the English towns, or that there was, in their maturity, a complete similarity either in their constitutions or their customs. It is, in fact, the marked difference between them which renders necessary a careful study of each borough, if we would understand correctly the making of England. In some respects the title of this book must put the student on his guard. He will be inclined to expect a single view of the English towns at a particular period; he will hope to catch them, if we may so say, for the moment stationary. In this he will be disappointed, for he will have to watch their growth, and their changes during the whole of the fifteenth century, and he will have to do more—he will have, in some

instances, to go back to yet earlier years, in which the cardinal events in the mediæval history of some of the English towns are to be found; and he will be fortunate if, while endeavouring to draw some general conclusion, he does not find that each fresh town that he brings within his review alters the generalisations which he is formulating.

The want of similarity in growth, to which we just now alluded, is well exemplified in those pages in which Mrs. Green treats of towns on three different kinds of estates—namely, those on the royal demesne, those on feudal, and those on Church estates. It is dangerous to generalise on the subject, and Mrs. Green has in this part of her work perhaps endeavoured to make these divisions too marked; but, no doubt, some difference is evident in a more rapid growth and a quicker attainment both of municipal freedom and commercial prosperity by the towns on the royal demesne than by those on land of which a noble or an ecclesiastical dignitary was the lord. As between towns on the two latter kinds of estates, commercial prosperity was greatest on Church estates, but municipal freedom was as difficult of attainment there as under a feudal noble; the latter was jealous of civic freedom, and he was so straitened for money that he was always squeezing the last farthing from towns on his estates. Noblemen of the fifteenth had often as little spare money as many of the aristocracy of the nineteenth century: they were hard pressed to find the means of maintaining their position and of supplying fighting men for their king:—

‘The conditions under which the great landowners were living at this time were indeed singularly unfavourable. With the new trade they had comparatively little to do, and the noble, with his throng of dependents and his show of state, was really living from hand to mouth on the harvests from his fields and the plunder he got in war. After the fashion of the time the treasure of the family was hoarded up in his great oak chests: splendid robes, cloth of gold, figured satins, Eastern damasks and Sicilian silks, velvets and Flemish cloths, tapestries and fine linen, were heaped together with rich furs of marten and beaver. Golden chains and collars of “the old fashion” and “the new,” rings and brooches adorned with precious stones, girdles of gold or silver gilt by famous foreign makers, were stored away in his strong boxes, or in the safe rooms of monasteries, along with cwers and goblets and basins of gold and silver, pounced and embossed “with great large enamels” or covered with silver of “Paris touch.” But the owner of all this unproductive treasure scarcely knew where to turn for a little ready money. The produce of the estate sufficed for the needs of the household, and if the lord was

called away on the king's service, or had to attend Parliament, a supply of oats was carried for the horses "to save the expenses of his purse;" and an army of servants rode backwards and forwards continually to fetch provisions from fields and ponds and salting tubs at home, so that he should never be driven to buy for money from the baker or at the market. The crowd of dependents who swelled his train, easily content to win an idle subsistence, a share of booty in time of war, "maintenance" in the law courts, and protection from all enemies, either received no pay at all, or accepted the most trifling sums—a few shillings a year when they could get it, with a "livery" supplied like their food from the estate. For money which was scarce everywhere was nowhere so scarce as in the houses of the landed proprietors, who amid their extravagant display found one thing always lacking—a few pounds to pay an old debt or buy a new coat. Sir John Paston, the owner of broad estates in Norfolk, was forced more than once to pawn his "gown of velvet and other gear" in London to get a few marks; when it occurred to him to raise money on his father's funeral pall, he found his mother had been beforehand with him, and had already put it in pawn. During an unwonted visit to Westminster in 1449, the poor lady of Berkeley wrote anxiously to her husband, one of the greatest landowners in England, "At the reverence of God send money, or else I must lay my horse to pledge and come home on my feet;" and he managed to raise 15*l.* to meet her needs by pawning the mass book, chalices, and chasubles of his chapel. So also the Plumptions, in Yorkshire, were in perpetual money difficulties; servants were unpaid, bills not met, debts of 2*l.* 10*s.* and 4*l.* put off from term to term, and at last a friend who had gone surety for a debt of 100*l.* to a London merchant was arrested. "Madam," a poor tradesman writes to Lady Plumption, "ye know well I have no living but my buying and selling, and, Madam, I pray you send me my money." One of the family tried in vain to get a friend to buy him some black velvet for a gown. "I pray you herein blame my non-power, but not my will," the friend answers from London, "for in faith I might not do it but if I should run in papers of London, which I never did yet, so I have lived poorly thereafter." When times grew pressing the country families borrowed freely from their neighbours and relations; no one, even the sister of the Kingmaker, felt any hesitation in pleading poverty as a reason for being off a bargain or asking for a loan; and those who were in better case lent readily in the hope of finding a like help themselves in case of difficulty. Year by year debts accumulated, till the owner's death allowed the creditors to open his coffers and scatter his treasured stores, when the "array, plate, and stuff of the household and of the chapel" scarcely sufficed to meet the legacies and bills, the charities deferred, and the masses required for his soul's safety.' (Vol. i. pp. 258-262.)

This graphic description may seem somewhat irrelevant to the subject before us; but, apart from its excellence as a picture of the state of one portion of English society in the fifteenth century, describing the position of a large number

of the baronage, it depicts a state of affairs which naturally made the great nobles look on towns on their estates simply as sources from which money could be obtained, with the result that they largely destroyed and frequently postponed the prosperity of these communities; 'trade died away before vexatious checks and arbitrary imposts, and enterprising burghers hastened to forsake the town where prosperity was stunted and liberty uncertain, and take up citizenship in a more thriving borough. Leicester, to take an example, was kept back for years by being dependent on an individual will; in 1376 this town bought from the earl the right to appoint its own bailiff; it was not until 1393 that it was allowed to hold a little property for the repair of the bridges; and not until 1433 was the corporation given the right to acquire lands and rents for the sustentation of the borough. On the other hand, the misfortune of the lord was the opportunity of the town, as when Exeter, on the Earl of Devonshire being attainted by Edward IV. after the battle of Towton, seized the occasion 'to claim the restitution of a suburb stretching down to the river-side which the earls had held to strengthen their hold on the navigation of the Exe.'

In truth, it was only by little and little that the burghers could obtain new privileges from a feudal lord, so as to build up by slow degrees some kind of municipal independence—each step had to be 'bought for money or snatched amid the distresses and calamities of their masters, or held as the award of importunate persistence, the tribute to successful craft, the recompense of some timely service rendered.' But when the relations between towns and barons were of this nature, we need not be surprised that the conflicts of the latter, whether with their sovereign, among themselves, or as allies of their king against foreign powers, raised little interest among the townspeople of England, except in so far as they created opportunities for their emancipation from feudal control.

Of far more importance, however, than the towns on feudal estates were those on royal demesnes. The feudal lord, fortunately for the freedom of England, never obtained the power in this country which he did on the continent, and if he hindered the growth of some towns, he did not largely retard the general municipal progress of the country, for the great majority of the towns were part of the royal demesne; such, for example, were Canterbury, York, Winchester, Southampton, Yarmouth, Nottingham, Gloucester, Norwich,

and of them there was no personal jealousy, as in the case of a feudal lord; no fear of municipal individuality, as when an ecclesiastic was the superior of a town. Lynn,

‘wealthy and enterprising, was fighting in 1520 to secure just such control of its local courts as Norwich had won for the asking three hundred years before. The royal borough of Sandwich has been allowed to elect its mayor and govern itself for centuries, while Romney, also one of the Cinque Ports, but one which happened to be owned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, did not gain the right to choose its own mayor till the time of Elizabeth, and was meanwhile ruled by any one of the archbishop’s squires or servants whom he might send as its bailiff.’ (Vol. i. p. 280.)

The reason of the difference is obvious. It was to the interest of the king that the towns should be wealthy; from them he could obtain contributions and loans which no pressure could wring from nobles who were poor, and it was equally sound policy to support the growth of communities to serve as barriers against the ambition and the aggression of the feudal lords.

‘So long,’ says Mrs. Green, ‘as it was to the benefit of the central authority to break up and weaken provincial governments, to curtail the powers of the sheriff, to confound ambitious designs of local magnates, and shatter pretensions on the part of the nobles which might tend to strengthen hereditary enemies of the crown, so long the townspeople might count on the sovereign’s support in the struggle for independence. In questions, therefore, that arose as to rival jurisdictions, in claims put forward by a borough against neighbouring lords for rights of navigation or pasturage or fishing, in all disputes which were carried in the last resort to the arbitration of the king, his sympathy, especially if a fitting “courtesy” was offered by the burghers, was with his borough. Powers won from local governments or from feudal lords were divided between the king and the municipality; and under shelter of the royal authority large rights of local self-government were rapidly gathered into the burghers’ hands. Functions once exercised by the bailiff of the hundred and the sheriff of the county were handed over to the mayor; he collected the fee-term, held the view of frankpledge, levied taxes, mustered the men at arms, and presided over civil and criminal courts.’ (Vol. i. pp. 232–233.)

The manner in which powers of municipal self-government were thus obtained from the king is nowhere more clearly exemplified than in the case of Norwich. The towns of the East coast were, as Mrs. Green truly says, distinguished ‘by ‘an intense vitality,’ a characteristic which is not foreign to the men of that part of England at the present day; and, to again quote from the work before us, ‘among the Eastern ‘boroughs, where civic life was keenest and most fertile in

‘experiment, Norwich was the pioneer in the way of freedom.’ Of course nothing could be obtained from the sovereign unless a strong desire existed in the inhabitants of a borough to manage their own affairs, and also the means of inducing the king to grant the necessary powers. Without commercial prosperity those means could not exist. It is obvious, then, that Norwich largely owed its civic freedom to its mercantile energy; the various steps could not else have been gained as they were. Thus, to take some of the leading instances:—

‘From Edward the First the citizens in 1305 obtained the right to hold the Leet of Newgate in Norwich, which the king had “lately recovered against the Prior of Holy Trinity;” and further paid a fine down, and promised to pay 10*l.* yearly into the Exchequer for ever, for a charter granting that they should not be impleaded outside the city; that they should not be convicted by any foreigners but only by their co-citizens, save in matters touching the king or the whole commonalty; that the bailiffs should have power to assess tallages and other reasonable aids “by the assent of the whole of the commonalty, or of the greater part of the same” for the protection and advantage of the city, and to make “reasonable distresses” for the levying of these tallages as was done in other cities; and that they should hold the Leet of Newgate which the Crown had “lately recovered against the Prior of Holy Trinity.”’ (Vol. i. pp. 242-243.)

We move onward for almost a century to the year 1403; then, in the difficulties of Henry IV., an occasion arose for a further extension of powers of self-government. A sum of 1,000*l.* was given to the king, and heavy fines were paid in bribes on all sides.

‘By this charter Norwich was made into a county; the four bailiffs were replaced by a mayor and two sheriffs, to be elected by the citizens and commonalty; and, in confirming previous grants, the customary phrase used in the charters of earlier centuries, “the citizens,” was replaced by “the citizens and commonalty”—a term which is recognised in the charter as being already in use, but which had not until now been invariably employed as the official style.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 372-373.)

It is not necessary at this moment to describe the troubles and dissensions by which this important city was disturbed during the fifteenth century. In 1444 its liberties and franchises were confiscated because it brought a suit against the king to recover back a loan of 100*l.* and refused to advance more money. But in 1447 its liberties were restored, and ‘by giving a loan to the king and a present to ‘the queen to befriend her in her anxieties, Norwich got a ‘new charter in 1452.’ But the loss of its liberties was

caused by its high stomach, and they were regained by a shrewd use of the wealth which the energy of its citizens enable them to amass. These liberties, however, were valued from no theoretical motive; they were regarded from a very common-sense point of view, as enabling a town to manage its own affairs so as to put as much money into the pockets of its citizens as possible. England has been called a nation of shopkeepers, but it was the commercial element which in the middle ages built up that municipal freedom which contributed so much to the national greatness of the country. The motives were not such as appeal to theorists or to the nobler impulses of mankind; but they are those which act most powerfully on the ordinary mass of humanity, and they produced greater comfort and more material prosperity than those which are based on loftier aspirations. This prosaic—and, as some would say, selfish—view of municipal and political affairs is very clearly exemplified by some episodes in the history of Nottingham, a town whose even course of prosperity was ever little disturbed. This city was not harassed by the demands of any powerful lord; it had not to contend with any great ecclesiastic; it had not, like a seaport town, to defend itself against foreign aggression, and it was not liable to sudden shifting of commerce. Traffic from north to south was certain to continue to pass over the bridge which here crossed the Trent—a structure which was granted to the town by Edward III., and which was carefully watched over by it, some part of the town being responsible for one or more of its nineteen arches. Nottingham was in a sense an inland port such as in the present day the great town of Manchester is seeking to become, for craft from Hull and the Eastern ports worked their way up the Trent to unload at its quays. But the well-to-do citizens of Nottingham were absolutely careless of what may be called national issues; their sole desire was to retain that prosperity which a natural position and their own good sense had obtained for them.

‘As for Court factions and dynastic intrigues, distant traders with much work of their own on hand were generally prompted by a prudent self-interest to side with the dominant power in the State. The burghers easily transferred their sympathies from the Lady Anne of Bohemia to Henry the Fourth; they stood by Henry the Sixth so long as the triumph of the rebels was doubtful, but no sooner were the fortunes of Edward the Fourth in the ascendant than by gifts out of their treasure and little detachments of their militia they testified to a new loyalty, and thus obtained the renewal of their charter and

a reduction of their term for twenty years, 'to have a reward to the town of Nottingham' "for the great cost and burdens, and loss of their goods that they have sustained by reason of those services." In 1464 they ordered off a little troop in red jackets with white letters sewn on them to join the king at York, and once more at Edward's restoration in 1471, the town spent about 60*l.* for "loans for soldiers" and liveries, besides many other costs. In October of 1482 the jury "presented" an offender charged with wearing the livery of the intriguing Richard of Gloucester; but before the battle of Bosworth the town hospitably entertained Richard himself, and in its castle he received the Great Seal; while no sooner was the day lost for York than a deputation was sent in hot haste to make peace with Henry the Seventh and obtain a safeguard and proclamation. Stall-holders and burghers, in fact, intent on their own business, only asked that Court quarrels might be settled with the least possible trouble to themselves; and throughout the Wars of the Roses the Nottingham men did just what the men of every other town in England did—reluctantly sent their soldiers when they were ordered out to the aid of the reigning king, and whatever might be the side on which they fought, as soon as victory was declared hurried off their messengers with gifts and protestations of loyalty to the conqueror. Meanwhile they went steadily on with the main business of trade and watched the rents of their booths and the profits of their shops going up and their wealth constantly accumulating.' (Vol. ii. pp. 329–331.)

This short and clear account of the prudent political transformations of the burghers of Nottingham is of the highest interest and importance. 'The Nottingham men did just 'what the men of every other town in England did; ' in other words, they looked solely to their individual prosperity, they took no large view of national life in the fifteenth century. In truth what we now term a spirit of nationality was not a motive power among the citizens of English towns. Nothing is more opposed to the socialistic views, to the ideas of State property, and the right of every individual to a share in the land or the wealth of the country, than the position and opinions of the burghers of England at the time of which the book treats. The prosperity and the freedom of the towns meant the prosperity of the individual citizens, and full liberty to individuals to amass as much wealth of all kinds as possible. The men of the towns cared nothing for the greatness of their country in an international sense, and the one feeling of patriotism which actuated them was a desire for the material improvement of the town in which they dwelt, and in which they carried on their business. 'In 1421, when the friars, who owned the 'sources from which Southampton had its supply of water, 'could no longer afford to replace the decayed pipes, a

‘burgher, “for the good of his soul,” left money for new ‘leaden pipes sufficient for the whole town as well as for ‘the friars.’ This simple, but most characteristic, incident exemplifies the kind of feeling which prevailed among the townsmen in the fifteenth century, and we may even go a step further, and say that it indicates, with extraordinary and almost startling vividness, the peculiar nature of the English people, their sense of the pressing and paramount needs of ordinary men, and their keen common sense which has made them the chief pioneers of civilisation throughout the world.

For the old burgher of Southampton who thought that the best way to make his peace with Heaven was by supplying the neighbours whom he left behind on earth with lead pipes to convey water to their dwellings, was a prototype of thousands of unknown Englishmen who, from century to century, have worked for the material happiness of localities, not in their country only, but in every quarter of the globe. This spirit of national indifferentism which prevailed in the towns, and their selfish attitude towards other than local affairs, should help us to realise how superficial is that view of English history, either in the fifteenth or the preceding centuries, which regards the struggles of opposing dynasties, or conflicts with foreign powers, as events involving the interests or sympathies of the nation as a whole. On the contrary, the towns were busied with their own affairs, and the battles, treaties, and usurpations upon which the historian has for years asked his reader to concentrate his attention, were of no greater importance in the making of England, and had no more effect upon the ultimate constitution and destinies of the nation, than the growing wealth, the slow and certain, but obscure, struggle for individual liberty of action in the towns far removed from court and camp. The barons, and not the burghers, have hitherto filled the pages of our histories, and their monuments yet remain to us in the quiet aisles of our cathedrals; but it is the mass of unknown and unrecorded citizens who have had as permanent an influence on the present condition of England. Hero-worship and admiration for individual prowess, whether of mind or body, are always more or less in existence among the general body of what we call the public. It requires no great skill on the part of an historian so to play on them as to cause individual men, who have in the course of time risen somewhat above their fellows, to hold in history a too important place. We dwell with delight from childhood on the warlike feats of a

Black Prince and a Warwick, and so we attribute, as we grow older, to the right hand of the mailed knight an influence which ultimately tends to falsify the perspective of events. To some extent this must always be so in the history of England; for, while certain names among the kings and barons must continue to be identified with various periods of time, we can never brighten the history of the English towns by uniting them with the lives of leaders of men.

We have already pointed out that the idea of liberty and self-government in the mind of the citizen of the towns of England in the fifteenth century was chiefly of freedom from outside hindrances to money-making. The good of the whole mass of citizens was not the first object of the leaders of the times, the aggrandisement of the prosperous was their aim. We have, too, referred to the fact that, in the Eastern counties, Norwich was the freest and the most flourishing town. Its history illustrates also the fact that individualism, and not local patriotism, was the dominant factor in its growth and in its energy. Originally four bailiffs ruled the four great leets of the city; subsequently a body of twenty-four men, six from each leet, was elected by the whole community, and the twenty-four then chose the bailiffs. In their judicial business the bailiffs were, before the close of the thirteenth century, assisted by a select body of citizens. These citizens appear also to have been summoned to attend for other business. What follows we may state in Mrs. Green's words:—

‘A complaint of “the mean people of the commonalty” shows that administration and taxation had even at that early time fallen into the hands of a small body—the bailiffs and “the rich;” and the “customs” of the city (which were perhaps drawn up about 1340, but which must in many respects contain traditional usages of an earlier date) give us some idea who were “the rich” here spoken of. A body of twenty-four men elected by the community, six from each of the four great leets, is there described as forming a court for the control of the whole trade of the city. It appointed supervisors over the various crafts, and received reports of fraud in trade—charges which, if it had not been for the intervention of the twenty-four, would have gone to the leet juries. And the same body of twenty-four had official supervision of the city finances and received all accounts of the treasurers and collectors of taxes or town money. Once more, in 1344, we find them exercising yet another function—“the twenty-four in the same year elected and ordained by the whole communitas, in the presence of whom, or of the greater part of them, if all cannot be present, the business of the city touching the communitas might be enrolled.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 364–365.)

That this oligarchy did not commend itself to the goodwill of the general body of citizens is obvious from the fact that

‘in 1378 “the citizens” (who in this case must certainly have meant a very limited body) presented a petition to Richard the Second in which they declared that of late “many of the commonalty of the said town have been very contrarious, and will be so still unless better remedies and ordinances be made for good government”; and they pray that the bailiffs and twenty-four citizens to be elected yearly by the commonalty may have power to make ordinances and to amend them from time to time when necessary. A ship which they had just built at the king’s orders possibly commended their request to his judgment, and the grant of the desired charter placed the council in a position of absolute authority, having power to issue ordinances without the consent of the people, and to enforce them by appeal to the royal courts.

‘What controversies and threats of revolution agitated the men of Norwich for the twenty-five years that followed this great change we do not know. The exact position of the twenty-four in the municipal assembly is not easy to trace from the paucity of existing documents. The rolls which survive might be expected to show some sign of the effect of the charter of 1378 by which the official authority of the twenty-four was established. Yet such is not the case. The description of the Assembly both before and after remains exactly the same. A select group of citizens attends at every meeting, and takes the whole charge of administration. Yet it is worthy of notice that neither before nor after 1378 is any order or resolution ever attributed to the twenty-four, though such orders are constantly referred to the action of the “*tota communitas*.” Throughout these rolls the only authorities mentioned are the bailiffs and the commonalty.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 370-372.)

When we arrive at the fourteenth century we find Norwich with a constitution which was a miniature of that which existed in the country at large, for there were the mayor, the co-citizens of the mayor’s council, and the common council; ‘the twenty-four *probi homines* now became the ‘twenty-four co-citizens of the mayor’s council,’ while the common council of sixty members was elected from the four wards by all the citizens. But it is obvious that this constitution was, in fact, as much in the hands of the wealthy oligarchy of the city as one less popular in theory:—

‘Once when the capital pledges attempted to secure to the small trader some advantage in landing their goods at a staith where apparently they escaped some city tolls, the governing body promptly repressed their insubordination. Evidently the administration of the city was neither more lax nor more popular because its governing body was enlarged.’ (Vol. ii. p. 381.)

Those who were, in fact, benefited by a relative municipal freedom—that is to say, a freedom from the authority either of the monarch, of a feudal lord, or of an ecclesiastical superior—were the rich traders of a town, not its poorer and more numerous inhabitants. The later history of Norwich does not further illustrate this important essential of municipal government in the towns of the fifteenth century. The city became involved in struggles with those who dwelt outside its walls, with the wool-sellers and the wool-makers of Norfolk, both sets of men desiring authority for the purpose of money-making.

The town of Lynn affords an even more interesting illustration than Norwich of the oligarchic character of the English town. It is difficult for the modern mind altogether to realise the importance of such a place as Lynn, though it was in the fifteenth century the centre of the cattle trade in the Eastern counties; thence were exported wool and hides, and into its port was brought the merchandise of Gascony, Rhineland, North Germany, and the Hanse Towns. Lynn, moreover, is an even more interesting study than Norwich, since it shows us with greater vividness the connexion between commerce and municipal independence: the history of the towns is, indeed, in one sense the history of the merchants of England, just as the rest of the history of the country is that of kings and barons. The towns in the fifteenth century which were of any importance were commercial cities, and thus, unless the towns are studied individually, it is impossible to understand fully the position and power of one great section of the English people. But, to return to Lynn, ‘nowhere else in England ‘ was there a corporation more wealthy or more formidable ‘ from its compact organisation and great authority.’ Its influence is, indeed, well illustrated by a single circumstance; in 1435 the mayor of Lynn was sent to Bruges as one of the king’s ambassadors; he was, in truth, on a level with any of the great nobles, and, for the purpose of treating on commercial matters, it was obvious that his weight was considered even greater. But, also, ‘nowhere else, perhaps, ‘ was there a community of “mean people”—burgesses and ‘ non-burgesses—so prosperous, active, and united, sustained ‘ as they were in every contingency by the effectual protection of their lord the bishop, who, in his jealousy of the ‘ governing class, was forced to become the ally of the ‘ subject people.’ In other words, the whole community of Lynn was more flourishing than that of most English towns,

and, therefore, presumably the more wealthy and influential citizens would not have had so many advantages over the poorer inhabitants as in towns where the difference was more marked. But nowhere was the power of the few more complete than in Lynn, and it was so because they held in their hands the trade of the town and controlled its organisation :—

‘The ruling class of the town was from the first the governing body of the Merchant Guild. For here, as in other leading ports, it is evident that the rich traders quickly became dominant in civic affairs, even though their association in a Guild Merchant of itself gave them no right to govern. In Lynn a powerful merchant class must have been formed at a very early time. Through the town lay the one way by which Norfolk could be entered from the west ; and its port was the only outlet for the trade of seven counties. Lynn was therefore the centre for the largest cattle market in the east of England, whence the export trade drew supplies of wool and fells and hides ; its middlemen and merchants held in their hands the commerce with Gascony, the Rhineland, Zealand, “the parts of North Berne,” with Prussia, and Dacia, and the Hanse towns ; and as early as 1271 the German merchants had some sort of local organisation there under their Alderman Symon, a citizen of Lynn, of whom we hear that he gave a pledge on behalf of some Lubeck merchants to the amount of 200*l*. No interest in the borough could compete with the great commercial company by whom the whole volume of trade that was borne over the waters of the Wash, “rowing and flowing,” was ultimately controlled. Under the name of the Holy Trinity it had obtained a charter from John, and by the time of Edward the Second had nearly nine hundred names on its bede roll. The sons of its old members were allowed to enter the guild on payment of 6*s*. 8*d*. ; while others, men and women, were willing to give 60*s*. or 100*s*. to be counted among its brethren, the men looking to share in the political as well as commercial benefits it offered, while women were perhaps consoled with its spiritual gains ; and men and women alike paid the same entrance fee to be enrolled after death in consideration of the eternal advantages of such membership. In 1392 the guild employed thirteen chaplains yearly to say masses in the churches of S. Margaret, S. Nicholas, and S. James, used much wax for lights in churches and chapels, and from the profits of the common staith gave alms and fulfilled works of charity.

‘The spiritual blessings of the guild, however, pale before the financial and political boons it had to offer. As a great trading company it heaped up wealth and increased power. The alderman and his brethren made laws to regulate the commerce even of those burgesses who did not belong to their select company, but carried on business by virtue of the charter of free trade granted to the whole borough. The guild owned along with other property the common staith and all its appurtenances, the quay where by its decree “no bad

persons, nor any spiritual persons should work," and the right of passage for a boat beyond the port. The monopoly of various profitable trades was secured to its members, as for instance the sale of mill-stones, paving-stones, and grave-stones which were sold at from 20s. to 30s. apiece. The brethren of the guild were the bankers and capitalists of the town. They lent money out on usury, and not only did the corporation come to borrow from their treasury, but in 1408 more than fifty townsmen were in their debt for sums varying from 1*l.* to 119*l.* The trading activity of the company may be measured by the fact that in 1392 the guild had in ready money 60*l.* 13*s.*, and in divers merchandise 200*l.*; and in 1408 the loans came to 1,214*l.* In 1422 its wealth was 1,103*l.*, of which the debts due to it made up 1,210*l.* Its expenditure was generous and magnificent. Large sums were spent on the new guild hall, beginning in 1422 with 132*l.* 4*s.* The silver plate in its treasury weighed in the first half of the century 440 ounces. A silver wand was borne before its dean; and its members were carried to their graves under a covering of cloth of gold.' (Vol. ii. pp. 403-106.)

The Company of the Holy Trinity was thus in effect the real governing force in Lynn.

'By a charter of Henry the Third its alderman (who held office for life and was thus absolutely independent of popular control) was joined with the mayor in the rule and government of the borough: in case of the mayor's absence or death he was appointed in his stead, and in the election of a new mayor he took the leading part. Moreover, the twenty-four jurats of the council, who had the control of all town business, and from among whom alone the mayor might be chosen, were bound to be brethren of the guild. Under these conditions the "Potentiores"—the "great men of the town"—as they were commonly called in the time of Edward the First, ruled without restraint, and with a high hand assessed taxes, diverted money from the common treasury, profited by illegal trading, used customs contrary to common or merchant law, and bought the king's forgiveness if any complaint was made of their crimes. Against their despotism there was no protection for the burgesses of humbler station—the middle class which went by the name of *Mediocrates*, and the yet lower layer of the people known as the *Inferiores*, traders and householders who were not burgesses, and whose prosperity, if fairly well established, was of a less brilliant character than that of the upper classes.' (Vol. ii. pp. 407-408.)

Of course there were endeavours of the middle and lower sections of the people to obtain a larger share of the government of the town, and the end of these struggles is very characteristic of the ruling spirit of the times—a purely selfish desire for personal prosperity.

'No sooner, however, was the old power of the *potentiores* restored by Henry the Fifth than the idea of a common council immediately

revived among the people, possibly inspired by the example of Norwich, which had only a year before secured the charter that gave its common council a permanent status. It was decided that each of the nine constabularies or wards in Lynn should choose three burgesses "having sufficient tenure in the town," who should take part in all business concerning taxes, tenths, fifteenths, allowances, repairs of houses, walls, bridges, water-courses, ditches, all payments, rendering of accounts, and other charges of the borough. This new body of twenty-seven became at once generally known as the common council, and was formally confirmed by the Bishop in 1420. The community bound itself to obey any decree which was issued in the name of the two councils, and from December, 1418, when the noble jurats and the discreet burgesses met for the first time in the guild hall, the whole conduct of town business passed into their hands. Henceforth decrees and ordinances were made with the assent of "the whole congregation;" but it is obvious that the institution of the common council in this form marked the final separation between the interests of the two lower classes of the community, and the irrevocable close of their alliance. As in 1411 the inferiores had been declared incapable of any share in electing officers, so now they remained without any part in legislation, while the mediocres entered happily into their inheritance.

'So the revolution of Lynn flickered out. For the new common council cannot be said to have represented after all a very formidable concession to democratic demands. Unlike the council of 1411 it apparently took no account at all of the inferiores. The electorates of the constabularies seldom numbered more than twenty people and sometimes as few as twelve, and the whole body which elected the new council did not consist of more than a hundred and fifty persons. To prevent any trouble, moreover, there was a provision that if any man proved unfit, the mayor and aldermen and the councils of twenty-four and twenty-seven might choose another in his place. With such safeguards the new representatives might be trusted to work in complete harmony with the older body; the potentiores had taken the mediocres into their counsels and formed an alliance with them, and the inferiores, left outside the door of the common hall, deserted by their old confederates, and dependent on a lord whose influence was steadily on the decline, sank into obscurity and silence.' (Vol. ii. pp. 419-421.)

In other words, the ruling class was slightly extended and undoubtedly in consequence increased its power. Such extension was probably conterminous with an increase in the number of wealthy citizens. But the union of the potentiores and the mediocres was not intended to benefit the whole community of the city. Its object was to prevent the larger mass of citizens from participating in the government of the town—to confine the advantages to be gained from it to a few hands. It was better for the limited oligarchy to enlarge slightly its bounds than to be over-

whelmed by the democracy of the town. 'Finally, in 1524, the two ruling classes obtained a charter which formed their corporation into a close self-elective body. The mayor was to be elected by the twelve aldermen, and the twelve aldermen by the common council, and the common council by the mayor and aldermen.' Lynn was, in fact, wholly ruled by a comparatively small company of merchants, and forms of municipal self-government were sought for not to benefit the town as a community, but for the selfish advantage of a class. No points, indeed, stand out more distinctly in the history whether it be of Lynn or of any other mediæval English town, than the oligarchical character of municipal government and the influence of commerce and commercial men on the state of the towns. Of the former we have seen something in Norwich and in Lynn, but it is equally noticeable in all the other important towns, in cities so widely separated as Ipswich, Bristol, and Andover.

'We have seen,' writes Mrs. Green, 'how freedom was enthroned at Ipswich before the whole community of townsmen, who with outstretched hands and loud unanimous voices swore before heaven to maintain the liberties of the new republic. If, however, we glance again at Ipswich when it next comes clearly into view, a century after it had obtained its grant of privileges, there is very little trace of a golden age save for publicans and portmen. For in 1321 we find a narrow official class in the noon-tide of their power. Since there was no fixed day for elections they had been used by "lordly usurpation and private covin" to make bailiffs at their own pleasure secretly without consent of the people; they grievously taxed and amerced the commons for their own private purposes; they used the common seal without the common consent to the great burden and damage of the commonalty; and made new burgesses at their own pleasure without the public knowledge, so as to divide the entrance money among themselves; and by a regular system of forestalling and secret sale, merchants and innkeepers had combined to rob the commons of their right to free and equal trade. Against these abuses the burgesses sought to repeat and reinforce the ordinances of the town, but it may well be doubted whether the customary defiance of the laws of 1200 was likely to be corrected by the mere re-enactment or amendment of rules in the book of ordinances.' (Vol. ii. pp. 240-241.)

If we turn from the Eastern seaboard of England to Hampshire and to the Western coast we find the same state of things.

'The inner contentions of Bristol and of Andover in the early years of the fourteenth century repeat in varying forms the same story of a few rich burghers managing the whole machinery of administration, and of a commonalty whose voice was often scarcely heard in elections, who were unable to secure the just assessment of taxes, or to prevent

the money from being devoted to improper uses, and who daily saw the laws of trade—the assize of bread or beer, the injunctions against forestalling and regrating and a thousand tricks of commerce—diverted to the convenience of the rich officials, while the common folk patiently expiated their sins before the judgment seat of the great offenders who sat in careless immunity on their high places.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 245-246.)

To emphasise this particular feature may seem to minimise others which should not be left out of sight, but it is impossible to revert to all the points which necessarily arise within these volumes. It must suffice to indicate some of those which are of the first importance, and not one is more worthy of note than this of the oligarchical character of the English boroughs. In touching on the condition of Lynn and Norwich, we have also indicated the influence of merchants and mercantile wealth; but the commercial vigour of the English citizens was so great and also so picturesque, so indicative of the future of the race, that something more must be said upon it. It is most apparent in two distinct directions, in its workings outside the kingdom—that is to say, in the operations of external trade and in the organisation of guilds within the towns. These guilds, which to a large extent were at one time actually opposed to the municipal authorities, ended in most cases by so harmonising with municipal institutions as finally to fortify the oligarchies of the town against the general body of the people, and to render these institutions instruments in the hands of the few and wealthy citizens for their own advantage. How this was done at Lynn we have already seen, but the general result is thus well summed up by the writer of this remarkable work:—

‘The system [*i.e.* the recognition and regulation of the guilds] in fact was a curious balance of compromise among three distinct parties to a triangular strife—the whole body of traders and manufacturers organised in craft guilds, whose primary object was naturally to secure “their own singular profit,” as the phrase went, and to take on themselves as few of the common burdens as possible—the body of householders organised for civic purposes as the mayor, council, and commonalty, whose business was to keep order and carry on government—and the entire population of the town considered as consumers, who were thinking only of the supply of their own wants and whose chief aim was to buy the trader’s goods at the lowest possible price. For a time the borough corporations and the big public had the triumph on their side, and the traders were held in a position which was judged to be “consonant to reason.” But if the crafts passed through a period of subjection while their organisation and discipline were being perfected, this by no means implied the practice of a like

humility when they had learned how to manipulate the narrow oligarchy that formed the corporation, and to despise the incoherent masses that made up the body of consumers. For all this time the guilds were steadily, by the help of the town customs and administration, fortifying themselves in their position, strengthening their monopoly, closing their ranks, shutting out competitors from their gains. There came at last a moment when the crafts matched their strength with that of their masters, and the municipalities surrendered to the forces which they themselves had drilled.' (Vol. ii. pp. 158-159.)

No better concrete instance of the practically unassailable power of the collective wealth and energy of the leading traders of a town is to be found than in the working of the Guild in Coventry, a society which in that town possessed all the most characteristic features of the system and was nowhere more powerful. It was

'a guild which was in no sense a simple social-religious fraternity, nor yet an ordinary craft guild; which was far from being an aggregate of the trades; which refused to the lesser crafts the right to combine, and despotically governed their business in its own interests; which was the municipal body of the city and carried on its entire administration, but never gave its name either to the community or to the governing body; anti-democratic in its origin, in its maturity, and in its old age; jealous of dominion; incapable of making terms from behind its barricaded doors with dissolution.' (Vol. ii. p. 202.)

Let us look at this remarkable development of trade power in Coventry a little in detail. In 1340 the Merchant Guild of St. Mary's was founded, 'an association apparently of 'dealers in cloth, wool, and general merchandise.' We have, of course, in Coventry no energetic merchants accustomed to risk fortune and life on the ocean or in foreign countries; and this makes the instance of Coventry more noticeable, since it shows how uniformly the oligarchic power of wealth was diffused over all the important towns of England. In 1342 and 1343 two other societies sprang up—the Guilds of St. John Baptist and of St. Catherine. These and the Trinity Guild were about the end of the fourteenth century united in one body. In addition there was yet another guild, called the Corpus Christi Guild, and the whole municipal authority was practically in the hands of these two bodies, representing the wealthy merchants, 'drapers and mercers for the most part,' of Coventry.

'According to the general custom the Master of the Corpus Christi Guild was made mayor in the second year after his laying down that post, and two years after his mayoralty he was set at the head of the

Trinity Guild. All important town officials were sworn members of both the great companies; so were the Leet Jury and the twenty-four who elected the mayor (these two bodies consisting of almost the same individuals); and so were all the men who might be summoned on the mayor's council to aid the twenty-four. By this simple device the fear of an alien party being formed in the council was once for all banished; for if the Corpus Christi Guild held its elections in the bishop's palace and had its centre in Trinity Church on the prior's land—if its members included the prior and his bailiff, the vicar, and strangers, some of them of great estate, from near and far—all dangerous elements were made harmless by the order that none of its members should meddle with town affairs unless he had been first approved and accepted by the Trinity Guild. The Corpus Christi fraternity, in fact, was admitted to its position by a sort of cautious sufferance, and all real power lay with the guild of the Trinity. Its master was a justice of the peace, and therefore took a leading part in all the most important business of the courts; he was first on the list of the twenty-four who elected the mayor and who also sat at the Leet Court. Invariably he was one of the five men chosen by the mayor to keep the keys of the common chest, being, in fact, in matters of finance supreme; for at the end of the mayor's year of office it was to the master that he delivered up his accounts and his balance "and is quit"; and the guild was not only charged with the payment of salaries to public officials—the recorder, the grammar-school master, the priests in the Lady Chapel of S. Michael's, and the warden and priests at Bablake—but as early as 1381 it was ordered by the Leet to pay yearly the ferm to the prior, in return for which a certain part of the common lands was made over into its possession. The keeping of Bablake Gate was committed to it, and it was given possession of the Drapery Hall, which was used as the cloth mart under the control of the municipality.' (Vol. ii. pp. 205-207.)

But, powerful though the chief traders of Coventry were, they were not allowed to wield their authority without struggles by the lower people of the city. Riots were constant, now for one cause and now for another. Smaller men sought to set up a rival society, and it was promptly put down, since it was 'to the ruin and destruction of the 'guilds and Corpus Christi and disturbance of all the commonity;' but in no case was the authority of the oligarchy broken, though it may have been temporarily disturbed. From year to year the wealth of the guild increased. Coventry was in 1468 the fourth city of the kingdom, and most of the riches of the town was in the hands of the guilds: exempt from the direct calls of the sovereign and used for the increase of the power and authority of the few, so that 'the control of the town rested in the hands of an 'oligarchy of the richer sort of traders, who by combination

‘were able to exact from the mass of the working people an unlimited submission, and practically held at their mercy the fortunes of the commons of the city.’

We have now made clear, perhaps, the most important feature of the towns of the fifteenth century. To touch on the influence and working of the traders of the English towns on and beyond the seas would take us from our immediate subject. In an early chapter of this book, entitled ‘The Commercial Revolution of the Fifteenth Century,’ Mrs. Green gives a graphic picture of the vigour, the capacity, and the persistency of the English traders in their competition with foreign rivals. Into the ports of Europe from Denmark to Italy the merchant adventurers forced their energetic way, men not only from what were in those days large ports such as Lynn and Bristol, but from little places such as Lydd and Romney. The story is a stirring one, and in these men—‘light-hearted masters of the waves’—we recognise the true descendants of the northern seamen, and the progenitors of the dauntless navigators of the Elizabethan era. But their story belongs less to the actual history of the towns than to that of England as a whole, and we must leave it to pass on to some particular features of town life in the fifteenth century.

It is interesting to attempt to realise the daily life of an English citizen: a life full of danger and uncertainty, unguarded by anything like state protection or even organised municipal authority. The individual citizen had to take care of himself and his fellow-citizens in a rough and rude manner.

‘At the muster-at-arms held twice a year poor and rich appeared in military array with such weapons as they could bring forth for the king’s service; the poor marching with knife or dagger or hatchet; the prosperous burghers, bound according to mediæval ideas to live “after their degree,” displaying mail or wadded coats, bucklers, bows and arrows, swords, or even a gun. At any moment this armed population might be called out to active service. “Concerning our bell,” say the citizens of Hereford, “we used to have it in a public place where our chief bailiff may come, as well by day as by night, to give warning to all men living within the said city and suburbs. And we do not say that it ought to ring unless it be for some terrible fire burning any row of houses within the said city, or for any common contention whereby the city might be terribly moved, or for any enemies drawing near unto the city, or if the city shall be besieged, or any sedition shall be between any, and notice thereof given by any unto our chief bailiff. And in these cases aforesaid, and in all like cases, all manner of men abiding within the city and suburbs and

liberties of the city, of what degree soever they be of, ought to come at any such ringing, or motion of ringing, with such weapons as fit their degree." At the first warning of an enemy's approach the mayor or bailiff became supreme military commander. It was his office to see that the panic-stricken people of the suburbs were gathered within the walls and given house and food, that all meat and drink and chattels were made over for the public service, and all armour likewise carried to the Town Hall, that every inhabitant or refugee paid the taxes required for the cost of his protection, that all strong and able men "which doth dwell in the city or would be assisted by the city in anything" watched by day and night, and that women and clerics who could not watch themselves found at their own charge substitutes "of the ablest of the city." (Vol. i. pp. 127-128.)

To some extent this description referring to a town on the marches of Wales, open to greater dangers than towns in a more peaceful situation, is applicable to resistance to hostile attack from without rather than the preservation of order within the walls. If the citizen was sent to a distance his townsmen had to find him the rude provisions—salt fish and bread—which were his only diet and scanty wage, paid with a grudging hand. Nor was the individual citizen often keener to perform mere purely municipal service. To turn out on a wintry night as a watchman was little to the liking of any man, and as the following extract, quoted by Mrs. Green from Parker's "*Manor of Aylesbury*," indicates, there were difficulties in making every citizen fulfil his duties:—

"Reygg kept a house all the year till the watch time came. And when he was summoned to the watch then came Edward Chalkyll 'fasesying' and said he should not watch for no man and thus bare him up, and that caused the other be the bolder for to bar the king's watch. . . . He saith and threateneth us with his master," add the constables, "and thus we be 'over 'crakyd' that we dare not go, for when they be 'mayten' they be the bolder." John Bossey "said the same wise that he would not watch for us;" and three others "lacked each of them a night." (Vol. i. p. 133.)

'But,' adds the writer, 'in such cases the mayor's authority was firmly upheld by the whole community, every burgher knowing well that, if any inhabitant shirked his duty, a double burden fell upon the shoulder of his neighbour.' Thus the citizen was at once soldier and watchman; he had likewise to be labourer, and, as we should say in these days, contractor for public works. The town received no aid from the state, and the majority of the townsmen were poor, and when the townsman could not pay he had to work. The work done by the townsmen of the fifteenth century as individuals labouring collectively has hardly been yet thoroughly

appreciated. We are accustomed to regard the noble ecclesiastical structures—the cathedrals and the churches which are yet standing—as if they were the sole constructive examples of those days. But much work of other and more utilitarian kind was performed:—

‘In Nottingham “booners”—that is, the burgesses themselves or substitutes whom they provided to take their place—repaired the highways and kept the streets in order. The great trench dug at Bristol to alter the course of the Frome was made “by the manœuvre of all the commonalty as well of Redcliffe ward as of the town of Bristol.” When Hythe in 1412 sent for a Dutch engineer to make a new harbour, all the inhabitants were called out in turn to help at the “Delveyes” or diggings. Sundays and week days alike the townsmen had to work, dining off bread and ale provided by the corporation for the diggers, and if they failed to appear they were fined fourpence a day. In the same way Sandwich engaged a Hollander to superintend the making of a new dyke for the harbour; the mayor was ordered to find three workmen to labour at it, every jurat two, and each member of the Common Council one man; while all other townsmen had to give labour or find substitutes according to their ability. The jurats were made overseers, and were responsible for the carrying out of the work; and so successfully was the whole matter managed that in 1512 the Sandwich haven was able to give shelter to 500 or 600 hoys.’ (Vol. i. pp. 141-142.)

When mere unskilled labour such as this was not sufficient, or had to be supplemented by that of skilled workmen, the towns had often considerable difficulty in finding the necessary funds. They were raised in all sorts of odd ways. In 1447 Bridport found it necessary to improve its harbour, and in order to obtain money collectors were sent about the country to beg. ‘Indulgences of forty or a hundred days’ were promised to subscribers by archbishops and bishops.’ But, in spite of the hardships of the citizen’s life, it was by no means gloomy; on the contrary, a simple gaiety was very characteristic of the townsman of the fifteenth century. Care sat lightly on him, and in his simple pleasures we find something of the idyllic charm which poets have thrown over the rural society of an earlier age.

‘All the commons shared in supporting the minstrels and players of the borough. The “waits” (so called from the French word *guet*) were originally and still partly remained watchmen of the town, but it was in their character of minstrels, “who go every morning about the town piping,” that they were paid by pence collected by the ward-men from every house. Every town, moreover, had its particular play, which was acted in the town hall, or the churchyard, before the mayor and his brethren sitting in state, while the whole town kept holiday. In 1411 there was a great play, “From the Beginning of the World,”

at the Skinner's well in London, "that lasted seven days continually, and there were the most part of the lords and gentles of England." At Canterbury the chief play was naturally "The Martyrdom of S. Thomas." The cost is carefully entered in the municipal account books—charges for carts and wheels, flooring, hundreds of nails, a mitre, two bags of leather containing blood which was made to spout out at the murder, linen cloth for S. Thomas' clothes, tin foil and gold foil for the armour, packthread and glue, coal to melt the glue, alb and amys, knights' armour, the hire of a sword, the painting of S. Thomas' head, an angel which cost 22*d.*, and flapped his wings as he turned every way on a hidden wynch with wheels oiled with soap. When all was over the properties of the pageant were put away in the barn at S. Sepulchre's Nunnery, and kept safely till the next year at a charge of 16*d.* The Canterbury players also acted in the "Three Kings of Cologne" at the Town Hall, where the kings, attended by their henchmen, appeared decorated with strips of silver and gold paper and wearing monks' frocks. The three "beasts" for the Magi were made out of twelve ells of canvas distended with hoops and laths, and "painted after nature;" and there was a parcel of painted canvas which cost 3*s.* 4*d.* The artist and his helpers worked for six days and nights at these preparations and charged three shillings for their labour, food, fire and candle.' (Vol. i. pp. 145–146.)

Again, here is a simple picture which is, perhaps, more easily realised since the great green sward half encircled by the Dee is still as visible now as it was four centuries ago:—

'In Chester the great day for merry making was Shrove Tuesday, when the drapers, saddlers, shoemakers, and many others met at the cross on the Roodeye, and there in the presence of the mayor the shoemakers gave to the drapers a football of leather "to play at from thence to the Common Hall." The saddlers at the same time gave "every master of them a painted ball of wood with flowers and arms upon the point of a spear, being goodly arrayed upon horseback accordingly." The whole town joined in the sports, and everyone married within the year gave some contribution toward their funds.' (Vol. i. p. 149.)

But by the end of the century which Mrs. Green has fixed upon as the period of her description of town life in England, this predilection for comparatively boyish sport was passing away from the towns, and a deeper insight into affairs, and a larger perception of the business and responsibilities of town and nation, were maturing the mind of the townsman, and he was content to leave to the villager the simple pleasures which he enjoyed earlier in the century.

'On the whole, it is evident that long before the Reformation, and even when as yet no Puritan principles had been imported into the matter, the gaiety of the towns was already sobered by the pressure of business and the increase of the class of depressed workers. It was not before the fanaticism of religion, but before the coming in of new

forms of poverty and of bondage, that the old games and pageants lost their lustre and faded out of existence, save where a mockery of life was preserved to them by compulsion of the town authorities. And the town authorities were probably acting under pressure of the publicans and licensed victuallers. Cooks and brewers and hostellers were naturally deeply interested in the preservation of the good old customs, and it was in some cases certainly this class, the most powerful in a mediæval borough, who raised the protest against the indifference and neglect of the townspeople for public processions and merry-making, because "thereby the victuallers lose their money," and who insisted on the revival of these festivals for the encouragement of trade. Probably where the crafts were strong and the votes of the working people carried the day, the decision turned the other way.' (Vol. i. pp. 152-153.)

This change is, if one were needed, an exemplification of the theory on which Mrs. Green insists, and to which we have already referred, that in the fifteenth century we see in the towns of England the culmination of the growth of the preceding epochs and the beginning of a new era. We cannot, however, leave this picture of town life without a brief reference to the parish church, a phase at once characteristic and picturesque. To the mediæval burgher the parish church was no mere structure simply for the purposes of public worship; it was the centre of the common life of the town in lay as in ecclesiastical affairs. It was to the citizen an exchange and a club, a warehouse and a sanctuary. 'It was the fortress of the borough against its enemies; its place of safety where the treasure of the commune was stored in dangerous times, the arms in the steeple, the wealth of corn or wool or precious goods in the church itself, guarded by a sentence of excommunication against all who should violate so sacred a protection.'

'From the church tower the bell rang out which called the people to arm for the common defence, or summoned a general assembly, or proclaimed the opening of the market. Burghers had their seats in the church apportioned to them by the corporation in the same rank and order as the stalls which it had already assigned to them in the market-place. The city officers and their wives sat in the chief places of honour; next to them came tradesmen according to their degree with their families honourably "y-parroked (parked) in pews," where Wrath sat among the proud ladies who quarrelled as to which should first receive the holy bread; while "apprentices and servants shall sit or stand in the alleys." There on Sundays and feast-days the people came to hear any news of importance to the community, whether it was a list of strayed sheep, or a proclamation by the bailiff of the penalties which had been decreed in the manor court against offenders. The church was their common hall where the commonalty met for all

kinds of business, to audit the town accounts, to divide the common lands, to make grants of property, to hire soldiers, or to elect a mayor. There the council met on Sundays or festivals, as might best suit their convenience; so that we even hear of a payment made by the priest to the corporation to induce them not to hold their assemblies in the chancel while high mass was being performed. It was the natural place for justices to sit and hear cases of assault and theft; or it might serve as a hall where difficult legal questions could be argued out by lawyers. . . . In fair time the throng of traders expected to be allowed to overflow from the High Street into the cathedral precincts, and were "ever wont and used . . . to lay open, buy and sell divers merchandises in the said church and cemetery and special in the king's highway there as at Wells, Salisbury, and other places more, as dishes, bowls, and other things like, and in the said church ornaments for the same and other jewels convenient thereto." In a draft presentation to a London vicarage of 1427 there is a written memorandum with an order from the king that no fairs or markets shall be held in sanctuaries, "for the honour of Holy Church." Edward the First had indeed forbidden such fairs in his Statute of Merchants, but such an order was little in harmony with the habits and customs of the age; and if there was an occasional stirring of conscience in the matter, it was not till the time of Laud that the public attained to a conviction, or acquiesced in an authoritative assertion, that the church was desecrated by the transaction in it of common business.' (Vol. i. pp. 155-157.)

Thus the church represented every interest in the citizen's life and served as a bond between all conditions of men who lived within the city walls. It followed, too, that the actual administration of the church was not a mere ecclesiastical affair—the citizens 'were frequently the lay rectors: they 'appointed the wardens and churchwardens; they had the 'control of the funds. . . the popular interest might even 'extend to the criticism and discipline of the rector.' It followed that when the citizens used and controlled the church the burden of maintaining it was equally a common duty—'the people on their side were taxed and heavily taxed 'for the various expenses of the church.' But it was a taxation which fell on them not for a religious sect, but for the preservation and management of a municipal building.

'If a church had to be repaired or rebuilt, the pressure of spiritual hopes or fears, the habit of public duty, the boastfulness of local pride, all the influences that might stimulate the common effort, were raised to their highest efficiency by the watchful care of the corporation. All necessary orders were sent out by the mayor, who with the town council determined the share which the inhabitants were to take in the work; and in small and destitute parishes where the principle of self-help and independence was quite as fully recognised as it was in bigger and richer towns, real sacrifices were demanded. Men gave their

money or their labour or the work of their horse and cart, or they offered a sheep or fowls, or perhaps rings and personal ornaments. In the pride of their growing municipal life the poorest boroughs built new towers and hung new chimes worthy of the latest popular ideals.' (Vol. i. pp. 158-159.)

The use and the support of the parish church were, as we have already said, a characteristic and a picturesque phase of municipal life in the fifteenth century, and we recognise in it the finest form of common energy and sacrifice, an object less material than most of those for which the citizen was called on to give his labour and his wealth, and less tending to individual aggrandisement and more to the common benefit than most of those for which the leading citizens at any rate were wont to strive.

But any picture of town life in the fifteenth century would be incomplete without adding to it, however slightly, some view of the people by whom the institutions and the objects on which we have touched were carried on. Our hazy modern idea of a town filled by free and equal citizens is as faulty as it can be, and no sooner do we begin to formulate the grades of the inhabitants of the town than we are again struck by that same oligarchical character to which we have already so frequently alluded. For the burghers or citizens, the men who were free citizens with their names on the rolls, did not include by any means all the inhabitants of the town. To them indeed belonged 'nearly all material benefits and legal aids and political rights,' and they had a pre-eminent privilege—the right to trade. 'If ordinary inhabitants were allowed to buy and sell food or the bare necessities of life, all profitable business was reserved as the monopoly of the full citizen.' The privileges thus summarised were developed in endless ways, so that the free citizen was not only able to assert his individual rights as a man, but to increase his wealth as a merchant. He had, no doubt, to bear greater burdens than those who had fewer rights, but these duties were more than compensated by the advantages which accrued from the privileges of a citizen who in a vigorous age regarded the rough side of life with an easy mind.

'The franchise practically meant a sort of carefully adjusted bargain, by which he compounded for paying certain tolls by undertaking to do work, and work which might be both costly and laborious, for the community. The body of citizens was but a small one, and every man in it was liable at some time or other to be called on to take his part in the public service. Taxation for the town expenses, watch and

ward, service on juries, the call to arms in defence of the borough, were incidents as familiar as unwelcome in every burgher's life; but a more serious matter was the summons to take office and serve as mayor or bailiff or town clerk or sergeant or tax-collector or common constable—offices not always coveted in those days, when the mayor was held personally responsible for the rent of a town which was, perhaps vexed with pestilence or wasted with fire; when treasurers had to find funds as best they could for too frequent official bribes or state receptions of great lords or court officers; when bailiffs had to meet the loss from failing dues and straitened markets; when the boxes of the tax-collector were left half empty through poverty, or riots, or disputed questions of market rights; and when the constable was "frayed" day and night by sturdy men, dagger in hand, ready to break the king's peace.' (Vol. i. pp. 185-186.)

Beneath the citizen came, to enumerate them shortly, 'the inhabitants who had paid for special rights of trade in the town or were admitted as members of the merchant guild; they were subject to the jurisdiction of the town, but took no part in its politics. There were, too, the tenants and dependents of bishop or abbot, of semi-lay lord or of the king's castle who lived within the liberties of the borough, and who had the right of trading in the town, but who were bound to do suit and service at the courts of their own special lord.' There was yet another class of privileged traders who lived outside the town, but came within it with various privileges conferred on them 'according to the town's discretion and convenience.' And then we reach the residuum, 'the non-burgesses who had neither any share in the government nor any rights to seat and stall in the market, nor to own shop or workroom in the town. These formed 'an obscure company of workers without records or history.' But any man in this or any of the other inferior classes could aim at attaining the full privileges of the free citizens: the latter were not hereditary rulers or hereditary traders, and, tyrannical and greedy as they doubtless often were, we may regard them as being the choicest men of the town, the most capable and the most energetic of those within its walls.

With this brief sketch of the men of the mediæval town we must conclude our notice of this work. We have endeavoured by means of its materials, and by the aid of actual extracts from it, to give a picture, somewhat in miniature, of the English town of the fifteenth century; not, let it be noted, to satisfy the reader with an imperfect and a reduced view, but to give him some insight into this valuable book, so that in due time he may be induced to master its instructive pages.

ART. III.—*Historical Manuscripts Commission. Thirteenth Report, Appendix, Part VII. 'The Manuscripts of the 'Earl of Lonsdale.'* 1893.

PARTY government necessarily causes too great weight to be attached by contemporary public opinion to mere party successes and manœuvres. As the actors in them pass away, these events, so full of interest at the time of their occurrence, lose the attraction which arises from personal conflicts and individual cleverness, and seen in their true proportions, fortunately, cease to obscure the large cardinal issues upon which the historian must dwell. But there are some episodes in the history of party government in this country which remain memorable. Though nearly a century has passed away since the death of William Pitt, that tragic occurrence still stands out in the history of the nineteenth century, and the party combinations which resulted from it still have their interest and their lessons. The death of Mr. Pitt left the ship without its pilot; at any time his loss would have caused grief among every class of Englishmen; in 1806 it produced both grief and dismay. His disappearance gave rise to that remarkable combination of statesmen in one Cabinet which has become famous as the Government of All the Talents. Such an administration was only possible under the Premiership of Lord Grenville. He was a Whig in principle, but he was Pitt's relative and friend, and he had at one time been his most trusted lieutenant. Thus he was able to assemble in his ministry Fox and his Liberal followers, Addington and his very orthodox Tories, and that select company known as the Grenvillites. Out in the cold were the latest followers of Mr. Pitt, those on whom he had relied for support in his last Administration, the ablest and most brilliant of whom—though he had not held Cabinet office—was Canning. The Pittites were therefore the Opposition, if opposition there was to be; but they were in the difficulty that when Lord Grenville came into office they were in doubt whether they should consider themselves an Opposition in the ordinary sense, or unofficial supporters of the new administration.

The two great parties were for the time in a state of dissolution, and had fallen into groups which rendered Government and Opposition alike wanting in strength. It was possible for the time that party government might cease, since Canning and the Pittites were so little distrustful of Lord

Grenville that they were willing to take part in his administration; in fact, the chief aim of what must be called the Opposition was not to turn out the Prime Minister but to obtain a share in his Government. Their chief cause of disagreement with him was not so much his principles or his measures as the fact that he had sought the assistance of the other wing of the Tory party of Lord Sidmouth and his friends. Why he did so is still unexplained. Perhaps a politician of greater dexterity than Grenville, and one more capable of managing men, would have tried, when he was entrusted with the formation of a Government, and possibly with success, to obtain the assistance of the most capable of both sections of the Tory party in order to establish a Government on the widest possible basis. He chose, however, to seek only the aid of Lord Sidmouth, who, though regarded with something like contempt by the country, was a valuable ally, since he had behind him a compact band of some forty to fifty parliamentary friends. He was supported by a substantial section of the Tory party, and he insured the goodwill of the King. But at any time during the Premiership of Lord Grenville the Pittites would have willingly taken part in his administration, not only at its formation but when it was in full working order, and more especially at that later period of its short existence, in September, 1806, when Fox died leaving his party also without its pre-eminent though fatal leader.

Grenville did not offer Canning a place when he first formed his administration, but there is no doubt that he would have given him an important office in it later, and some subordinate place to one or more of his friends; it is equally certain, however, that he had made up his mind not to treat with the Pittites as a body, nor to turn out any of his own, Fox's, or Sidmouth's friends to enable him to strengthen his ministry. Having regard to the principle upon which Grenville's Government was founded—namely that it should be essentially a national and not a party Government, one capable of managing affairs at a most critical time without regard to party views—it is remarkable that Grenville did not go somewhat more out of his way to obtain the support of Canning and his friends. He had already in 1804, by refusing to join Pitt's second administration, shown some incapacity to act up to the principles by which he was ostensibly guided; and in 1806 the same want of purpose was exhibited. The course of events, very remarkable in the history of the Tory party, has never been more clearly

shown than in the batch of letters printed among the recently published 'Lonsdale Papers.' They are of great interest, by throwing light on the internal state of the Tory party at this critical time, and on the relations between the Opposition and the Government, more especially on the individual negotiations between Canning and Grenville. They add to the somewhat inaccurate knowledge which the world has obtained from Canning's letters to Lord Boringdon printed in Mr. Stapleton's 'Life and Times of Canning,' and from the memoranda in the diaries of contemporary statesmen. They show Canning the acting leader of the Opposition without full authority from his party, and inviting rebuffs by a too sanguine estimate of his own power.

These letters occupy no great space, and they extend over no long period. The first is from Lord Essex to Lord Lowther, on January 14, 1806; the last in the collection is from Lord Lowther to Lord Grenville, a draft of a letter 'not sent,' which is dated October 12, 1807, obviously an error for 1806, so that the latest, in fact, is from Charles Long to Lord Lowther, dated December 12, 1806. Some few are concerned with arrangements for a biography of Pitt; these are curious, but have little historical importance. Those, however, which are written by Canning, Grenville, Rose, and Long, and by Lords Essex and Lowther, are indispensable for the proper appreciation of the state of the Tory party in 1806. They show very clearly the fact that men of all parties regarded Lord Grenville as the only possible successor of Mr. Pitt. This has been pretty obvious from such old publications as 'Windham's Diary:' it is made even more clear by this correspondence. But the disappointment of the Pittites at their exclusion from a share in the new Government soon finds as much expression as their acknowledgement of Lord Grenville's fitness for the high post which he had attained. It appears, for instance, in the following letter from Lord Camden to Lord Lowther:—

'1806, February 3rd, Arlington Street.—You will have seen the list of the new administration in the newspapers and will be somewhat surprised, after the professions of forming an administration upon a broad basis, that not a single word has passed from Lord Grenville to any man connected with Mr. Pitt, but that the honourable connexion with Lord Sidmouth was immediately resorted to. There have been some difficulties, but I believe they will all be overcome and that the Government will be formed. Although I cannot avoid making the

observation I have done, I am the last person who is inclined to begin to oppose the Government, and if they do not fall upon our measures I should wish to give a real support to their measures. Though it is quite impossible to give one's confidence to the men, for Lords Grenville and Spencer are the only persons in whom one can have any confidence. Whenever the discussion takes place on the subject of the Continental conduct of the late Government (as I may now term it) I hope you will be able to be in your place. There was no part of our dear and respected friend's conduct on which he conceived himself so well entitled to commendation, or any part of it on which he more entirely deserved it.' (P. 163.)

The moderation shown in this letter, arising rather from friendship than from policy, was also at first the keynote of Canning's policy, though it is obvious that in his case it was based more on political, and less on personal considerations. Writing to Lord Lowther of an interview with Perceval and Castlereagh as to the position to be taken up by Mr. Pitt's friends, he thus formulates his views:—

'I took for granted that we should all agree as to the propriety of beginning with general professions of support to this, or to any Government which his Majesty had been pleased to form, so long as it conducted the affairs of the country upon principles such as we had been accustomed to profess and to uphold, &c., &c. But when the time should come (as it must come) for finding out that departure from those principles which would justify one taking a part against the Government, then I expressed my apprehension that those who had belonged to the Government which Mr. Pitt succeeded would probably look to Lord Sidmouth's influence with the King as the best means for forming a new administration, and would shape their conduct in the way best calculated to give him support in such an undertaking. Whereas I, and those in whose sentiments I shared, certainly considered Lord Grenville as the direct and lawful inheritor of the support of Mr. Pitt's friends, provided he continued to maintain Mr. Pitt's system, and provided he shewed himself disposed to call for our aid. We should, therefore, look for his separation from his present colleagues as the best chance for the formation either of a new administration (in the event of Lord Grenville's getting the better in the struggle and having a new administration to form) or (in the event of his being obliged to resign) of such an opposition as might afford an effectual protection to the country against a system the reverse of Mr. Pitt's, and a solid resource to the King whenever he might be disposed to avail himself of it.' (P. 164.)

It is important to note the phraseology of the letter. 'We should look for his separation from his present colleagues:' in other words there was, if possible, to be a detachment of Grenville from his friends rather than an adherence to Grenville by Canning. This letter, therefore,

clearly modifies a remarkable passage in Lord Malmesbury's Diary, which would give, and has given, the impression that there was a desire on Grenville's part to break up the opposition. 'In November, and during the elections, Lord Grenville made several attempts to disunite Pitt's friends, he offered splendidly to Canning and to any three or four friends he would name. Lord Wellesley was the intermediary and negotiated ably, but Canning remained steady and from principle.' (Vol. iv., p. 354.) This must be inaccurate.

In truth, the object of the Pittites was to draw Lord Grenville from Lord Sidmouth, and to substitute for the existing alliance one between Grenville and Canning; such an alliance was obviously more natural than one between Grenville and Sidmouth, whilst from Canning's point of view it had a distinct advantage: it would make him the virtual leader of the Tories, and would, whenever Lord Grenville retired from public life, have given him a right to the post of Prime Minister. It was a game worth playing, and the chief winner in it, if successful, would have been Canning. But it was based on a too sanguine estimate of his influence and power; he had yet by no means sufficient general support from the Tory party either to enable him to offer terms to Grenville as a friend or to demand them as an enemy in such a way that they could not be refused. And whilst Canning himself was obviously hovering between peace and war, there were among Mr. Pitt's friends those who doubted his sincerity. In truth the Tory party was without a leader. No clearer picture of the internal state of that party at this particular and important juncture has been penned than that in a letter from Lord Essex to Lord Lowther, which, though lengthy, is of great interest and value, since it is a critical review of the situation by one well acquainted with the *vie intime* of the Tory party:—

'1806, March 10, Berkeley Square.—The hope and expectation of seeing you in London has prevented my writing, which I wished to do with a view of communicating to you most openly the result of my own reflections and considerations upon all that has been going on *dans le monde politique*, and though I may be mistaken in my conjectures yet I feel inclined to think that from all I see and hear there is very little chance of that degree of unanimity or close connection being kept up between what was called Mr. Pitt's party which we thought might be likely to take place, but I fancy amongst that party there are too many jarring interests and political speculations and animosity towards many now in power to make it possible that those who might wish to hold together could do so with any effect unless it was *sub auspice* of

some one who does not at this moment appear as a leader. It is evident that Lord Castlereagh and Lord Hawkesbury and Lord Mulgrave consider themselves as decided enemies to Fox and Lord Grenville, and the former I suspect has no small influence over Lord Camden, not the most decided character in public or private matters. Lord Bathurst I have always thought very hostile to Fox, personally, and the Duke of Montrose evidently shews strong marks of discontent, at least he expressed himself so at not being consulted upon Lord Bristol's motion, whereas he could [not] be so, because Lord Bristol had not even communicated his intentions to Lord Hawkesbury. It was an idea of his own, and I believe he wrote only to Lord Sidmouth on the subject. I therefore think that his private friendship for Lord Grenville will very shortly outweigh all ideas of scruple, and that the living friend will beat the departed one hollow. In the House of Commons there are perturbed spirits enough, and though Canning and many others of that description are labouring hard to create an opposition I do not think they are likely to succeed, as many are inclined to watch the measures of the present men; but few, I believe, think it wise or prudent to commence a system of opposing upon all occasions; as far as related to that question the other day it was evident that no plan was acted upon as ought to have been the case. I was at Windsor on the Saturday, as was Charles Long, who wished to see the King, and whom I knew the King wished also to see, and his sentiments and feelings are such as they ought to be; he is not at all pleased at his present Government being opposed whilst they conduct themselves upon principles such as governed their predecessors. He said he was too old to change his principles, and was much pleased when Long signified to him that he thought Lord Grenville was of the same opinion, and that he might be sure of not being deserted by him, and he is evidently alarmed at those who now appear inclined to act in opposition, thinking that such conduct may be imputed to secret influence on his part, and give rise to mistrust and jealousy on theirs. Lord Camden, whom I met yesterday, again repeated, upon my asking what was to be done should any business come on soon, that we ought to hold back. It is then from these circumstances, and others, perhaps, of a more trifling nature, and yet connected with the general system that I allude to, that I feel very anxious to know your sentiments. I have endeavoured, I assure you, to weigh all these matters, divesting myself of every prejudice, and of every degree of partiality, which is equally (as to individuals) divided between those in and those out of power, and though I sincerely wish that Mr. Pitt's friends had formed a part of the present Government, yet I cannot see that the country is likely to suffer any injury from the loss of the abilities of those who were in high situations under Mr. Pitt. . . .

'Whilst Mr. Pitt's friends and supporters had a prospect of being kept really together, and a leader had arisen for that purpose, allegiance to him should have been sworn. No such leader exists; but every one who wishes to be so, and knows he cannot, forms his own plan and acts upon it. One stays away, one opposes, and one supports, and thus none act together. Lord Camden went to Wilderness,

and I met Lord Bridgewater a few minutes after (this being 5 o'clock) in Berkeley Square, like a dog in a fair who had lost his master, seeking out for some one to direct him to the proper road, which he could not find; and Charles Long, who came to town, decided not to vote at all, remained in the House, having previously communicated with those who were supposed to act in concert, and had agreed not to divide, but did so as he was shut in, and forced to divide. Now, my dear Lowther, after all this, where is the party? Where are the persons to whom one is to look on this occasion? I confess I am bewildered in all these nice and secret schemes, I see one plain way of acting, and I wish you may do the same, and I cannot perceive that the taking no part at all amounts to anything short of waiting to take a more decided part whenever events may arise, that may justify subtle and crafty politicians, but cannot nor ought it to influence those who really wish to see this country extricated from its difficulties by the efforts of a united and strong government. The King is with his Government. Lord Grenville seems to court all parties, and some seem averse to accepting those attentions which he offers so constantly, and I suspect, as I have before said, he feels himself sure of many.' (P. 174.)

That every one had his own plan of operations, and that Canning's moderation in Opposition was not to be of long duration, is shown in the following extract from a letter written by him to Lord Lowther on April 8, a month after that which has just been given:—

'The points upon which—as I understood your Lordship's sentiments, and so far as I have been able to collect those of others of Mr. Pitt's friends—all persons of that description were agreed were these: 1st. That whenever a direct attack should be made by the Government upon any system of Mr. Pitt's, resistance should be made to it in Parliament by all those who had looked up to him in his lifetime, and who considered the defence of his memory as a sacred duty. 2nd. That whenever the Government brought forward any measure of their own manifestly objectionable in principle or dangerous in practice, there should be no delicacy or difficulty about declaring an opinion in Parliament upon that particular measure, and that it would be highly desirable that Mr. Pitt's friends should on any such occasion act together upon an opinion common to them all.

'It is the strong feeling and persuasion of those who have taken, or are likely to take part in the House of Commons, and of very many who have never yet shown themselves there, that the second of these cases does arise upon the military plan—that the first of them has arisen is matter, not of opinion, but of fact.

'I apprehend, therefore, that after the holidays an opportunity will be taken, probably not later than the 2nd reading of the Bill for repealing the Additional Force Act, to make a decided stand, and to take the sense of the House of Commons against this demolition of Mr. Pitt's favourite system, a demolition attempted at a moment when it is just

beginning to realise his views, and without anything like an adequate substitution for the advantage which it promises to the country.' (P. 182.)

This more active opposition was continued during the summer, though not without misgivings in the minds of some of the party. Fox's illness and death in the autumn of 1806 raised fresh hopes in Canning's mind and among his friends that an opportunity had arisen for a new alliance. It is clear that Grenville would have welcomed the assistance of Canning individually; it is equally certain that he would not negotiate with him as the head of a party. Canning, on the other hand, would not come into office alone; to have done so would have lessened his influence, for a leader does not enter into a hostile camp without followers—if he does he has little power. This state of things is shown from Canning's point of view in the following communication, which he addressed to Lord Lowther:—

'1806, September 26, South Hill.—I have not hitherto troubled your Lordship upon the subjects on which we conversed before we left town, because there has been no period till the present at which I have had anything precise to communicate, and I have not thought myself at liberty to report, without a distinct object, what has passed between Lord Grenville and myself since that communication which I mentioned to your Lordship and to others in July. Since that time Lord Grenville has expressed more than once, through the same confidential channel, his wish for a renewal of the connexion which formerly subsisted between him and me; and his readiness to find the means of making such an opening for me in office as would certainly have left to me personally, in that respect, nothing to desire. Knowing, as you do, my sentiments towards Lord Grenville, you will readily judge in what way my inclination would have led me to meet such a disposition on his part, had I acted upon the impulse of those sentiments alone, without reference to other considerations.

'But I declined listening to any separate overture. And Lord Grenville was not prepared, at that time, to give to such an overture any farther extension than that of some law arrangement which should comprehend (but exactly in what manner was not explained) Perceval and the Master of the Rolls.

'In this state things continued till the day before Mr. Fox's death. It had, indeed, been mutually agreed that any farther discussion should be deferred till after the decision of the two important events then depending—that of Mr. Fox's recovery, and the question of peace with France.

'Mr. Fox's death, happening before the negotiation had terminated, was of itself a source of new difficulty. On the one hand, it was hardly to be expected that any man would enter at hazard into a connexion with the Government while the nature and result of so im-

portant (and in the view of those out of office, so questionable) a measure was yet unascertained. And on the other hand, this event appears to have made it necessary for Lord Grenville to proceed to the making his arrangements without delay. Upon that occasion it is but justice to Lord Grenville to say that I believe he did seriously turn his thoughts to the possibility of comprehending a larger proportion of Mr. Pitt's friends than he had hitherto had in contemplation. But he uniformly avowed the determination of not displacing for that purpose any one of the persons who had come into office with him.

'Upon comparing the number of openings which Lord Grenville could have to offer, consistently with this determination, with the number of persons acting with us who had not put themselves out of question as to office, and with what I had been able to collect of the pretensions and expectations of some of them, and particularly of some of those whom I met at your house in July—it was obvious that any proposal which could be founded on so narrow a basis must be insufficient for its purpose. And as the whole of Lord Grenville's communications with me on this subject were professedly directed to the single object of ascertaining my opinion as to the probable success of any such overture as he might find himself enabled to make—with the intention (if I should encourage him to believe that it was likely to be accepted) of submitting it for the approbation of his colleagues in office, previously to its being communicated by me to those with whom I was acting, as a distinct and formal proposal; I felt myself bound, in fairness to Lord Grenville, not to give him an opinion more encouraging than I really had reason to entertain. The discussion, therefore, terminated, without ever having assumed the shape of a regular negotiation; but with the expression of a strong wish on my part that, if Lord Grenville should think fit to make any proposal of the sort which he appeared to have had in contemplation, he would do so rather through somebody less personally interested in it than myself, and I took the liberty of naming the Duke of Portland as the person who, I thought, would be considered by all parties as the most unexceptionable channel for such a communication.

'I have thus given your Lordship an account of a transaction the result of which I know you will regret.

'It is indeed a mortifying circumstance (in our view of the situation of the Government and of the country) that Lord Grenville should, from whatever sense of his actual engagements and obligations, have lost so favourable an opportunity of obtaining that ascendancy to his own power and principles in the administration which we have all along lamented that he has not appeared to possess, and which a connexion with Mr. Pitt's friends would have secured to him. But while I regret this result, I really cannot accuse myself of having in any degree contributed to it, by omitting anything on my part which could have led to a general or comprehensive arrangement.' (P. 200.)

The very peremptory sentence, 'I declined listening to 'any separate overture,' expresses the view of a leader, or an ostensible leader, of a party, not of an individual poli-

tician. That Canning took up the former position cannot be doubted when the above letter is compared with one in October from Grenville to Lord Lowther, who was in the position of a common friend anxious to bring two parties together, though he was not an accredited negotiator. After referring to a possible vacancy in the representation of Lancaster, Grenville proceeds:--

'You cannot more sensibly oblige me than by the openness with which you have had the goodness to communicate to me the impressions produced on your mind by the late arrangement. . . . If I had the advantage of conversing with you on the circumstances which led to that form of arrangement, I am very sure I could have little difficulty in satisfying your mind that, instead of wishing to exclude the persons whom you describe, I was anxiously desirous to admit and even to induce them to take a part in those arrangements; and that the exclusion, as far as it is such, can be attributed only to their having formed themselves into a body for the purpose of maintaining pretensions so extensive as not to admit of any possibility of their being satisfied without my being guilty of the most dishonourable conduct towards those with whom I am actually joined in office, and who having been placed there at my own recommendation I never could consent to remove from their situations without their having given me any cause to do so.

I do not ask how far the pretensions to which I refer were reasonable in themselves. I am ready to do the fullest justice to the abilities and characters of persons whom I had much rather consider as friends than as opponents; all I contend for is that no man of honour placed in my situation could have done that which was required from me as an indispensable condition and price of their friendship.

'It is difficult to write at all on these subjects, and still more to do it in reference to communications which are in their own nature confidential. But let me beg of you that I may not suffer in your good opinion on this account until I have the opportunity of speaking to you freely upon it.' (P. 203.)

As we have already said, a man of greater dexterity than Grenville might, perhaps, have secured the help of Canning, but it is impossible to deny that the Prime Minister was justified in disregarding his pretensions to negotiate as head of a party, though he may not have sufficiently realised the importance of securing the assistance of this able and ambitious politician. Both these aspects of the question are well illustrated by two passages in a letter from Charles Long, a shrewd and capable observer. Referring to a probable dissolution, he proceeds: 'The first thing to be determined upon is to have some head to the party, without which we shall soon be no party at all. The necessity of some leader is quite evident.' (P. 204.) But Canning

thought that the party had a leader, and that he was that leader. Then, in regard to the existing administration, Long writes, referring to the continuance of the war :—

‘The difficulties will be great, and every energy and all the ability of the country should be exerted. How Lord Grenville, who would not join Pitt without Fox because it would be a Government of exclusion when the country required a union of parties, can now justify the exclusion of the most respectable party in the country is beyond any ingenuity I possess to conceive.’ (P. 204.)

As we have already said, it is not clear why Grenville did not seek to form his Government on the broadest possible basis in the first instance. But at the time of Fox’s death, it is certain that there was no one at the head of the Pitt section of the Tory party who could unite it so as to make an alliance with it as a party indispensable, and Canning, by acting as if he were a leader, was preventing the junction of the Pittites as individuals with the Administration. The difference in the actual position of Grenville and Canning was obvious. For the moment, at any rate, the former was at the head of a Ministry, formed, no doubt, of ill-assorted elements, but temporarily homogeneous and stronger in appearance than in reality, and supported for the time by the King and the Prince of Wales. Canning, on the other hand, was a rising and brilliant member of an Opposition uncertain in its aims, divided by jealousies, and weakened by the fact that it had for a long time been led by an autocratic chief. Yet he negotiated as if he were on the same footing as the Prime Minister.

‘Where we have differed,’ he writes to Lord Lowther on October 15, ‘it has been with reference to those with whom we are respectively connected. Could anything be less judicious than to let those persons know precisely on what points with respect to them those differences have turned? I should think not. And why is *my* connexion with others to be represented as the *only* impediment, when *his* is at the same time avowed to be indissoluble *in all its parts*?’ (P. 207.)

The italics are in the original, and they indicate how completely Canning failed to perceive the absence of that necessary general support from his party which was evident to much less gifted persons.

In the letter to Lord Boringdon of August 29,* the first ground of Canning’s refusal to join Lord Grenville’s Government was stated to be that he could not do so ‘in point of honour;’ next he says that ‘it was little to my interest’ to

* Life and Times of Canning, p. 96.

do so as an individual, and third that the King must be taken more into the confidence of the Ministry. But the disunited state of the Tory party to which we have already alluded, the need for national effort at a supreme national crisis, and Canning's own appreciation of Lord Grenville as the right person for Prime Minister, render this first ground quite untenable. In the words 'it was little for my interest,' as in the expression which he uses in a later letter to the same nobleman that he would under the circumstances have held office 'without power,' will be found the real motives of Canning's action. No politician could give his personal interest as the sole reason for not joining a Ministry in which he was anxious to take a part, but when it is coupled even in his own letters with a more plausible but unsound excuse it is certain that we must find the lower to be the true motive. That Canning was not altogether easy on the point seems to be shown by the letters between Lowther and himself on this point of the negotiations which are largely concerned with Canning's justification of his position and with refuting the idea that he had put forward indispensable conditions. They do not, however, alter the result which has been stated.

It was wholly impossible that the exact limit of Canning's pretensions, or, if the phrase be preferred, of the Tory pretensions as a whole, could have been ascertained from loose conversations. Canning himself states that he contemplated 'the removal of Windham from his present office, yet neither this nor any other suggestion respecting individuals was pressed' (p. 210). But there can be no doubt that the demand was put forward with quite sufficient clearness to enable Grenville to regard it as an indispensable condition, and, as we have already pointed out, Canning had not the individual authority, nor were the Tory party sufficiently united, to make it reasonable to put forward peremptory demands of so unpalatable a character, for such was certainly that for the removal of Windham—the trusted friend of Grenville, and the Minister of War at a time of immense national peril. The result of the negotiations was satisfactory neither to Canning nor to Grenville: the former gained nothing, and the administration of the latter became weaker. The position of affairs is again clearly depicted by Charles Long in a letter to Lord Lowther:—

(Most Private.)

'Bromley Hill, October 24, 1806.—I imagine you have by this time received the letter a copy of which Canning shewed me a few days

ago. I am sorry to see from the nature of his transaction as well as from other circumstances the little disposition there appears to be in Lord Grenville to connect himself with those who were the friends of Mr. Pitt, or rather the determination there appears to be in his mind to prefer all others of a different description. It is very intelligible why he should have no great inclination to those who he supposes to have stood in the way of a junction between himself and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, but there are others who were anxious for such a junction, and to whom I do not think he appears to have shown more favourable dispositions. If he says that he could not treat with the present Opposition as a party because they have no leader, that ought not to have prevented his considering them according to their respective merits—particularly as he gave as a reason why he would not join Mr. Pitt without Mr. Fox that he would not be a party to a Government of exclusion—but precisely such a Government he appears to me to have taken pains to form.

‘In all this I think Lord Grenville has acted most unwisely for himself, he would have found opinions much more congenial with his own in Mr. Pitt’s friends than in those either of Mr. Fox or of Lord Sidmouth. The question for us is, what is now to be done—what is best for the country and most honourable for ourselves, and upon this point I am very anxious to know your opinion. Lord Grenville appears to have lost the opportunity which Fox’s death gave him of making anything like a general arrangement unless what passed with C—— can be called an attempt to make it. His new allies are Lord Holland, Mr. Bragge, Mr. Tierney, and (whenever General Fitzpatrick chooses to retire, which he will do whenever one of the three best military governments becomes vacant) Mr. Whitbread. It seems therefore that there is no prospect of admission for any of the late Government unless Lord Grenville should quarrel with any of his present colleagues—all this I lament because I cannot help thinking Lord Grenville the fittest person in point of talents and weight to be the first Minister, and this opinion, together with old habits of friendship, would have naturally led me to wish to have connected myself with him if I could honourably have done so. I cannot help therefore being concerned at a conduct the tendency of which has been to drive the friends of Mr. Pitt into opposition to him.

‘With respect to those who acted together in opposition last year I see great probabilities of more than shades of difference between them—first I imagine there are those among them who think the only object worth contending for is that of turning out the present Government by force, and substituting another, and who, if they do not avow this opinion, at least act upon it. I have never acquiesced in the practicability, or, if it were practicable, in the policy of such a measure, and recent circumstances have rendered its practicability still more doubtful than formerly; but of this opinion, I believe, are Lord Eldon, Hawkesbury, Castlereagh, and, I fear, Perceval. There are others who have always thought fair compromise was most advisable, among which, I believe, are yourself, Lord Camden, Lord Bathurst, Canning, myself, and many others. It is probable also that since a certain person (as

it will be considered) has shown no disinclination at least to the present Government by agreeing to the dissolution, there may be others who will not be of either of the opinions above stated, but who may think they are now at liberty to make their own separate terms, and who, supposing there is more affinity between their opinions and Lord Grenville's than those of any other person, will therefore be disposed to unite with him, in the hope of inducing him gradually to admit more of Mr. Pitt's friends as opportunities arise, and Canning, who has always been disposed to compromise, threw out several things lately to me which seemed rather to favour this latter opinion. Unless we have a head to the party, opinions may still be more various even than I have supposed—for that situation the persons whom I have heard suggested are yourself, the Duke of Portland, Lord Camden, and Lord Hawkesbury. I am sure you would unite the greatest numbers under your banners, but I doubt your inclination to be troubled with all that belongs to this troublesome office.' (P. 213.)

Such was the position of affairs in the Tory party when Lord Grenville dissolved Parliament in the autumn of 1806. The new elections did not alter the views of Canning; he was still anxious to take a part in the existing administration. On November 23 he writes to Lord Lowther:—

'I retain all the opinions which your lordship and I have entertained in common since our first intercourse at the beginning of the year; that after all that has passed, and *in spite* of much that Lord Grenville has done or suffered, or left undone, I still think him the fittest man for the situation which he fills, perhaps from the fact (a melancholy and not very creditable one for the country) that he is the *only* man fitted for it in any eminent degree; that I still think him, *in spite* of many things which in this view are to be lamented even while they are forgiven, the natural head of an administration of which Mr. Pitt's friends should form a part; that such an arrangement still appears to me an object to be pursued *by all honourable means*; and that, unpromising as appearances are at present, and perplexed as is the whole state of parties and of public affairs, I still think such an arrangement not altogether unattainable—differing only in a slight degree from what seems to be your impression, as to the mode, or rather, perhaps, as to the moment of taking any steps directly towards it.

'The grounds of this slight difference (and it is much less than even in statement it may appear to be) I have no doubt of explaining to your entire satisfaction when we meet.

'In the meantime (which is a point of more immediate practical importance) I am most decidedly convinced that, *with a view to this object*, active exertion and zealous attendance in Parliament are more than ever necessary; that any abatement either of vigour in our attack, or of numbers in our support, would so far from facilitate the accomplishment of our object, that it would in fact render it impossible for Lord

Grenville, however desirous he might be, to do anything effectual towards it.*

‘In this view I am particularly glad to receive such accounts as have been sent me by some of our friends skilled in such mystical matters of the numerical effects of the new elections. From one quarter I hear that the gain of new strength to Government is no more than 29, and that to Opposition 22, that five more are to be considered as *hopeful* for us, and 14 as *doubtful*, “all but three of whom” (I do not quite understand whether all the *hopefuls* and *doubtfuls*, or all the *doubtfuls* only) “supply the places of determined enemies. If, therefore, they were *all* with Government they would swell their balance only from seven (the difference between 22 and 29) to ten. If *half* only are with us they turn the balance in our favour.

‘This calculation is made exclusive of Ireland and Scotland, in the latter of which I suppose the turn will be rather against the Government, in the former I should apprehend rather in its favour. But upon the whole it seems clear that they cannot have gained in *numbers* anything that can compensate them for the trouble, the expense, and the unpopularity of the dissolution, and for the rashness of having thrown away, when they wanted it but little, a measure which they might by possibility wish to have recourse to hereafter. Nothing could be more satisfactory to us than the complete rout of the Doctor’s forces. I have a list of *sixteen* of his men who are slain outright, and I trust they are not likely to revive in other places.

‘There are, however, *other* views in which the dissolution certainly gives strength to Lord Grenville’s Government. These, I think, will not have failed to strike your lordship as they have me, and as I find they have struck Long and a few others with whom I happen to have had an opportunity of talking; while others of our friends, however, resist (as I am told) the conviction which appears to me irresistible.

‘The considerations arising out of this point must be reserved for discussion when we meet. They bear directly (as it appears to my mind) upon the subject of the former part of this letter, and may not improbably make it necessary to have a very unreserved and distinct communication upon that subject with many of those with whom we have been acting.’ (P. 223.)

We have here still the same belief in the propriety of Lord Grenville as Prime Minister, the same jealousy of Sidmouth and his friends, and the same determination to share power with them, either by means of hostility or of friendship. Canning, too, overrated the strength of the Prime Minister; he would never have considered it prudent to press so eagerly for a share in an administration if he had thoroughly understood its weakness. Its want of strength was visible to others. Thus Lord Mulgrave, writing to Lord Lowther on November 30, after expressing surprise

* The above sentence is hastily worded, but its meaning is obvious.

that Grenville had not strengthened his Government by 'a moderate and very honourable encouragement of a few of 'Pitt's friends,' in ignorance apparently of his willingness to admit Canning, goes on to say:—

'As his conduct has been inexplicable, so also has the result of his scheme been more unfavourable to the character and estimation of his Government than could have been supposed possible with a man at its head confessedly the first of the surviving statesmen of the country, for though he has not the universal and transcendent powers of mind which rendered Pitt a prodigy, nor the brilliant talents and large compass of intellect which distinguished the wonderful but ineffective understanding of Fox, yet he has a clear and confident mind and a strong and laborious understanding; but with all this his administration is neither popular nor respected, nor indeed enjoys much more credit with the country for wisdom, vigour, and activity than that of the Doctor himself. And this because he is not alone sufficient to create an opinion of talent and principle in a Cabinet where they cannot elsewhere be sought for in the same person.' (P. 227.)

The fate of Lord Grenville's administration is now a matter of history, but it is clear that the ministerial catastrophe which was so soon to throw the Whigs again into opposition and to bring in a purely Tory Government was at the end of 1806 utterly unforeseen by Canning. The letters which we have quoted make this evident, and they throw new light—as the extracts which we have printed make clear—on the general position of the Tory party in 1806, when it had been deprived of its great leader, when to all appearance its weakness and want of cohesion were fatal to its immediate future, yet when in truth it was soon about to enter on a period of power which was to continue for a quarter of a century.

ART. IV.—1. *Fifth and Final Report of the Royal Commission on Labour.*

2. *History of Trade Unionism.* By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB. London: 1894.

3. *The Aged Poor in England and Wales.* By CHARLES BOOTH. 8vo. London: 1894.

THE Royal Commission on Labour was appointed in the spring of 1891 with the instruction 'to inquire into the 'questions affecting the relations between employer and 'employed, the combinations of employers and employed, 'and the conditions of labour which have been raised during 'the recent trade disputes in the United Kingdom.' The reference is wide enough in itself, and the Commission seem to have put a liberal construction upon it. They have by no means confined their inquiry to matters connected with trade disputes which in 1891 deserved the title of 'recent,' but they have practically investigated the conditions of labour and the relations between employer and employed in almost every trade and occupation in the country. For instance, it would have been necessary to go back more than twenty years in order to find any actual conflict of importance in the world of agricultural labour; yet the inquiry made by roving Assistant Commissioners into that branch of industry forms one of the largest and costliest portions of the work of the Labour Commission. One result of these extensive researches is that the recommendations with a view to legislation which the majority of the Commission have made seem slight when compared with the mass of evidence and information which they have collected. The actual advice which the Commission tenders to her Majesty does not seem a large result to have been distilled from the hundred thousand or so of answers in oral evidence from 583 witnesses, from the answers to schedules of questions in writing scattered broadcast over the country, from the reports of Assistant Commissioners, from documents innumerable, and from the efforts of the whole diplomatic service. If the object of Royal Commissions is the exact ascertainment by their members of statistics, and nothing but that, the Labour Commission has not been a success. The kingdom of facts opened up by their inquiry was too large for any single Commission to conquer. Nor could any mortal Commissioner carry in his head the information laid before him so as to

come to specially valuable conclusions on every issue. If several Commissions had been constituted—one to deal with questions relating to wages, another with those as to hours of labour, or the subject of conciliation and arbitration in trade disputes, or of the sanitary conditions of work in factories and workshops, the separate Reports added together would probably have had a greater positive value than that produced by a single Commission dealing with all these subjects and many others also. The Labour Commission, having had a gigantic task imposed upon it, is also open to the criticism that the inquiry would have been more effectively conducted if greater caution had been exercised at the start, and if, instead of invoking from the 'vast deep' an immense crowd of witnesses, many of them mere repetitions of one another, the lines of investigation had been more carefully considered and the evidence more judiciously selected. The Commission began to build its house before it had properly laid the foundation.

We are not, however, disposed to quarrel too much with the Labour Commission for the view which they have taken—or, rather, for their omission to take any specific view—of their duties. One Commission is valuable for one purpose, another for another purpose. The use of an inquiry of this kind is not to be estimated solely by the legislation which it may beget. Life is not all legislation, even in the reign of Victoria. Nor, with all deference to the students of scientific sociology, is the exact ascertainment and classification of minute facts the chief purpose of a Royal Commission. That work can best be done by a continuously working statistical department. The real use of a Commission of this kind is to act as a grand national inquest into grievances, to obtain a broad and general rather than minute and statistical view of facts, to investigate by way of public discussion the remedies proposed, and among these to distinguish the numerous and sham from the few and true. Writers of the Socialist party appear to resent very warmly the idea that it is any part of the business of a Commission to expose fallacious ideas.* It is natural enough that they should take this view, but we do not share it. There was no more interesting or useful part of the proceedings of the Commission than those three days during which

* See, for instance, Mrs. Webb's remarks in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for July 1894, very dogmatically entitled 'The Failure of the Labour Commission.'

the warm-hearted Mr. Tom Mann fought gallantly, but in vain, to defend quite impossible positions against the skilful assaults of Mr. Gerald Balfour and other opponents. The two following days, during which that far more astute Collectivist, Mr. Sidney Webb, held his assailants at bay by the use of Fabian or evasive tactics were also interesting and instructive. *Cunctando restituit rem.* To some extent he repaired the positions which the rash Mr. Mann had given away. Looked at as an instrument both for sifting ideas and for bringing before the public mind a general representation of the present state of the industrial world, the Labour Commission has been, we think, worth its cost.

Future historians, at any rate, should be grateful. They will find in the sixty-five volumes published by the Labour Commission the most copious material for living pictures of industrial and social England at the end of the Victorian epoch. If the Commission needs further defence, it is enough to say that, at the conjuncture, its appointment was inevitable. The 'Spirit of the Age' evidently demanded an inquiry on a large scale into all these capital and labour questions. The air is full of them; there is no end to red-bound books from the inexhaustible 'Social Science Series' of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. and rival firms, to Fabian essays, pleas for liberty, to sermons and speeches on the subject. The direction of the light pamphleteering breeze shows the movement of the time. It is the same wind that formerly blew from other points of the compass.

Non è il mondan romore altro ch' un fiato
 Di vento, ch' or vien quinci ed or vien quindi
 E muta nome, perchè muta lato.

The ever uneasy and restless European conscience, formerly perturbed by questions of religious doctrines, or again by those of the political rights of man, or, still later, by the claims of nationalities, has now found a temporary arena for its endless disquiet in these controversies as to the division between the citizens of each nation of the results of the general labour. At bottom it is, in economic form this time, the old contest between the masculine instinct, or side of the race which tends towards individual freedom, and the no less necessary, but yet in a sense conflicting, instinct towards social form, order, and arrangement. To maintain an absolute theory of individualism or an absolute theory of socialism is as though one should contend that the world should consist of men only or of women only. 'Man strives towards

‘freedom, woman towards moral order,’ says Goethe. The path of progress is, and ever has been, the resultant of these two forces. True progress, however, lies in the constant subordination of the one to the other. Man is not made for order, but order is made for man. It was, we think, well that the Labour Commission should have been presided over by the Duke of Devonshire, the distinguished representative of a family which has handed down the very genius of England, the policy of the centre, freedom from the intellectual limitations imposed both by Radical and by Tory absolutism, and the instinct of what is sound and practicable in policy. The most ardent ‘labour member’ on the Commission must have felt that his education in the art of life had been advanced by his contact with one who so well represents the spirit of reason and good will.

According to the usual modern scheme, the Labour Commission was composed of two opposite wings of men having strong personal interest in the questions at issue, employers or labour leaders, and of a central group of men independent of industry, members of Parliament, economists or lawyers, who were more or less unbiassed in the matter by their careers or occupations. The majority signing the principal report is made up—at the cost, no doubt, of some sacrifice of strength, definiteness, and consistency of view in that document, by the concurrence of this central group with the wing of employers on the one side and with two or three representatives of the older kind of trade unionism on the other. The general tone of this report is anti-socialist, but favourable both to the developement of trade unionism on the old lines and to labour legislation on the old lines. That is to say, the majority of the Commission, after three years’ examination of facts and arguments, are by no means disposed to favour either the gradual or the rapid transference, except in very limited cases, of the means and instruments of production to Government Departments or municipal bodies. They have been brought to the conclusion that trade unionism, in those industries which are capable of it, has been of immense service in the past, in spite of errors and follies, to the working classes and ultimately to the cause of industrial peace, and that the beneficent effects of trade organisation are by no means as yet exhausted, or its possible developments at an end. Like all reasonable persons, the majority of the Commission fully approve of the legislation which has, for the last fifty years and more, been directed to protect from some of the worst

effects of the carelessness or indifference of employers the children, women, and other helpless persons who cannot, as experience proves, organise themselves for self-protection. The Commission are by no means anxious to restrict pedantically the limits of labour protection, and their report indicates more clearly than has before been done the means by which a blow may be aimed at some of the worst remaining features of industrial life. On the other hand, four members of the Commission—Messrs. Abraham, Austin, Mawdesley, and Tom Mann—have signed a minority report, which, very usefully for scientific study of these matters, puts clearly and ably an opposite contention. This report reflects with exactness the views put forward by these practical Socialists, who drive on at present a very active propaganda in this country. By the expression ‘practical Socialists’ we mean to indicate those leaders of the party who, while holding as an ideal the most complete measure of State usurpation of the means and instruments of production, yet have fully grasped the fact that, if you wish to make John Bull move in any direction, you must not alarm him by indicating too clearly the final objective of the movement, but must advise each step upon the ground of its special utility and merit. The minority report of the Royal Commission on Labour may well have been—and in our opinion, was—drafted for the four dissentients by the hand of one of these very wide-awake leaders of the blind. If it is not written by the hand, it is at least pervaded by the direct influence of a somewhat remarkable person of whom much more may, it is very likely, be heard and felt in this country. We mean Mr. Sidney Webb, the joint author of one of the books under review in this article. These two reports—that of the majority and that of the minority of the Labour Commission—will be interesting to the future student of history as indicating the two great streams of feeling and opinion. The spirit of individual liberty and that of governmental control have always been at issue in European countries, under various forms and with various results. The report of the group headed by the Duke of Devonshire embodies the old English idea that public control should only be invoked, but then invoked freely, to restrain the abuses of industrial freedom, to hold even the balance of justice, and to protect the weak and helpless. The report of the Socialist minority expresses something as different from this as the West is from the East—viz., in the words of their concluding paragraph, that

'the whole force of democratic statesmanship must, in our opinion, henceforth be directed to the substitution, as fast as possible, of public for capitalist enterprise, and, where this substitution is not yet practicable, to the strict and detailed regulation of all industrial operations, so as to secure to every worker the conditions of efficient citizenship.'

So also, in the opinion of Archbishop Laud, it was desirable that the whole force of royal statesmanship should be directed to establishing the sole supremacy of the Anglican Church.

During the eighteenth century the empire, commerce, and wealth of the nation expanded rapidly, and eventually proved a stimulus to the arts of production. After about the middle of the century the new manufacturing era may be said to have well set in. At first it took the shape of increased division and combination of labour, and this again led to rapid growth of mechanic invention. In the great manufacturing industries a more distinct line of cleavage than had ever before existed was established between the masters and the journeymen, the expense of the large factories and costly machinery involved the extended use of borrowed capital, and workmen were massed in industrial regiments and armies on a scale which had not as yet been seen. It was the industrial side of the birth, the emancipatory period, of the new epoch of European history. The new epoch was born in sore travail for English workmen. The old trade customs had broken down, the new ones had not yet been formed. A time of revolution and transition is the opportunity of the strong individual. In the trades carried on in the new way absolute monarchies arose and flourished for a space. Employers did what they liked with their own, paid the wages and worked the hours which they chose, were paternal or indifferent or hard-hearted, and even cruel, according to their several characters. This time has been well compared to those periods in history, like the reign of Stephen in England, when the Crown has been weak, and the masses of the people have been unorganised, and the power of local lords has been practically unrestrained. It is much more than a fanciful parallel, for the same natural forces work in different spheres. The desire of the strong man is for power; whether that power takes the form of territory or profits, the delight of war and conquest is the same. When the forces which check and restrain are weak the masculine instinct will have its way, whether in feudal war or unrestrained commercial competition, according to the circumstances of the time. A nation deprived of this instinct in its members would be without strength or vitality; but where

the instinct is unchecked by law or custom it must be expected that the strong will mercilessly use the weak as their means of success.

The admirable historians of France have lucidly worked out the processes by which the powers of the local lords were reduced through a twofold and concurrent means, the developement of the organised towns below, and the advance of the royal power from above. In like manner the abuses incident to the industrial anarchy which prevailed in England early in this century have been gradually suppressed by the action of the State on the one side and of the organised trade unions on the other. The two great features of the industrial history of this century, looked at from the point of view of advantages gained by manual labourers, are the rise of the trade unions and the developement of factory legislation. The story of English trade unionism has often been told, but never more lucidly than in the useful book to which we have already referred, recently published by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. These organisations have risen in the face of long resistance by law and opinion. The old idea was that fair wages, taking into consideration the interest of the consumer as well as that of the producer, were to be fixed by public authority, and that, this being so, the workers had no right to disturb the peace of the kingdom by combinations to help themselves. But the side of the theory which involved the fixing of fair wages by authority first broke down in practice before the developement of manufacture on a large scale, and then disappeared from the statute book. The law empowering justices to fix wages was repealed in 1813, and the apprenticeship part of the Elizabethan statute was swept away in the following year, in spite of the strongest opposition on the part of the workmen. The idea of individual liberty in the economic sphere carried for the time all before it, and found its highest expression in the report of a Select Committee in 1811, that

‘no interference of the legislature with the freedom of trade, or with the perfect liberty of every individual to dispose of his time and his labour in the way and on the terms which he may judge most conducive to his own interest, can take place without violating general principles of the first importance to the prosperity and happiness of the community, without establishing the most pernicious precedent, or even without aggravating, after a very short time, the pressure of the general distress, and imposing obstacles against that distress ever being removed.’

It came to be seen, however, that if one side of the old
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system, the fixing of wages by public authority, was removed, the other side, the prohibition of the combinations by which workmen acquired an effective power of bargaining, must also go. This was partially effected by the Act of 1825, by which, as Mr. Webb says, 'the right of collective bargaining, 'involving the power to withhold labour from the market by 'concerted action, was for the first time expressly established,' but it was not until the legislation of 1871 that trade unions altogether escaped from their old character, in the eye of the law, of unlawful combinations in restraint of trade, or won full protection for their funds and property.

During the last twenty years the numerical strength and the resources of the skilled workers arrayed in their industrial regiments have increased immensely; their position as 'high contracting powers,' with equal rights, has been recognised by the employers in the most important trades; the trade union congresses have concentrated their strength for political action. At the same time the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884 have altered the whole balance of classes in the State. The danger now, in the skilled industries, is not so much the oppression of trade unions by employers and the public, as the oppression of the public and employers by the trade unions. Organisations founded for defensive are now used rather for offensive warfare. The former political object of the trade unions, the right to free collective action, having been attained, new ideas have taken possession of the field. For the purposes of the historian the new point of departure may be said to be the conflict which broke out in the port of London in 1889, and was followed by a year or two of short but uncommonly fierce battles in various parts of the country between the shipowning interest and the allied seamen, dock labourers, and others. A new wave of industrial conflict swept the country. In spite of their defeat in the matter of the docks the employers were, on the whole, victorious in this series of battles, so far as regards their resistance to the attempt to make their trade unionism a universal condition of employment. The result of these conflicts was on the one hand to mark the limits of successful trade unionism, on the other to open up a world of imagination as to the means by which central and local public authorities might intervene to assist those who now possessed the suffrage and political weight, but could not, it was proved, do much by way of industrial association to help themselves. At this

point it is well to pause to ask what successful trade unionism is and what it does.

The numbers of trade unionists in this country have been variously estimated at from one to two millions. The latest figures published by the Board of Trade show 594 societies with an aggregate of 1,237,367 members, and a total annual income of 1,790,842*l*. These returns are for the year 1892. To the numbers given by the Board of Trade must be added the members of some non-registered societies, but probably they show with fair accuracy the strength of the great mobilised standing army of trade unionism. This million and a quarter of enrolled workmen forms a goodly proportion of the total mass of those engaged in manual labour. It must be remembered that there is very little unionism among the agricultural and practically none among the seafaring population, and that it does not flourish, except in Lancashire, among female operatives. The returns of the Board of Trade show that the great regiments of this army are composed of adult workmen, and are chiefly recruited among the stable and settled population of the regular manufacturing or mining districts, more especially in the North of England. They belong to such trades as the engineers, the iron shipbuilders and machine makers, the shipwrights, the building trades, carpenters, printers, cotton spinners, and coal miners. There is all the difference in the world in the facility with which a strong and permanent trade union can be formed in one industry or another. The Report of the Labour Commission points out that

when a skilled industry is carried on in more or less large factories, workshops, or mines, and (at any rate in some central districts) brings a large number of workmen into close contact ; "when, in other words, a trade combines the elements of skill, co-operation in the same work of a number of people, and local contiguity, it seems, under all these circumstances, to be easy to convert the natural craft thus existing into a formal and permanent trade union.

Just in the same way it was easy to evolve democratic municipal forms of government where populations had come to live together in towns of some size, for the reason that in such places assemblies naturally met in the market place, wits were sharpened against wits, and the inhabitants were already accustomed to act together for various purposes. But the political constitution of Ghent or Florence could not have been extended to the scattered and ignorant peasants of a mediæval French province, and, as the Report of the Commission intimates, it by no means

follows that forms of organisation which have worked successfully in the case of the highly skilled artisans of the North-east coast or Lancashire will be equally successful when attempted by seamen dispersed all over the world, or agricultural labourers scattered through thousands of parishes, or ill-paid makers of clothing and furniture living from hand to mouth amid the vast and shifting population of London. Skill and local contiguity are the foundations of permanent trade unionism. Some of the unions among the more skilled trades have now endured for half a century. Often they have arisen, like political states, amid the strain and stress of industrial conflict, but many of them have almost left behind the period of war, and now devote the greater part of their income to pacific purposes, to insuring their members against the various contingencies and vicissitudes of life, failure of employment, sickness, accident, and old age. Take for one instance the great Society of Engineers. This Society had in 1891 71,221 members, an annual income of 189,774*l.*, a balance at the end of the year of 237,251*l.* Its expenditure on disputes in this year was only 9,000*l.*, while it spent 55,000*l.* in supporting men out of work, and paying travelling and emigration expenses, and no less than 44,221*l.* upon old age allowances to members past work. A workman belonging to a Society of this kind may be sure that he gets such advantages as may be possible. The expert officials of the Society are his diplomats and statesmen, they take charge of his hours and wages, and watch carefully the course of trade in order to ascertain what, at any given moment, are the utmost advantages which they can obtain for him and his fellows consistently with keeping the trade in the country. If the workman suffers, or thinks that he suffers, any individual injustice at the hand of his employer, he can appeal to his society to support his claim or to obtain redress. There is both security and dignity in the life of a skilled artisan belonging to a strong society. He is respected by those with whom he has to deal, as an Englishman or Frenchman is respected as a member of a powerful nation; he is secure from absolute want when disabled by sickness and old age, or when trade is bad; he is far more independent in action and movement and free from real anxiety than most clerks or professional men. He needs no assistance from the State, desires to settle affairs with employers in his own way, or by means of the voluntary institutions created for his own trade, and would, as a matter of fact, whatever may be his

abstract theories, bitterly resent official interference. His representatives know this well enough, though at trade union congresses they sometimes join in demanding legislative regulations of work, in order to be 'in the movement.'

Employers admit, for the most part, that the existence of these strong societies facilitates pacific negotiations, and, on the whole, good understanding with the workmen. No result of the evidence brought before the Labour Commission is clearer than this. On the existence of these societies are based those free and equal parliaments of industry, like the Northern and Midland Iron and Steel Trade Boards, where the representatives of employers and workmen have for years adjusted difficult questions without resort to strikes or lock-outs. Institutions of this kind are practical embodiments of partnership relations between bodies of employers and bodies of workmen. Happily they are, in one stage of development or another, both numerous and increasing, and this is one of the best auguries of the future. When bodies of workmen succeed in organising and holding together, they can always force their way, though not always without hard fighting, to recognition as collective units at the hands of employers. Once this is secured, the individual workman is no longer a servant. He is the member of a corporation which sells its labour for the best terms to be obtained in any given state of the market. Year after year a more strong and definite trade custom grows up to regulate the division of the receipts of the common undertaking and other relations between those who supply capital and managing ability, and those who supply labour. The custom is matured by free discussion and fortified by cases and precedents. The agreements entered into by the collective workmen on the one hand and the collective employers on the other have every mark of formality. If failure to agree upon terms does lead to an industrial war, that also is not entered upon until all the resources of diplomacy have been exhausted. A strike or lock-out has often been preceded by negotiations longer than those which are the precursors of war between two European nations. Associations and their interests are so large that the cost of a long strike is enormous. The leaders and officials of a rich and powerful union are naturally disinclined to see their funds exhausted in a doubtful contest, and their society weakened for years both for purposes of war and for all its other objects, while at the same time employers are reluctant to challenge conflict with

a body known to possess staying powers of resistance. The greatness of armaments makes for peace. Indeed, where both employers and workmen are well organised, and conflict between them has been replaced by diplomacy, there is some danger that they may successfully turn their joint arms against the outer public which consumes their productions. A reconciliation and perfect harmony between the aristocracy and democracy of the coal trade might, for instance, enable them to devote their allied strength to enriching themselves, up to a certain point, at the cost of the weaker industrial groups, whose operations depend on the reasonable cheapness of coal, and of the household consumer. The internal peace of Ghent or Milan was not altogether to the advantage of the minor cities of the Plain.

This, then, is the present situation of the skilled artisans. Regimented in their powerful societies, they have forced their way to practical partnership with the employers. There is little doubt that both in the matter of wage rates and in that of hours of labour they now gain every advantage consistent with the retention of capital and trade in the country. The fear is often expressed that the workmen are passing beyond this limit and demanding terms of employment incompatible with the maintenance of British trade. A careful examination of the publications and manifestos of the leading trade unions, and of the evidence given before the Labour Commission by their responsible chiefs, has not convinced us that there is much truth in assertions of this kind. With the status come the feelings of partnership, and the frank treatment by employers of the representatives of organised workmen has dispelled much of that ignorance which leads the employed to push impossible claims. The Labour Commission, after pointing out in their Report the fact that 'the growth and developement of large industrial establishments during the present century has necessarily resulted in the creation of considerable bodies of workmen more or less separated in their lives and pursuits from those under whom they work,' proceed to make the following observations, which appear to be undeniably true, and to be pregnant with the best hopes for the future.

'It is, however, precisely in those industries where the separation of classes, and therefore the causes of conflicts, are most marked, that we observe the fullest development of that organisation of the respective parties which appears to us to be the most remarkable and important feature of the present industrial situation. Powerful trades

unions on the one side and powerful associations of employers on the other have been the means of bringing together in conference the representatives of both classes, enabling each to understand the position of the other, and to understand the conditions subject to which their joint undertaking must be conducted. . . . We see reason to believe that in this way the course of events is tending towards a more settled and pacific period, in which in such industries there will be, if not a greater identification of interest, at least a clearer perception of the principles which must regulate the division of the proceeds of each industry, consistently with its permanence and prosperity, among those who supply labour, and those who supply managing ability and capital. . . . As the terms of what is virtually a partnership come to be better understood, and the arrangements for adjusting them to the variations of trade are made more perfect in one branch of industry after another, a natural end will be found to the conflicts which have been the result, for the most part, of uncertain rights, and natural misunderstandings, and pursuance of separate interests, without sufficient regard to their common interest, by employers and workmen.'

It is not surprising that from these premisses the Duke of Devonshire and eight of his colleagues, among whom were Mr. David Dale, one of the highest practical authorities on the relations between employers and workmen, Sir Frederick Pollock, the eminent lawyer, Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Mr. Leonard Courtney, deduced the practical conclusion suggested in the 'Observations' which they have appended to the Report. They perceive that, as a matter of fact, highly organised industrial societies exist, act, enter into agreements with each other and with individuals, yet are legally intangible, and cannot be sued if they break their contracts or decline to submit to awards which they have agreed to accept. The Duke and his colleagues propose to relax the jealous restrictions under which trade associations were left bound by the Trade Union Act, 1871, to offer them the gift of full legal personality, and thus to enable them to treat with each other and outsiders upon the ordinary business footing of individuals and companies, and to enter into contracts enforceable by actions for damages. The hostile attitude towards this proposal at once taken up with signs of alarm by the absolutists who form the Fabian Society and instruct the public through the medium of the 'Daily Chronicle,' disposes us to believe that the suggestion contained in these 'Observations' is upon the right lines, although public opinion is not as yet ripe, probably, for actual legislation of this kind. It is, however, worth mention that bills embodying this suggestion have within the last two or three years been brought before the

legislative assemblies of New Zealand and South Australia. These bills propose that any trade association shall be able by registration to acquire legal personality and to enter into industrial agreements for specific terms enforceable by money penalties of a limited amount upon the organisations parties to such agreements. Proposals of this kind are, at least, highly deserving of consideration. The perpetual instability of the relations between employers and employed, the difficulty which the former now have in foreseeing when they accept a large contract whether they will be able to carry it through without a strike and at a fixed cost in wages—these are the real dangers to the industrial interests of the country. If employers and workmen could by legally binding agreements settle wages, hours of work, and similar matters for fixed periods ahead, and if such agreements were strengthened by the fact, as they would be immensely strengthened, that the breach of them during the agreed period would expose to damage the collective funds of the association to which the defaulters belonged, it is probable that industrial operations on the large scale would be carried on with a confidence and certainty which would give to this country a great advantage over its rivals. That this policy might open out new fields of litigation appears to us to be some but not a sufficient objection. There are worse things by far than the settlement of questions by reference to expert interpreters of documents, and, in the history of civilisation, law-fare is always the next step of progress to war-fare. If any one wishes to see how widespread is the desire for the abolition of labour conflicts and the establishment of effective forms of arbitration, let him peruse the answers to written questions sent in to the Labour Commission, or the oral evidence, or, better still, the useful reports on strikes and lock-outs published by the Labour Department of the Board of Trade.*

* These reports contain suggestions, sent in by employers and trade unions, of means for preventing and settling labour disputes. In 1892, the last year with regard to which these figures have been published, out of trade unions with 99,715 members, which sent in suggestions, those with 90,808 were in favour of local boards of arbitration and conciliation, committees and conferences of employers and employed, deputations to employers, sliding scales, &c.; in other words advocated arrangements founded on friendly or partnership terms between employers and employed. Societies representing 544 members in all were in favour of nationalisation of land and municipalisation of industries as the best remedy for labour disputes.

The Duke and his colleagues state in these 'Observations' that it seems to be obvious (1) that the State cannot compel either individuals or bodies of men to enter into agreement, and (2) that the State cannot compel employers to give employment or workmen to do work upon terms which they do not respectively accept. Then they add, as a deduction from these premisses, 'Inasmuch as lock-outs and strikes are, in practice, the assertion of these essential liberties on the part of employers and workmen, it is clear that the State cannot prohibit acts of this kind and compel the parties to resort to tribunals of any sort instead.' For 'cannot' we must read 'ought not,' because it is difficult to say at what point limits can be set to the actual power of the State. It is, we think, by no means so clear as this passage implies that the State ought at no times and under no circumstances to prohibit strikes and lock-outs, and thereby compel those who cannot otherwise settle their differences to resort to tribunals. It is, of course, true that an individual employer cannot be compelled to keep open his works or a workman to work therein, any more than a horse can be compelled to drink. But a strike or a lock-out is something different from this. It is a deliberate concerted cessation of work or of employment, used as a weapon of war to force other people to submit their wills to that of those resorting to it, and often inflicting some, and occasionally immense, damage upon other people wholly unconnected with the quarrel. It is a proceeding in the nature of private war. Luckily we still have some government in England, but recent proceedings in America show how thin is the partition which divides some strikes from actual civil war. Even in our milder atmosphere these conflicts, if not accompanied by much actual bloodshed or violence, often cause a widespread suffering much resembling that which would be the result of actual war. If the dreams of the New Unionists in the period between 1889 and 1892 could have been realised, and all those engaged in transport, seamen, dock labourers, railway men, carmen, and bargemen, could have been organised into a centrally directed federation, London might have been reduced in a week into the same condition in which it would have been had French fleets held the mouth of the Thames and French corps d'armée blockaded every road and railroad leading to this enormous artificial centre of population. The Miners' Federation in 1893 were unable to deprive the manufacturers and consumers of coal from Durham, Northumberland,

South Wales, and Scotland, but even with their imperfect monopoly of their industry they were able by their operations to deprive of work and wages thousands of workmen in the dependent industries who had nothing whatever to do with the quarrel. Or, again, it is of vital importance to local communities that there should be no cessation in the continuous supply of gas and water. This has been recognised to some extent by the Legislature in the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act 1875, which, while removing all penal consequences, on the ground of conspiracy, for acts done in connexion with trade disputes, so long as they do not amount to breaking of the peace, made a special exception in case of acts involving a breach of contract by gas or water employ  s, or any other breach of contract involving dangerous consequences to life or property. Liberty is good, but it is not to be used so as to injure others.

If strikes and lock-outs are in practice private wars, comparable to those which in the Middle Ages were fought out between rival towns or nobles in the same country, what is the duty of the State? The most ancient and undoubted duty of the Central Power is to keep the peace, and to prevent individuals or corporations from so pushing their private interests as to injure the common interest. At present in the matter of strikes and lock-outs the theory is that the State must do no more than prevent actual physical bloodshed and violence, and thus keep the lists to a certain extent. It is by no means clear that 'to keep the peace' should not, under possible circumstances, be interpreted to imply more than this. Such a theoretical limitation of the duty of the State is a matter of very modern growth. The Elizabethan legislators, who were no fools, did not doubt for a moment that dangerous combinations to assert industrial claims in a more or less forcible manner were contrary to the interest of the community, and that all questions which arose between employers and employed, and could not be settled by agreement, were matters to be decided in an authoritative way by public authorities, just as questions of rights of property were to be decided by judges and juries and not by feudal war or ordeal by battle. There is no absolute dogma in politics, nor, because a policy has for a time been abandoned, is that a sufficient reason against returning to it. The community would be as much justified, if circumstances should ever make it necessary, in enabling its representatives to intervene by way of

criminal proceedings to prevent industrial combinations, whether of employers or workmen, from pursuing their own selfish interests in such a way and by such methods as to injure the public, as it has been justified in the factory legislation of the last fifty years, the whole object of which has been to prevent the strong from so exercising their liberty to carry on business as to destroy the health and happiness of women and children.

Reserving, then, this right to the State to suppress industrial warfare, if occasion should arise, and to compel instead resort, after the Elizabethan idea, to public tribunals of some kind, we approve of the proposal of the Duke of Devonshire to enable trade associations to obtain sufficient legal personality, to enter on behalf of their members into binding agreements as to wages, hours of work and so forth, enforceable in case of breach by actions at law for damages against the associations. The 'Observations' further point out with great force that in order to make awards of arbitrators or courts of arbitration legally binding there must be parties recognisable at law who can make submission to arbitration. Employers and workmen express very frequently a desire for State or local courts of arbitration with some kind of power to make enforceable awards. If associations of employers or workmen possessed legal personality, the desired result would work out easily. An award based on binding contract is under ordinary law itself binding, and its breach can be punished by damages, like the breach of any contract.

It seems that in the first draft of these 'Observations,' which improperly found its way into the newspapers before the report was published, there was also a proposal that associations of employers and workmen should be liable to be sued, like any other individuals or corporate bodies, on account of injuries in the nature of civil wrongs done by their direct agents to other persons.* So, for instance, if

* The text of this proposal as given by the 'Times' is as follows:—
'Apart from the question of collective agreements, it may, we think, be desirable to enable trade associations to take legal action in certain cases to secure the rights of their members, and at the same time to make them responsible and legally liable for acts done by persons when acting as their agents. Reference has been made in paragraph 108 (now 104) of the Report to the injury which conduct not amounting to legal intimidation may inflict upon employers or non-unionist workmen, and it has been pointed out that such persons are not prohibited from bringing civil actions to recover damages on

the secretary of a trade union by the very common plan of threatening an employer with the withdrawal of all union workmen caused a non-unionist workman to lose his place, the injured workman, according to this proposal, would be able to bring an action for damages not only against the secretary or other agent, who might be a man of straw, but against the union itself. This, it has been decided by the courts in a recent case, he cannot do, because the trade union has for this purpose no legal personality. It really is difficult to understand why a trade union, more than any other organised body, should be allowed to inflict injuries without remedy, or why it should have by statute legal personality for the purpose of protecting its own funds and property, but none wherewith to answer for the evil actions of its authorised agents. Probably the Duke of Devonshire and his colleagues abandoned this proposal at the last moment for fear of prejudicing the other part of their scheme, which they may have thought the more important, that, namely, of enabling trade associations to enter into legally binding agreements. It is a pity that they withdrew from their original idea. The mere rumour of it was sufficient to draw down the fire of that enemy whose hostility is *prima facie* proof of the merit of a proposal. According to the 'Daily Chronicle' the scheme was 'reactionary;' in the words of the Minority Report, 'the present freedom of trade unions from any interference by the courts of law, anomalous as it may appear to lawyers, was, after prolonged struggle and parliamentary agitation, conceded in 1871, and finally became law in 1876. Any attempt to revoke this hardly won charter of trade-union freedom, or in any way to tamper with the purely voluntary character of their associations, would, in our opinion, provoke the most embittered resistance from the whole body of trade unionists, and would, we think, be undesirable from every point of view.' The Egeria of the party, Mrs. Sidney Webb, writing in the 'Nineteenth Century' of last July, calls the proposal to make trade unions responsible for their evil deeds 'momentous,' and then adds, with extreme incorrectness,

account of such wrongs. But at present no one can be sued except the individuals who commit such wrongs, against whom adequate damages cannot always be recovered, and there appears to be no reason why trade associations should not be liable to be sued for civil wrongs charged against their officials or other persons when acting as their agents.'

that 'any such proposal to place the accumulated funds of 'the great unions at the mercy of the law courts would 'amount, in effect, to a repeal of the charter of trade-union 'freedom won in 1871-75.' The object of the Acts passed in those years was to give legal protection against fraud and embezzlement to the property of trade unions, and to take away the last vestiges of *criminality* from their combined proceedings, so long as they should not amount to a breach of ordinary law. That a workman cannot recover damages by civil action from a trade union who has by the action of its agents been deprived of his means and right to work and earn a livelihood is not a positive consequence of anything contained in these Acts, but of the fact that the framers of these Acts, still feeling a certain fear of trade-union action, refused unwisely to give them full corporate existence, not perceiving that thereby was lost the check to wrong-doing which the ordinary law imposes upon corporations as well as individuals. This refusal was, from a different motive, supported by Mr. Frederic Harrison and others of that way of thinking. We make these remarks in no spirit of hostility to trade unions, whose action in England, up to the present, has, we think, been productive of much more good than harm, but in the interest of justice, and because, in the long run, it is undoubtedly bad for any individual or organised body to be outside the restraints of ordinary law.

It is not, however, the view of the Socialist party that the chief duty of the State is to keep the peace, and to see that all have fair play, that the strong (whether individuals or corporations) do not so use their strength as to oppress the weak or injure the interests of the community. This party do not desire to see friendly relations or any kind of partnership arise between employers and workmen, it would be fatal to their designs; they look with horror on profit-sharing schemes and with great coldness on sliding scales and wages boards, and all other methods of amicably dividing the receipts of the common undertaking between those who supply labour and those who supply capital and managing ability. They rejoice, on the other hand, in those great and protracted contests between employers and workmen which seem to prove to the faint-hearted the hopelessness of carrying on industry under the old methods. It is part of their policy to teach the poorer classes to hate the richer. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness are their working implements. The more they can enlarge the gulf of separation between

employers and employed, the better able are they to say that the interests are irreconcilable, and that there is no remedy but municipalisation or nationalisation of all industry. They labour to bring about their own prophecy. They look with ill-concealed jealousy upon the independence of trade unions, and are hostile towards any attempts to give them fuller corporate existence: M. Laborde said long ago, in 1851, that 'the force of Socialism lies in the suppression of the corporations.' English Socialists are opposed to the fuller incorporation of trade unions for exactly the same reason that they fight against measures tending towards the creation of small freeholders. They are well aware that the wide diffusion of contentment and independence, and the free existence of small or great personalities, individual or corporate, is opposed to the acceptance of their creed of monopoly of all power by the State.

The authors of the 'History of Trade Unions' do not, in their present volume, enter into the discussion of the future of these associations. But the whole motive of their clever book is to prove a tendency on the part of trade unions to advance from their old character of independent organisations, each concerned with protecting acquired, or seeking to gain further advantages in its particular trade, to the new character of regiments in the Socialist army destined to overthrow by political means the edifice of capitalist industry. The authors chiefly look for the achievement of this end to the centripetal operation of the annual trade-union congresses, which have no doubt been captured of late years by the astute wirepullers of the modern Socialist party, and are now chiefly machines for turning out, stamped with the apparent but unreal approval of the organised working classes, the resolutions framed by London clubs for that purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not, however, contemplate the progress of the movement with perfect satisfaction.

'How far,' they say, 'it is possible, by the developement of trades councils, the reform of the trade-union congress, the increased efficiency of the parliamentary committee, the growth of trade-union representation in the House of Commons, or finally by the creation of any new federal machinery, to counteract the fundamental sectionalism of trade-union organisation, to supplement the specialised trade officials by an equally specialised Civil Service of working-class politicians, and thus to render the trade-union world, with its million of electors and its leadership of labour, an effective force in the State, is, on the whole, the most momentous question of contemporary politics.'

In other words the still unsolved problem for Socialists is, how

to master the trade unions, and employ them, as Cromwell did his regiments, to capture the great engine of the State, and therewith destroy liberty. In connexion with this point some of the proceedings at the trade-union congress held at Belfast in 1893 are significant. One labour leader, the well-known Mr. Tillet, proposed that a separate parliamentary fund should be established for assisting independent labour candidates, and that all candidates receiving assistance from this fund must pledge themselves to support the labour programme as agreed upon from time to time by the congress. Hereupon Mr. Macdonald, also of London, moved this amendment: 'Candidates receiving financial assistance must pledge themselves to support the principle of collective ownership and control of all the means of production and distribution, and the labour programme as agreed upon.' Observe the reason given by Mr. Macdonald. It was that there was no common guiding principle or basis of common action between labour members. Well might Mr. Johnson, of Durham, ask 'whether this was a trade-unionist or a Socialist congress.' The amendment, however, was supported by the labour leaders, Burns and Tillet, and by Havelock Wilson and others, and carried by 137 votes to 97. The event was interesting as a sign of the times, but we strongly suspect that it will be found in practice that the skilled artisans with their strong sense and good wages, their savings and investments, often taking the shape of freehold houses, are not likely to subscribe largely to a fund intended to promote confiscation of property by the State. It is impossible not to come to the conclusion, on reading the evidence brought before the Labour Commission, that Socialism and trade-unionism are not plants which flourish on the same soil. Representative workmen from many of the older and best established societies in Lancashire and the North-east expressed a dislike to State interference in any shape. On the other hand, in districts where trade-unionism is new, as among the Midland miners, or where by reason of natural difficulties it has never succeeded, as among the miners of the west of Scotland, or the unskilled labourers of London, there the Socialist preachers obtain the readiest hearing. It is very natural that those who cannot help themselves should look to the Great Leviathan to help them. The tidal wave of New Unionism, a few years ago, when unskilled labour was rapidly enrolled into organisations, most of which are now nearly or quite extinct, lifted the representatives of these views into a more conspicuous place in the trade-union con-

gresses, and their notions have for the time being coloured the proceedings.

The more skilful leaders of the Socialist movement are well aware that the collective ownership of means of production is still in Utopian regions. Here and there some slight approach to it is made; the London County Council embarks upon buildings, or the manufacture of municipal clothing, without the medium of a contractor; Glasgow or Huddersfield works its own tramways; but exceptions of this kind are but as drops in the ocean when compared with the vast area of industrial enterprise conducted by individuals or companies. Against those whose ideal it is to nationalise all things there will always be that sadly refractory spirit which has in all times and places made men of English blood averse to officialdom. The Socialist movement will no more convert the mass of the nation to any system of collective ownership of the 'means of production, distribution, and exchange' than the Oxford movement converted it to Rome. But just as the Oxford movement did express the necessary and natural reaction against the excessive Erastianism in theory and, in practice, the coldness of public worship in Georgian days, so does the Socialist movement express the reaction against the excessive predication and practice of the doctrines of free trade, *laissez-faire*, and individual liberty. What Newman was for a time to the one reaction, *vox clamantis in deserto*, that Carlyle was to the other. The Anglican movement 'lost the bright speed it 'had,' and has subsided into a placid flow, now that its practical results have satisfied the desire of the greater number of Churchmen. So also the stream of Socialism will lose its present speed and turbidity when its results have fulfilled the desire of the majority for a certain degree of greater intervention and ordering of industrial relations by the central power, and a more active and public-spirited administration on the part of local authorities. These distinct party movements are the rapids which intervene between long calm reaches of the river of Time. Despite appearances the present social rapids may be more nearly past than most people believe, at any rate in this country, which is in these matters years ahead of the rest of Europe and of America.

From this point of view it is interesting to examine the stage which has been reached in the history of what is known as 'factory legislation.' More largely it might be described as the history of the control exercised by the State in

modern times over industrial operations with a view to check abuses of power on the part of employers, or evils due to the carelessness and indifference of the employed, which might endanger the health and safety of those engaged in such operations, especially in the case of women and children, who cannot organise to protect themselves, and of those who, like coal miners and scamen, are engaged in specially dangerous occupations. This legislation is very considerable in amount, and although some of it was opposed at first by doctrinaires and interested persons, it has been approved and is cheerfully acquiesced in by all classes in this country. After all the State is only exercising in a new shape a function which, like that of keeping the peace, is one of its elementary duties—that of protecting the weak. As Mr. Cooke Taylor, one of the factory inspectors, says in his excellent work, the ‘Modern Factory System:’

‘Just as the modern factory system was but a novel incident in the history of labour, so is factory legislation but a new protest against the old forces of selfishness and cupidity, and a new method, suitable to modern institutions and ideas, of holding them in check.’

It is hardly necessary at the present day to praise the splendid work which has now been done by two or three generations of factory inspectors, who have with inadequate means and insufficient staff carried out with devoted zeal duties by no means agreeable in themselves. The State has had no better servants.

The Report of the Labour Commission says :

‘The general effect of the factory and workshop legislation should be to afford considerable security to workpeople in factories and workshops, which fall within the inspection of the factory inspectors, if and in so far as their inspection can by system or sufficiency of staff be rendered effective.’

It is clear that, in order to maintain effective supervision over the innumerable small workshops where the evils commonly classed together under the misleading term ‘sweating’ abound, either there must be an immense host of inspectors, or some better system must be invented for enabling the present number of inspectors to cover more ground. The Commission, after careful consideration of plans advocated by such authorities as the present Chief Inspector of Factories and Mr. Charles Booth, propose definite legislation making it illegal for any workshop to be carried on without a certificate to the effect that the place is in a sufficient sanitary condition and not overcrowded.

It is proposed to make, not the occupiers only, but the owners of workshops, responsible in this matter. The result of this would probably be the closing of many wretched dens, and consequently the throwing out of employment of many wretched beings employed therein. The Commission recognise this, and say :

‘ We are aware that any reform of this kind would probably, even though brought gradually into effective operation, throw altogether out of employment a number of persons who are now making a bare livelihood under bad conditions, and would thus, until things had readjusted themselves, increase rather than diminish distress. It would be necessary, as the cost of improvement, to contemplate the probability of increased pressure for a period upon poor-law relief, but we think that, in the long run, the permanent gain to the community would much more than repay the temporary loss. We believe that to secure better sanitary conditions to all those engaged in the class of industries under consideration would prove to be the first step towards the eventual elevation of their whole standard of life, and the improvement of their conditions of labour in all other respects.’

The stronger class of workmen have already won their social salvation by means of voluntary association. The gradual elevation of social standards of life under the shelter of public control is the best hope of all those weaker manual workers who cannot for various reasons protect themselves. The majority of the Labour Commission treat the question of the hours of labour in the same reasonable spirit. In the very able analysis which forms the fifth part of their Report they dissect the various schemes of legal limitation of hours of labour. In their ‘Recommendations’ they dismiss in a sentence the truly nonsensical proposal of a universal eight hours day enforced by law, and decline to recommend any general system of trade option or administrative interference with the hours of labour. But they consider that in the case of industries where long (or even normal) hours are proved to lead to increased risk of accident or sickness, the Secretary of State should have power to regulate the hours of men as well as those of women and children. In their recommendations of this kind the Commissioners are, it is true, not more than abreast with the legislative movement of the time; but then, so far as we can see, the tide of factory and workshop legislation, which has been flowing with increasing force all through the present century, has now very nearly reached high-water mark. The work of the future in this quarter will be to consolidate laws already passed, to rectify exceptions (like

that of legalised overtime in certain protected industries) which have been found mischievous, and, above all, to render the working of the existing Acts more effective in practice. The truth as to 'the eight hours day' was stated by Mr. Mather in his account of the important experiment tried by him in his engineering works at Salford, which formed, by the way, the governing precedent for the reduction of hours at Woolwich Arsenal and in the dockyards. The success of such an experiment must, as he pointed out, depend upon the goodwill with which it is accepted by both parties concerned, and the cordial co-operation of workmen in arrangements for producing sufficient in the shorter hours to maintain the fund from which profits and wages are alike derived. The trial made by Mr. Mather has proved the possibility of an eight hours day in that particular trade, or at any rate in its leading centres, and the sagacious leaders of the great Society of Engineers will probably now be able, by negotiation with employers, to extend it to the whole trade. If, however, the workmen, without undertaking to work more strenuously or on a better system, had obtained the advantage by force of law against an unwilling employer, the result might have been very different. We are tempted to quote at length the words of this eminent social authority:—

'The cry for legislation to settle the conflict between the natural and laudable aspirations of working men and the fears and doubts of employers, is a danger to the whole field of industry. Mutual responsibility and mutual benefits can only be secured by mutual arrangements. A rigid law passed by members of an Imperial Legislature, whose votes are often given haphazard, or for party reasons, or for "a safe seat," can never provide a remedy for such conflicts as those which arise in the industrial world in connexion with the complex questions of wages and hours of labour. There are, of course, simple questions of protecting some workpeople in dangerous employments or unhealthy occupations, which may require the State to assume the responsibility of prescribing the limit of hours per day during which adult men may be exposed to such conditions. But the great manufacturing industries of the country as a whole, if they are to be secure and prosperous, must be conducted by arrangements mutually planned and carried out by the trade unions and the employers, and any legislation which would promote and strengthen such arrangements would be wise and may be necessary.'*

Still more concisely Mr. Mather said in a letter addressed

* The Eight Hours Day: Report on a Year's Work with a Forty-eight Hours Week in the Salford Ironworks, Manchester, by William Mather, M.P.

to the 'Times' last May: 'Legislation will kill enterprise, ' by destroying the bond of goodwill and the sense of mutual ' dependence and obligation by which alone we can foster ' and develope the robust life of industry.' Words full of meaning, and immensely strengthened by the action of their author and his well-known friendly attitude towards trade-unionism.

The limits to the possibility of shortening hours of work are clear enough in the case of industries which compete in the open market. By dint of improvements in machinery, or the greater physical vigour which shorter hours may give to workmen, or more strenuous and loyal work, or better system, it may, in some cases and in some trades, be possible to reduce hours without increasing cost of production or diminishing output. Any such reduction of hours must be hailed with general satisfaction. But, when the effect of curtailing hours is to increase cost of production or to diminish output, it is clear that after the not very large diminution of profit which can be effected without driving capital out of the trade, either the same wages must be divided among more workmen, or less wages among the same number. But supposing that some monopoly, say the manufacture of cannon or ships of war, is carried on by Government departments, or the manufacture of gas by a town council, there is then an unlimited fund to fall back upon—the taxes or rates. In that case the hours of labour may be shortened, and the number and wages of workmen increased without difficulty up to the point at which the tax or rate payer revolts. This is why to preach nationalisation and municipalisation of the means and instruments of production is to preach a doctrine acceptable to many. It is true that the gain of the national and municipal workmen would be the loss of the rest. The taxpayer must retrench his expenditure in some directions if it is increased in others, and his retrenchment would mean loss of wages in some quarter.

The political intriguers who, pending the subversion of 'capitalism,' are trying to deprive employers and workmen of all liberty of bargaining with each other, will find that the destinies of England do not lie in that direction. It is a relief to return from plots for the destruction of liberty and energy in this country to the consideration of the efforts in which all men of good will, whatever their political creed, can join with a view to the alleviation of the lot of the weak, the old and the helpless. The State is the natural protector

of the old under the same title by which it is the natural protector of women and children, but it is not a duty which has hitherto been well discharged. The first thing now to be done is to ascertain the exact facts of the case. And here we must refer with gratitude to the fine work done by Mr. Charles Booth. Like the great Le Play in France, Mr. Booth has founded a school of open-minded inquiry into those dark spots which still disfigure the social map of this country.* In sequence to the great work in which, with his assistants, he drew the picture of the East End of London, Mr. Booth has now turned his attention to the condition of the aged poor in towns and country districts. The book which we notice at the head of this article, 'The Aged Poor in England and Wales,' gives the first results of his new investigations, and indicates, as he says, the roads and principal points of interest in this province of inquiry, but it does not draw any conclusions as to remedies. These Mr. Booth leaves to a subsequent volume, or to the Report of the present Commission on the Aged Poor, of which he is, happily, a member. He has, however, elsewhere indicated his opinion that on the general facts there is a *prima facie* case for some wide national scheme of assistance free from the disgrace and humiliation of the present workhouse system. The fact that statistics prove that 'apart from exceptional conditions 'or very exceptional administration pauperism of some kind 'is the probable fate of some 30 per cent. of our old people,' and of a larger proportion, of course, of the small tradesmen and manual labour classes taken separately from the rest, is sufficient to show ground for action. Among many points of interest in Mr. Booth's volume, one of the chief is the comparison between the condition of the aged poor in towns and in the country. The result works out much to the advantage of rural districts as a whole over urban districts as a whole, although there are, of course, great variations from district to district, and even parish to parish. In the country there is still much of that ancient social system which has made poor law unnecessary in India.

* Mr. Ludlow, formerly Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, who has through a long life paid close attention to the condition of the working classes, said in his evidence before the Labour Commission:— 'I think the condition of the working classes has changed immensely. . . . Now the black spots in the country may, I think, almost be counted on the fingers. In former days it was very nearly black with but few white spots.'

'In village life the old are, and are felt to be, a common burthen—a burthen on the community. Ties of blood and ties of friendship make a network of support on which the aged poor rest, irrespective of such private or public charity as may be available in addition.'

Again :

'In towns poverty is most acute ; in country places it is most successfully relieved. In regard to the condition of the old the towns everywhere compare unfavourably with the rural districts.'

Mr. Booth points out that there is in towns less work suitable for old men (at reduced wages), that strength fails sooner in the towns, and that in urban pursuits loss of capacity precedes actual loss of strength, and that the 'anticipation of failing capacity or declining strength still further outruns the actual facts.' Thus men in town life are thrown early out of work. As to other conditions of existence he points out that in the country families are less divided, that house room is much cheaper, that garden work is suitable and garden produce very valuable to the old ; that neighbourly relations are stronger and charitable assistance is given with more knowledge. Mr. Booth's book throughout shows the value of parsonage and manor house, when the squire is resident, and of all that old social system which cockney lecturers in Radical vans and Radical financiers in high places are doing their best to destroy. We would not ourselves still further contribute towards the exchange of these ancient charities of rural life for the 'fierce storms of sorrow barricaded evermore within the 'walls of cities.' The reports which Mr. Booth has collected from every part of England and Wales

'bear witness' (he says) 'to the extent to which the comfort of the people, and especially of the old, in the country districts, depends on the character, disposition, and actions of the landowners, on the wisdom and kindness of the well-to-do generally, and of the clergy in particular.'

Of course these are conditions which by no means exist in every parish, yet Mr. Booth finds himself able to conclude thus :—

'That, on the whole, the results compare favourably with the more distinctly self-managed conditions of urban life, is undeniable.'

Under the present system the old are well cared for in many country districts. Those who have belonged to trade unions which have superannuation funds, also find provision in old age. Others who have earned good wages

in their day and have been thrifty and lucky, have been able to lay up sufficient stock for their declining years. We trust that the Commission which is now considering these questions will be able to devise some system that shall fill up the numerous gaps which exist in the present maintenance of old age, much as the Education Acts were devised to fill up gaps which existed in the old educational system.

The Labour Commission, being chiefly engaged in considering the causes of conflicts between employers and workmen and the modes of remedying them, were not able to enter very deeply into the possibility of action which might alleviate the great curse of modern industrial life, the uncertainty of employment in many occupations. It is necessary to distinguish temporary want of employment in any given trade, or set of trades, produced by over speculation and consequent breakdown of investing confidence, or by foreign disturbances, or other events influencing a world-wide commerce, from the permanent depressions which are due to the decay of any branch of trade or its transmigration to lands which have become more suitable. A permanent depression is like a death sickness. There is no remedy. The only cure is the sad cure of death through the gradual cessation of the young to enter into the moribund industry; it is the destruction of an hereditary caste. Temporary depressions are like sicknesses which are not mortal; the suffering caused by them may be palliated. So far as they extend, trade unions meet periods of temporary depression in a twofold way, first by their out-of-work funds, the application of the savings of the fat years to the losses of the lean ones, and secondly by acting as agencies for bringing together men who are out of employment in one district, and employers who require men in another, or sometimes by enabling their members to emigrate altogether. But the more numerous workpeople whose circumstances do not permit the foundation and maintenance of wealthy trade unions, have no resource save poor relief in case of at all lengthy temporary depressions. It might, we think, be well that a commission should be appointed with the special task of investigating this question. Or it might be even better that a central and permanent council of men of weight and moderation, like Mr. Charles Booth, should be constituted for the purpose of centralising experience on these matters, and advising local authorities as to the establishment of temporary relief works, home labour colonies, labour exchanges, and other modes of meeting the occa-

sional distress to which industries in a country entangled like ours with the changing fortunes of all the world must from time to time be exposed. A Statistical Department, like the Labour Department of the Board of Trade, is very useful for the collection and digestion of facts, but for the purpose of advising upon policy it would be much better that there should be a central body of men of various shades of opinion and experience, each holding office for a limited term of years. To leave action of this kind to a department is practically to leave it in the hands of one or two officials, and to incur the danger of routine on the one side and faddism on the other.

We have endeavoured, so far as is possible within the limits of this article, to indicate what is, in our opinion, the proper province of the Central Power in these social matters. It is not, we think, different from that which the instinct of the race has assigned to it in other departments of civil life. In the history of France the work of crushing out the abuses of local sovereignty was so effectually carried out by various great kings and ministers, from Philippe le Bel down to Louis XIV., that, as the best Frenchmen now admit, the vital force and energy of the nation has been diminished by the excessive action and control of the State. The wisest French reformers believe that, for their country, decentralisation is above all things necessary. In England we have hitherto been satisfied that the Central Power should hold the strong individuals and corporations in check without sucking all vitality away from them. The feudal lord with us passed not into the official directed from London, but into the country gentleman and magistrate. Towns were not permitted to become free cities here, but neither were they reduced to prefectures. Energy has been kept within the limits of good morality without being submitted to the deadening influences of hierarchical subordination. Thus in the political sphere the problem of reconciling liberty with order, substance with form, has been solved with fair success, and to this, we believe, the greatness of England is due. It seems to us to be probable that in the social and industrial sphere the same problem will be solved in the same way. Property will not be nationalised, but the owners of houses will be prevented from allowing them to remain in a condition which is injurious to the health or morality of those who are compelled to live in them. Factories, mines, and shops will not be taken over by the State, but the owners or occupiers of them will be obliged to take every reasonable pre-

caution that work shall not be carried on in a way which involves risk of accident or disease to those employed. Public authorities will act as good but not subservient employers to those whom they employ directly, and will see that contractors for public works also give fair terms; possibly, also, the scope of employment by public authorities will be in some degree, but not a very great degree, enlarged. With regard to the general remuneration of labour the State will not intervene. It may, however, offer courts of arbitration, and, in some contingencies which probably will never occur, take steps to prevent concerted strikes and lock-outs if highly prejudicial to the public interest. The strong will be left to bargain freely with the strong, and it will be recognised that skilled workmen organised in societies are fully able to make such terms with employers as the state of trade will from time to time allow, and that legislative intervention in such matters as hours of labour, in these cases, is always unnecessary and invariably mischievous. If the Legislature should follow the sound advice of the Duke of Devonshire, and enable industrial associations to acquire, like joint-stock companies, a collective personality in law corresponding to that which they already have in fact, such a policy would, we believe, answer to the needs of the time, and conduce to the more rapid substitution of pacific for violent modes of settling trade disputes, and to the growth of more permanent and settled relations between employers and employed adapted to the scale and mode in which great industries are now carried on. For, in these industries, the old relations between individual employers and particular groups of workmen are being rapidly replaced by relations between companies of shareholders on the one side and companies of workmen on the other. The relation has become less personal and more business-like. The group with money to lend enters into contract with the group which has labour to sell. It is hardly possible to doubt of the expediency of bringing such agreements within the scope of the ordinary law of contracts, and, in our opinion, it is not only expedient but practicable to do so.

So much, then, we have said by way of a summary of the right policy of the State with regard to the strong. With regard to the weaker members of the community, women and children, the old and the feeble, workpeople in the sweated industries, and those who are scattered and dispersed or for other reasons incapable of effective organisation, like seamen and agricultural labourers, the State, without depar-

ture from ancient principles, may act in a more paternally authoritative manner. Existing gaps in the factory and mercantile shipping legislation should be filled up, and the administration of those laws made more effectual in practice, landowners and lessees in country and town should be rendered more responsible for the condition of the houses and workshops in which the poor have to live and labour; so far as possible the transfer of land to small holders should be facilitated. The attention of the Legislature should above all be turned towards the consideration of three great subjects: first the amendment of the poor law, especially with a view to improve the condition of the old and deserving; secondly, the means of obviating the disastrous consequences to unorganised labour of the temporary depressions of trade which are in themselves unavoidable in a commercial country; thirdly, to modes by which working people may be insured against the risks of accident and sickness. The political party which is for the moment dominant in the House of Commons is pursuing, 'in full cry of affections quite astray,' its wild and vain dreams of revolutionary change in Church and State, so that the policy which is in real harmony with the needs of the time is left to be dealt with by the Unionist leaders. There is much reason for hope in the alliance between Mr. Chamberlain's practical energy and sagacity and power of making a subject his own, and Mr. Balfour's remarkable influence with the rich and powerful classes. We do not expect too much from legislation of any kind, but so far as legislation does avail, the immediate future is, we feel sure, with those who desire to heal and consolidate, not with those whose aim is destruction, class hostility, and disintegration.

ART. V.—1. *Letters of Edward Fitzgerald.* In 2 vols. London: 1894. .

2. *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald.* Edited by WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT. In 3 vols. London: 1889.

EDWARD FITZGERALD was one of the casuals of literature. He had no desire—in his own opinion, he had no capacity—for achievement. His special endowment he considered to be taste—‘the feminine of genius;’ and he felt entitled by this comfortable theory to take his ease as a privileged onlooker with no corresponding duties of performance. His power of enjoyment was unlimited, his dislike to exertion intense. Yet, in spite of himself, he was drawn into the game. He did not look for his task; it found him out. Strolling through life, so to speak, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, he unpremeditatedly, and against all reasonable expectation, did just one or two things supremely well.

Although born in Suffolk and bred in France, Fitzgerald was an unalloyed Irishman. His father, indeed, bore the non-Hibernian name of John Purcell; yet he, no less than ‘the Blakes and O’Donnells,’

‘resigned

The green hills of his youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home he had [presumably] sighed for in vain.’

He contracted, however, no alien alliance, but married his cousin, Mary Frances Fitzgerald, the name and arms of whose recently deceased father he assumed in 1818. His third son accordingly was known as ‘Edward Fitzgerald’ only from his tenth year. He was a lively little lad, this youngest scion, and kept the family in fun until sent to school at Bury St. Edmunds. There was formed the nucleus of his cluster of friends. First of all came James Spedding, the renowned apologist of Bacon, whom he ‘grappled to his ‘soul’ veritably with ‘hooks of steel;’ then W. B. Donne, well known in after-life as a contributor to this and other journals, who ‘shared with Spedding his oldest and deepest ‘love;’ besides John Mitchell Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, and William Airy, brother of the late Astronomer Royal. These boyish ties were extended and strengthened at Cambridge. Undergraduate intimacies sprang up with Thackeray, W. H. Thompson, Whewell’s successor in the mastership of Trinity, and John Allen, long afterwards

Archdeacon of Salop; while the three Tennysons were added to the group, doubtless through Cambridge connexions, although not *at* Cambridge. Fitzgerald's casual glimpses in hall and quad of the future Laureate left, however, an ineffaceable impression. 'I remember him well,' he wrote in 1882 to Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, 'a sort of Hyperion.' We acknowledge that from early recollections we take a strong personal interest in this remarkable group of men, to which several other names might be added, whom Fitzgerald numbered as his friends at the University. Cambridge has not produced in this century their equals. None of them indeed played that conspicuous part in public life, which distinguished their more ambitious Oxford contemporaries; but they were all men of the highest literary culture, of refined taste, and of originality, not unworthy to be the associates of Alfred Tennyson.

These attachments were, every one of them, lifelong. Fitzgerald was incomparable in friendship. His fidelity was unconditional, unobtrusive, uncomplaining; he was willing to give much and receive little; he consented even to be forgotten, while he never forgot. Describing and excusing his wistful longing for a tardy letter, he said to Allen: 'I am an idle fellow, of a very ladylike turn of sentiment; and my friendships are more like loves, I think.'

His college career was of typical nonchalance—

'Unambitious of university distinctions' (we quote from Mr. Aldis Wright's few prefatory pages), he 'was not in the technical sense a reading man, but he passed through his course in a leisurely manner, amusing himself with music and drawing and poetry, and modestly went out in the Poll in January 1830, after a period of suspense, during which he was apprehensive of not passing at all.'

He had no sooner emerged into a world which seemed to have no particular need of him than he began to dally with promptings which eventually grew to be irresistible.

'You must know,' he informed Allen, 'that I am going to become a great bear; and have got all sorts of Utopian ideas into my head about society. These may all be very absurd, but I try the experiment on myself, so I can do no great hurt.'

The 'Utopian ideas,' however, fell in so well with his native disposition that they virtually shaped his life. They led him along that 'path of least resistance,' so easy to pursue, so impossible to retrace. Well, it is not for us to strike the delicate balance between inactivity and ambition. Even Carlyle, in his most atrabilious moods, had no word

of reprehension 'for the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-'modest man, and his innocent, *far niente* life.' Besides, had he chosen his part 'in among the throngs of men,' we should certainly never have seen the two delightful volumes now before us. They are a reprint with some additions of the first volume of Fitzgerald's 'Literary Remains,' published in 1889, and have been issued in compliance with a widely felt desire for the separate accessibility of his correspondence. We accord them a hearty welcome, and doubt not that they will receive the appreciation they deserve.

The writing of letters worthy to take literary rank demands leisure and a certain apartness. The fret and hurry of modern life leave no room for the exercise of the art; postal facilities insidiously undermine it. People 'scribble 'a line,' or 'wire three words' now, when they would in the ante-Rowland Hill days have sedately indited their full shilling's worth. Separation, too, is a requisite for correspondence; and steam and electricity have brought the four quarters of the globe together. The mood of mind that finds relief in the easy self-outpouring of a genuine letter is thus growing scarce; and it survived in Fitzgerald only through the exceptional indulgence of circumstances to the oddities of his temperament. He took his own way with all but absolute freedom. Nothing constrained him to work; no unsatisfied longings routed him from seclusion; few men have been less incommoded by duties or responsibilities. Time flowed by without leaving behind for him any bitter deposit of regret or remorse; he suffered from no Miltonic qualms about 'the one talent which 'tis death 'to hide.' He took himself too little seriously for that. The rôle that he undertook was that of critic and dilettante. His business was to discriminate, not to produce. That his letters to his friends were to constitute a prized record of his uneventful existence, he was millions of miles from surmising. Their unconsciousness of merit is, indeed, one of the many ingredients in the charm exercised by them. No *ingénue* in white muslin was ever more innocent of design to make an effect. Yet their excellence, as mere products of the writing art, is unmistakable. Scarcely a sentence falls flat, or rings false, yet without a suspicion of 'preciosity.' To Fitzgerald's broad common sense nothing would have seemed more contemptible than the affectations and far-fetched expedients by which some modern stylists, in verse or prose, attempt to capture distinction.

Curiously sympathetic, too, are these missives of a solitary. One of his correspondents spoke of the 'exquisite tenderness 'of feeling' displayed by them in regard to family affairs, and Carlyle wrote, in reply to one of them :—

'Thanks for your friendly human letter, which gave us much entertainment in the reading, and is still pleasant to think of. One gets so many inhuman letters—ovine, bovine, porcine, &c., &c. I wish you would write a little oftener; when the beneficent Daimon suggests, fail not to lend ear to him.'

Their autobiographical interest, however, since the writer has ceased from among us, takes precedence over their other attractions. They are the spontaneous self-disclosure of a man like few others; of one highly endowed, yet content to let the sword of his intellect rust in its scabbard; of a man deliberately acquiescing in his own extinction, sensitive in every fibre, disinterested, noble-minded, loving things beautiful and good, but devoid of any spur to action, and demanding of the world only permission to keep out of the fray, and remain oblivious of its troubles. He was munificent in relieving distress, but could not endure to think of it. The confused miseries of 'all this unintelligible world' he would meet with a 'Parlons d'autre chose,' closing his ears, as best he might, to such far-off cries of suffering humanity as would now and then echo through his charmed solitude. For 'he was a born lotus eater—a lotus eater not through weariness or disillusion, but by native instinct. Before ever putting his hand to the oar, or dimming his eyes 'with gazing on the pilot stars,' he sat him---

'Down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore.'

For some years after taking his degree, Fitzgerald drifted aimlessly hither and thither, from under the paternal roof at Wherstead Lodge, Ipswich, to Geldestone Hall, the Norfolk residence of his sister, Mrs. Kerrich, then to Naseby, where his father had a considerable property, including the battlefield. 'I am quite the king here,' he told Allen; 'my 'blue surtout daily does wonders; at church its effect is 'truly delightful.' In the spring of 1830, Thackeray joined him in Paris, but was notified never to invite him to his house, as 'I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite 'circles.' Thackeray's society was peculiarly efficacious in chasing away his haunting 'blue devils,' but, the nostrum becoming scarce, he sought a more permanent cure in a radical change of diet. He 'found conviction' in the

matter of vegetarianism when he was twenty-four, and never went back to the fleshpots. His, to the end, was the 'table of Pythagoras,' and we hear no more of 'doleful dumps' after its adoption.

Fitzgerald spent the May term of 1834 at Cambridge, 'rejoicing in the sunshine of James Spedding's presence,' and in the spring of 1835 visited him at Mirchouse, his Cumberland home, with Tennyson for his fellow guest.

'I will say no more of Tennyson,' he wrote to Allen, 'than that, the more I have seen of him, the more cause I have to think him great. His little humours and grumpinesses were so droll that I was always laughing, and was often put in mind, strange to say, of my little unknown friend, Undine. I must, however, say further, that I felt what Charles Lamb describes as a sense of depression at times, from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own; this, though it may seem vain to say so, I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects; but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind, and, perhaps, I have received some benefit in the now more distinct consciousness of my dwarfishness.'

Yet he watched the developement of his friend's genius with growing dissatisfaction. For his earlier poems he had nothing but praise. 'How good, Mariana is!' he exclaimed in 1831, and, after a night-ride to London, he told Allen:—

'When I came up in the mail, and fell a dozing in the morning, the sights of the pages in crimson and the funerals which the Lady of Shalott saw and wove floated before me; really, the poem has taken lodging in my poor head.'

And, again, in 1833:—

'Tennyson has been in town for some time; he has been making fresh poems, which are finer, they say, than any he has done. But I believe he is chiefly meditating on the purging and subliming of what he has already done, and repents that he has published at all yet. It is fine to see how in each succeeding poem the smaller ornaments and fancies drop away, and leave the grand ideas single.'

Five years later, he records:—

'We have had Alfred Tennyson here (in London); very droll and very wayward; and much sitting up of nights till two and three in the morning, with pipes in our mouths, at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking—and so to bed.'

Those were, indeed, the

'Gracious times

When, in our younger London days,
You found some merit in my rhymes,
And I more pleasure in your praise.'

recalled by the Laureate, after the lapse of close upon half a century, in his 'Birthday Line of Greeting' to 'Old Fitz.'

But 'old Fitz,' who was 'nothing if not critical,' felt, already in 1848, 'almost hopeless about Alfred now—I mean about his doing what he was born to do,' and thought 'The Princess' a 'wretched waste of power.'

"In Memoriam" he never did greatly affect, nor can I learn to do so. It is full of finest things, but it is monotonous, and has that air of being evolved by a poetical machine of the highest order. So it seems to be with him now, at least to me, the impetus, the lyrical *œstus* is gone. It is the cursed inactivity (very pleasant to me who am no hero) of this nineteenth century which has spoiled Alfred, I mean spoiled him for the great work he ought now to be entering upon. The lovely and noble things he has done must remain.'

Having heard in 1866 that 'Tennyson was writing a sort of Lincolnshire Idyll,' he commented:—

'I will bet on Miss Ingelow now; he should never have left his old county, and gone up to be suffocated by London adulation. He has lost that which caused the long roll of the Lincolnshire wave to reverberate in the measure of "Locksley Hall." Don't believe that I rejoice like a dastard in what I believe to be the decay of a great man; my sorrow has been so much about it that (for one reason) I have the less cared to meet him of late years, having nothing to say in sincere praise. Nor do I mean that his decay is all owing to London, &c. He is growing old, and I don't believe much in the fine arts thriving on an old tree.'

But, in Fitzgerald's own phrase, 'it is dangerous work 'this prophesying about great men.' Seven and twenty years after the above threnody was penned, 'Crossing the Bar' went straight to the heart of the English people, and is likely to live as long as their language. Nor was the rare and subtle charm of 'Maud' wholly lost upon the poet's despondent friend, who, none the less, reasserted in 1876 his settled conviction that he 'might have stopped' after 1842, leaving Princesses, Ardens, Idylls, &c., all unborn; all except the "Northern Farmer," which makes me cry.'

'I wish I could take twenty years off Alfred's shoulders,' he wrote to Frederic Tennyson in 1850, 'and set him up in his youthful glory. He is the same magnanimous, kindly, delightful fellow as ever; uttering by far the finest prose-sayings of any one.' And to Mr. Aldis Wright, in 1872 and 1876: 'I hope that others have remembered and made note of A. T.'s sayings—which hit the nail on the head. Had I continued to be with him I would have risked being called another Bozzy by the thankless world; and have often looked in vain for a note-book I made of such things.' 'He said, and I dare say

says, things to be remembered : decisive verdicts ; which I hope some one makes note of ; post me memoranda.'

One of these he recalled, some thirty-five or forty years after it was spoken, for the benefit of an American correspondent, Professor C. E. Norton :—

'We were stopping,' he related, 'before a shop in Regent Street, where were two figures of Dante and Goethe. I (I suppose) said, "What is there in old Dante's face that is missing in Goethe's?" And Tennyson (whose profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said: "The Divine." Then Milton; I don't think I've read him these forty years: the whole scheme of the poem, and certain parts of it, looming as grand as anything in my memory; but I never could read ten lines together without stumbling at some pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell, into the schoolroom, worse than either. Tennyson, again, used to say that the two grandest of all similes were those of the ships hanging in the air, and "the gunpowder one," which he used slowly and grimly to enact, in the days that are no more. He certainly thought Milton the sublimest of all the gang; his diction modelled on Virgil, as perhaps Dante's.'

Fitzgerald detested London. 'I am sure,' he said, 'a great city is a deadly plague.' He longed, when there, 'to spread wing and fly into the kind, clear air of the country.' The noise, the bustle, the hurry, broke the quietude of his soul into an uneasy 'ripple.' The people he met were 'all clever, composed, satirical, selfish, well dressed.' The process of being 'stretched on the espalier of London dinner-table company' eradicated the personal humours he loved to watch and to indulge. 'One finds,' he wrote, 'few in London *serious* men; I mean *serious* even in fun; with a true purpose and character, whatsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness.'

'I hope to get out of London next week,' he wrote about the same time. 'I have seen all my friends, so as to satisfy them that I am a duller country fellow than I was, and so we shall part without heart-breaking on either side. It is partly one's own fault not to be up to the London mark; but as there is a million of persons in the land fully up to it, one has the less call to repent in that respect.'

Nevertheless, to London he was drawn not only because Thackeray and Spedding were to be found there, but also by his love of music, pictures, and plays. His visits, however, became progressively fewer and shorter. When barely seven-and-thirty, he wrote to Frederic Tennyson :—

'Besides my inactivity, I have a sort of horror of plunging into London; which, except for a shilling concert, and a peep at the pictures,

is desperate to me. This is my fault, not London's; I know it is a lassitude and weakness of soul that no more loves the ceaseless collision of *beaux esprits* than my obese, ill-jointed carcass loves bundling about in coaches and steamers.'

Yet his earlier days at the national centre of force had left behind some brilliant memories. He saw Macready's 'Virginus,' an event, he said, 'never to be forgotten.' The same actor made a less decisive impression in 'Hamlet.' 'For my part,' wrote Fitzgerald of the performance, 'I have given up deciding on how "Hamlet" should be played; or, rather, have decided it shouldn't be played at all.' His mother had at one time a box at the Haymarket,

'the pleasantest of all the theatres (for size and decoration) that I remember; yes, and for the Listons and Vestrises that I remember there in the days of their glory. Vestris, in what was called a "Pamela hat," with a red feather; and, again, singing "Cherry Ripe," one of the dozen immortal English tunes. That was in "Paul Pry."'

Pasta was his ideal dramatic vocalist:—

'Some forty years ago,' he wrote to Mr. W. F. Pollock in 1872, 'there was a set of lithographic outlines from Hayter's sketches of Pasta in "Medea;" caricature things, though done in earnest by a man who had none of the genius of the model he admired. Looking at them now, people who never saw the original will wonder, perhaps, that Talma and Mrs. Siddons should have said that they might go to learn of her; and, indeed, it was only the living genius and passion of the woman herself that could have inspired and exalted and enlarged her very incomplete person (as it did her voice) into the grandeur, as well as the Niobe pathos, of her action and utterance. All the nobler features of humanity she had, indeed: finely shaped head, neck, bust, and arms; all finely related to one another; the superior features, too, of the face, fine; eyes, eyebrows—I remember Trelawny saying they reminded him of those in the East—the nose not so fine; but the whole face "homogeneous," as Lavater calls it, and capable of all expression, from tragedy to farce. Her scene with her children was among the finest of all; and it was well known at the time how deeply she felt it. I used to admire as much as anything her attitude and air as she stood at the side of the stage when Jason's bridal procession came on: motionless, with one finger in her golden girdle—a habit which (I heard) she inherited from Grassini.'

Loth as he was to admit merit in any of her successors, it was scarcely surprising that Jenny Lind failed to capture his approbation. Indeed, the cataract of public enthusiasm about her raised in him a backward eddy of prejudice.

'All the world,' he informed Frederic Tennyson (then in Florence) on September 4, 1847, 'has been crazy about Jenny Lind:

and they are now giving her 400*l.* to sing at a concert. What a frightful waste of money! I did not go to hear her: partly out of contradiction, perhaps; and partly because I could not make out that she was a great singer, like my old Pasta. Now I will go and listen to any pretty singer whom I can get to hear easily and inexpensively: but I will not pay and squeeze much for any canary in the world. Perhaps Lind is a nightingale, but I want something more than that. Spedding's cool blood was moved to hire stalls several times at an advanced rate; the Lushingtons (your sister told me) were enraptured; and certainly people rushed up madly from Suffolk to hear her but once and then die.'

On hearing the 'redoubtable' vocalist six months later, he was inevitably 'disappointed in her, but am told this is 'all my fault. As to naming her in the same Olympiad with 'Pasta, I am sure that is ridiculous.'

No one agreed in general more fully with Dogberry's opinion of comparisons than Fitzgerald. It was 'wonderful' to him how Macaulay, Hallam, and Mackintosh 'could roar 'and bawl at one another over such questions as, Which is 'the greatest poet? Which is the greatest work of that 'greatest poet? &c., like boys at some Debating Society.' But even his equanimity was not proof against the stress of musical partisanship. He is in better humour talking about Handel.

'Last night,' he told Frederic Tennyson, February 6, 1842, 'I went to see "Acis and Galatea" brought out, with Handel's music and Stanfield's scenery; really the best-done thing I have seen for many a year. . . . The choruses were well sung, well acted, well dressed, and well grouped, and the whole thing creditable and pleasant. Do you know the music? It is of Handel's best, and as classical as any man who wore a full-bottomed wig could write. I think Handel never gets out of his wig, that is, out of his age; his "Hallelujah Chorus" is a chorus, not of angels, but of well-fed earthly choristers, ranged tier above tier in a Gothic cathedral, with princes for audience, and their military trumpets flourishing over the full volume of the organ. Handel's gods are like Homer's, and his sublime never reaches beyond the region of the clouds. Therefore, I think that his great marches, triumphal pieces, and coronation anthems are his finest works. There is a little bit of Auber's at the end of the "Bayadère" when the god resumes his divinity and retires into the sky, which has more of pure light and mystical solemnity than anything I know of Handel's; but then this is only a scrap, and Auber could not breathe in that atmosphere long, whereas old Handel's coursers, with necks with thunder clothed, and long resounding pace, never tire. Beethoven thought more deeply also, but I don't know if he could sustain himself so well. Strictly speaking, he was more of a thinker than a musician. A great genius he was, somehow. He was very fond of reading, Plutarch and Shakespeare his great favourites. He tried to think in music, almost

to reason in music, whereas, perhaps, we should be contented with merely feeling in it.'

'Concerning the bag-wigs of composers,' he wrote in lighter vein, 'Handel's was not a bag-wig, which was simply so named from the little stuffed black silk watch-pocket that hung down behind the back of the wearer. Such were Haydn's and Mozart's, much less influential on the character, much less ostentatious in themselves, not towering so high, nor rolling down in following curls, so low as to overlay the nature of the brain within. But Handel wore the Sir Godfrey Kneller wig, greatest of wigs, one of which some great General of the day used to take off his head after the fatigue of the battle, and hand over to his valet to have the bullets combed out of it. Such a wig was a fugue in itself.'

In August 1842 :

'I hear,' he said, 'there is a fine new symphony by Mendelssohn,* who is by far our best writer now, and in some measure combines Beethoven and Handel. I grow every day more and more to love only the old "God save the King" style, the common chords, those truisms of music, like other truisms so little understood in the full. Just look at the mechanism of "Robin Adair."'

He went to hear the 'Huguenots' at Covent Garden in 1852.

'But the first act was so noisy and ugly that I came away, unable to wait for the better part that, I am told, follows. Meyerbeer is a man of genius, and works up *dramatic* music, but he has scarce any melody, and is rather grotesque and noisy than really powerful. I think this is the fault of modern music; people cannot believe that Mozart is *powerful* because he is so beautiful, in the same way as it requires a very practised eye to recognise the consummate power predominating in the tranquil beauty of Greek sculpture.'

'Don Giovanni' he thought 'certainly the greatest opera in the world,' and he remarked of 'Fidelio' that 'what with the story itself, and the passion and power of the music it is set to, the opera is one of those that one can hear repeated as often as any.' He proposed, indeed, the setting of some passages from Tennyson's 'King Arthur' to 'the music of that last grand scene, Sullivan and Co. supplying the introductory recitative; beginning dreamily, and increasing, crescendo, up to where the poet begins to "feel the truth and stir of day;" till Beethoven's pompous March should begin, and the chorus with "Arthur is come," &c.; the chief voices raising the words aloft (as they do in "Fidelio"), and the chorus thundering in upon them.'

* This was evidently the 'Scotch Symphony' conducted by the composer at the Philharmonic, June 13, 1842.

In 1835, Fitzgerald's father transplanted his reluctant family from Wherstead Lodge to Boulge Hall, a dismal mansion within easy reach of Woodbridge. A one-storied, thatched cottage lay just outside the park gates, and there Fitzgerald installed himself. It was not a luxurious abode.

'I have had three influenzas,' he wrote in February, 1844, 'but this is no wonder, for I live in a hut with walls as thin as a sixpence, windows that don't shut, a clay soil safe beneath my feet, a thatch perforated by sparrows over my head. Here I sit, read, smoke, and become very wise, and am already quite beyond earthly things. This is one of the ugliest places in England;' he added, 'one of the dullest; it has not the merit of being bleak on a grand scale—pollard trees over a flat clay, with regular hedges.'

Small wonder that, during his six years' residence there, he fairly got 'mired' in Suffolk mud. County society he carefully eschewed, but formed intimacies with the Rev. George Crabbe, vicar of the adjacent parish of Bredfield, the eldest son of the author of '*Tales of the Hall*,' and with Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, whose biography he wrote, and whose daughter he eventually married. He was 'done for' by an old woman, whose post was almost a sinecure, since he anxiously kept her idle, and, if there was a bell, never rang it. His homely entertainments, accordingly, showed more good will than good management. His mode of life was of the simplest.

'He always,' a younger George Crabbe related, 'got up early, eat his small breakfast, stood at his desk reading or writing all the morning, eat his dinner of vegetables and pudding, walked with his Skye terrier, and then often finished the day by spending the evening with us or the Bartons. He very often arranged concerted pieces for us to sing, in four parts, he being tenor. He sang very accurately, but had not a good voice.' And again, 'I was rather afraid of him. He seemed a proud and very punctilious man. . . . He seemed to me, when I first saw him, much as he was when he died, only not stooping; always like a grave middle-aged man; never seemed very happy or light-hearted, though his conversation was most amusing sometimes.'

'You know my way of life so well,' he himself wrote to Frederic Tennyson in 1844, 'that I need not describe it to you. I read of mornings, the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones; walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. We have had such a spring as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of—how new to see! . . . I also plunge away

at my old "Handel" of nights, and delight in the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," full of pomp and fancy.' 'People affect to talk of this kind of life as very beautiful and philosophical; but I don't. Men ought to have an ambition to stir, and travel, and fill their minds and senses. But so it is.'

'Here is a glorious sunshiny day,' he wrote from Geldestone Hall to Allen. 'All the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus, lying at full length on a bench in the garden; a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eying the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero, and the delicacy of spring; all very human, however. Then, at half-past one, lunch on Cambridge cream-cheese; then a ride over hill and dale; then spudding up some weeds from the grass; and then, coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in epicurean ease; but this happens to be a jolly day; one isn't always well, or tolerably good; the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it.'

His 'stars shone less happily about his head,' when he told F. Tennyson during the same visit:—

'I live on in a very seedy way, reading occasionally in books which everyone else has gone through at school; and what I do read is just in the same way as ladies work—to pass the time away. For little remains in my head. I dare say you think it very absurd that an idle man like me should poke about here in the country when I might be in London seeing my friends; but such is the humour of the beast.'

And 'the humour of the beast' asserted itself with increased persistency as one year followed another. 'I am 'becoming more hebeté every hour,' he declared in 1840; and he described himself, not long afterwards, as 'given 'over to turnips and inanity.' At Boulge, 'day followed day 'with unvaried movement; there is the same level meadow 'with geese upon it always lying before my eyes; the same 'pollard oaks, with now and then the butcher or the washer-woman trundling by in their carts.'

'To be in such a place at all argues certainly,' he admitted, 'a talent for dulness which no situation nor intercourse of men could much improve. It is true: I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. . . . I know not if I could do better under a more complex system. It is very smooth sailing hitherto down here. No velvet waistcoat and ever lustrous pumps; no *bon mots* got up; no information necessary. There is a pipe for the parsons to smoke, and quite as much *bon mots*, literature, and philosophy as they care for, without any trouble at all. If we could but feed our poor!'

One fine morning we come upon him in the act of concocting two gallons of tar water from Bishop Berkeley's recipe:—

'It is to be bottled off this very day,' he recounted to Allen, 'after a careful skimming; and then drunk by those who can and will. It is to be tried first on my old woman; if she survives, I am to begin; and it will then gradually spread into the parish, through England, Europe, &c., "as the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake."'

Yet Fitzgerald's powers were all this time slowly maturing. In his loitering way, he was a student all his life; he was continually reading, and he sharpened his wits upon everything, small or great, that he read. We hear of his taking a 'Thucydides' down to Suffolk 'to feed on, like a whole "Parmesan."' When staying with his uncle, Mr. Peter Purcell, at Halverstown, in Ireland, he read 'the "Annual Register," which is not amiss in a certain state 'of mind, and is not easily exhausted.' In the course of another visit he went through the 'Iliad,' and was

'sorry to have finished it. The accounts of the Zulu people, with Dingarn, their king, &c., give one a very good idea of the Homeric heroes, who were great brutes, but superior to the gods who governed them—which also has been the case with most nations. It is a lucky thing that God made man, and that man has not to make God. We should fare badly, judging by the specimens already produced—Frankenstein monster-gods, formed out of the worst and rottenest scraps of humanity—gigantic—and to turn destructively upon their creators—

'But "Be ye of good cheer! I have overcome the world"—
So speaks a gentle voice.'

From Halverstown he proceeded, in August 1841, to Edgeworthstown, where he found himself 'domiciled in a 'house filled with ladies of divers ages,' Maria being then seventy-two.

'I am now writing,' he said, 'in the library here, and the great authoress is as busy as a bee making a catalogue of her books beside me, chatting away. We are great friends. She is as lively, active, and cheerful as if she were but twenty—really a very entertaining person. We talk about Walter Scott, whom she adores, and are merry all the day long. I have read about thirty-two sets of novels since I have been here; it has rained nearly all the time. . . . I have now begun to sketch heads on the blotting-paper, a sure sign, as Miss Edgeworth tells me, that I have said quite enough. She is right. Goodbye.'

In September 1842 Thackeray took Fitzgerald to tea with Carlyle, then busy with his 'Cromwell.' The conversation

naturally turned on the Naseby battlefield, and Carlyle was disconcerted to find that he had been misled as to the scene of the thickest of the fray by a 'blockhead obelisk' (as he called it) erected by Fitzgerald's father. Actual explorations, executed by Fitzgerald, bore out his assertions; and he undertook, at the historian's request, to procure the erection of a veracious Naseby monument. But the business, after being a third of a century on foot, failed to get itself accomplished; and Carlyle, in his book, 'entirely mis-stated all about Naseby.'

'I smoked a pipe with Carlyle yesterday,' Fitzgerald informed Bernard Barton, April 11, 1844. 'We ascended from his dining-room carrying pipes and tobacco up through two stories of his house, and got into a little dressing-room near the roof. There we sat down; the window was open, and looked out on nursery-gardens, their almond-trees in blossom, and beyond, bare walls of houses, and over these, roofs and chimneys, and here and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness gathering behind like the illimitable resources of a dream. I tried to persuade him to leave the accursed den, and he wished—but—but—perhaps he *didn't* wish on the whole.'

Fitzgerald had little toleration for Carlyle's books. In the midst of an attack of influenza, 'which has blocked up most of my senses, and put a wet blanket over my brains,' he wrote to Barton in April, 1838:—

'This state of head has not been improved by trying to get through a new book much in fashion—Carlyle's "French Revolution"—written in a German style. People say the book is very deep, but it appears to me that the meaning *seems* deep from lying under mystical language. There is no repose nor equable movement in it; all cut up into short sentences, half reflective, half narrative; so that one labours through it as vessels do through what is called a short sea—small, contrary-going waves caused by shallows and straits, and meeting tides. I like to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-rolling eloquence, like that of Bacon or the "Opium-eater."

'Have you read poor Carlyle's raving book about heroes?' he asked W. H. Thompson in 1841. 'Of course you have, or I would ask you to buy my copy. I don't like to live with it in the house. It smoulders. He ought to be laughed at a little. But it is pleasant to retire to the "Tale of a Tub," "Tristram Shandy," and "Horace Walpole" after being tossed on his canvas waves.'

In August, 1845, he told Allen:—

'Carlyle writes me word his Cromwell papers will be out in October, and that then we are all to be convinced that Richard had no hump to his back. I am strong in favour of the hump; I do not think the common sense of two centuries is apt to be deceived in such a matter.'

And somewhat later to Donne :—

‘Carlyle goes on fretting and maddening as usual. Have you read his “Cromwell” ? Are you converted, or did you ever need conversion ? I believe I remain pretty much where I was. So I herd with the flunkies and lackies, I doubt.’

Nevertheless, Fitzgerald had a sincere admiration for the Chelsea sage, while preferring in general to admire him from a distance. During three weeks spent with his mother at Ham in May, 1852, he abstained from calling upon him, ‘for I really have nothing to tell him,’ he said, ‘and I have ‘got tired of hearing him growl.’ Carlyle, however, in 1855 ‘plunged into the maritime rusticities under his friendly ‘guidance,’ or, in non-Carlylese phraseology, spent a week with him at Farlingay, a farmhouse close by Woodbridge ; and so prosperously that a renewal of the visit was contemplated, though never accomplished. Twenty-one years later, Fitzgerald, commenting to Mr. Charles Eliot Norton (Professor of the History of Fine Art in Harvard University) upon a profile medallion of Carlyle, struck in commemoration of his eightieth birthday, wrote :—

‘I suppose he is changed, or subdued, at eighty ; but up to the last ten years he seemed to me just the same as when I first knew him five and thirty years ago. What a fortune he might have made by showing himself about as a lecturer, as Thackeray and Dickens did ; I don’t mean they did it for vanity, but to make money, and that to spend generously. Carlyle did indeed lecture near forty years ago before he was a lion to be shown, and when he had but few readers. I heard his “Heroes,” which now seems to me one of his best books (!). He looked very handsome then, with his black hair, fine eyes, and a sort of crucified expression.’

So slight were the communications kept up between Cheyne Row and Woodbridge during the last twenty years of Carlyle’s life, that Fitzgerald, in his New Year’s letter to him for 1867, desired his compliments to Mrs. Carlyle, and learned only by the reply of her sudden death in the previous April. Then on one of Fitzgerald’s last trips to London, in March, 1881, he ‘was all but tempted to jump into a cab, ‘and just knock at Carlyle’s door, and ask after him, and ‘give my card, and—run away!’ Froude’s ‘Life’ it was that brought final reconciliation.

‘I regret,’ Fitzgerald wrote to Mrs. Kemble, ‘that I did not know what the book tells while Carlyle was alive ; that I might have loved him as well as admired him. But Carlyle never spoke of himself in that way. I never heard him advert to his works and his fame, except

one day he happened to mention, "About the time when men began to talk of me."

Mrs. Carlyle's 'Letters' told, he considered, 'a story so tragic that I know not if it ought not to have been withheld from the public. But I do not the less recognise 'Carlyle for more admirable than before.'

'And by way of finishing what I have to say about Carlyle for the present,' he continued to Professor Norton, 'I will tell you that I had to go up to our huge, hideous London a week ago on disagreeable business, which business, however, I got over in time for me to run to Chelsea before I returned home at evening. I wanted to see the statue on the Chelsea Embankment, which I had not yet seen, and the old No. 5 Cheyne Row, which I had not seen for five and twenty years. The statue I thought very good, though looking somewhat small and ill set-off by its dingy surroundings. And No. 5 (now 24), which had cost her so much of her life, one may say, to make habitable for him, now all neglected, unswept, ungarnished, uninhabited, TO LET. I cannot get it out of my head, the tarnished scene of the tragedy (one must call it) there enacted.'

Fitzgerald's habits of seclusion naturally grew more inveterate with advancing years, while his constitutional shyness made any but the most homely society intolerable to him. He could not but feel, too, that he and his early friends were progressing along divergent lines, although he wronged them by his not infrequent suspicions that their goodwill towards him had been smothered by prosperity. 'Hydropathy has done its worst,' he said in 1844 of Tennyson, then staying at Park House; 'he writes the names of 'his friends in water.' And the news of his marriage evoked the comment to Frederic Tennyson: 'You know 'Alfred himself never writes, nor indeed cares a halfpenny 'about one, though he is very well satisfied to see one when 'one falls in his way.'

With Thackeray, too, he was now and again out of humour.

'Thackeray,' he told F. Tennyson, May 4, 1848, 'is progressing greatly in his line; he publishes a novel in numbers—"Vanity Fair"—which began dull, I thought, but gets better every number, and has some very fine things indeed in it. He is become a great man I am told: goes to Holland House and Devonshire House, and for some reason or other will not write a word to me. But I am sure this is not because he is asked to Holland House.'

And in the following year:—

'I have seen Thackeray three or four times. He is just the same. All the world admires "Vanity Fair," and the author is courted by

dukes and duchesses, and wits of both sexes. I like "Pendennis" much, and Alfred said he thought "it was quite delicious; "it seemed to him so *matyure*," he said. You can imagine Alfred saying this over one's fire, spreading his great hand out.'

Then from London, April 17, 1850:—

'Dear old Alfred is out of town. Spedding is my sheet-anchor, the truly wise and fine fellow. I am going to his rooms this very evening, and there I believe Thackeray, Venables, &c., are to be. I hope not a large assembly, for I get shyer and shyer even of those I knew. Thackeray is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me, and we are content to regard each other at a distance.'

This distrust was, however, dissipated by the 'noble kindness' (as Fitzgerald called it) of Thackeray's letter of farewell to him, on the eve of his departure for America, in October, 1852. 'I should like my daughters to remember,' he said in it, 'that you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had, and that you would act as such, as my literary executor, and so forth,' with other words of scarcely less than tender affection. Their subsequent meetings were few. Once, in 1857, we hear that Thackeray came in at Fitzgerald's London lodgings, 'looking gray, grand, and good-humoured. He goes lecturing all over England; has fifty pounds for each lecture; and says he is ashamed of the fortune he is making. But he deserves it.' Then, on Christmas Eve, 1863, came the melancholy close. Fitzgerald was hit hard by it. For weeks he

'thought of little else than of W. M. T., what with reading over his books and the few letters I had kept of his, and thinking over our five-and-thirty years' acquaintance, as I sit alone by my fire these long nights. I had seen very little of him for these last ten years—*nothing* for the last five. He did not care to write, and people told me he was become a little spoiled by London praise, and some consequent egotism. But he was a very fine fellow. His books are wonderful: "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," and "The Newcomes," to which compared Fielding's seems to me coarse work.'

To another correspondent:—

'I keep reading his "Newcomes" of nights, and, as it were, hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come (singing) into my room, as in old Charlotte Street, &c., thirty years ago.'

Frederic Tennyson sent him a photograph of Thackeray, 'old, white, massive, and melancholy, sitting in his library;' and he bespoke from Laurence a replica of his portrait of him. 'When,' he says, 'I had unscrewed the last screw' (of the box containing it), 'it was as if a coffin's lid were

‘raised: there was the dead man. I took him up to my bedroom, and when morning came he was there—reading; alive, and yet dead.’

In the summer of 1864 Fitzgerald bought a farmhouse near Woodbridge, which he transformed into that ‘suburban grange’ where Tennyson visited him in September, 1876.

‘Yes,’ he says; ‘A. T. called one day, after near twenty years’ separation, and we were in a moment as if we had been together all that while. He had his son Hallam with him, whom I liked much—unaffected and unpretentious, so attentive to his father, with a humorous sense of his character, as well as a loving and respectful. It was good to see them together.’

Thence, too, the poet carried away with him the picturesque image of ‘Old Fitz,’

‘Whom yet I see as there you sit
Beneath your sheltering garden tree
And watch your doves about you flit,
And plant on shoulder, hand, and knee,
Or on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares
Whatever moved in that full sheet
Let down to Peter at his prayers;
Who live on milk, and meal, and grass.’

Fitzgerald found it pleasant ‘to see one’s little gables and chimneys mount into air and occupy a place in the landscape;’ but discovered too late that the new house, after being built at near double its proper cost, is just what I do not want, according to the usage of the Bally-blunder family, of which I am a very legitimate offshoot.’ Indeed, it was only through the accident of his ejection, by a virago, from the lodgings on the Market Hill, Woodbridge, which he had occupied for thirteen years, that he reluctantly shifted his quarters to ‘Little Grange.’ He had intended it for the accommodation of his nieces. ‘It is not my fault,’ he said, ‘they do not make it their home.’ Two at a time (there were eight in all), however, sometimes gratified him with long visits; an ancient couple, who celebrated their golden wedding under his roof, relieved him from the detested cares of housekeeping; and his garden grew to be the music of his old age. He might have had many distinguished guests. Mr. Lowell, for instance, proposed running down to see him in 1877; but Fitzgerald put him off until his house was ‘emptied of nieces,’ hoping to secure, in lieu of a bare interview, a stay ‘for such time as

‘would allow of some palpable acquaintance;’ and it was then too late.

‘I never,’ he wrote to him in 1879, ‘make any sort of “hospitality” to the few who ever do come this way, but just put a fowl in the pot (as Don Quixote’s *ama* might do), and hire a shandrydan for a drive, or a boat on the river, and “there you are,” as one of Dickens’s pleasant young fellows says. But I never ask any one to come, and out of his way, to see me, a very ancient and solitary bird indeed.’

The maritime passion of his Norse ancestors absorbed a large share of Fitzgerald’s later life. His summers from 1861 to 1877 were spent mostly afloat, his winters in good part at Aldeburgh or Lowestoft, where ‘that old sea is ‘always talking to one, telling its ancient story.’

‘My chief amusement in life,’ he told Professor Cowell in May, 1861, ‘is boating on river and sea. The country about here is the cemetery of so many of my oldest friends, and the petty race of squires who have succeeded only use the earth for an *investment*—cut down every old tree, level every violet-bank, and make the old country of my youth hideous to me in my decline. So I get to the water, where friends are not buried nor pathways stopt up; but all is, as the poets say, as Creation’s dawn beheld. I am happiest going in my little boat round the coast to Aldbro’, with some bottled porter and some bread and cheese, and some good rough soul who works the boat and chews his tobacco in peace. An Aldbro’ sailor, talking of my boat, said: “She go like a violin. She do!” What a pretty conceit, is it not? As the bow slides over the strings in a liquid tune. Another man was talking yesterday of a great storm: “and, in a moment, all as calm as a clock.”’

‘You must think,’ he said to Thompson, ‘I have become very nautical, by all this—haul away at ropes, swear, dance hornpipes, &c. But it is not so; I simply sit in boat or vessel as in a moving chair, dispensing a little grog and shag to those who do the work.’

Then, in 1863, he had a pretty fifteen-ton schooner built, which he named the ‘Scandal’ (after the ‘staple of Wood-bridge’), and he actually crossed the Channel in her.

‘I am just returned in my ship from Holland,’ he related, ‘where I stayed—two days! and was so glad to rush away home after being imprisoned in a sluggish, unsweet canal in Rotterdam, and after tearing about to Amsterdam, the Hague, &c., to see things which were neither new nor remarkable to me, though I had never seen them before, except in pictures, which represent to you the places as well as if you went there, without the trouble of going. I am sure wiser men, with keener *out-sight* and *in-sight*, would see what no pictures could give; but this I know is always the case with me. This is my last voyage abroad, I believe, unless I go to see Raffiello’s “Madonna” at Dresden, which no other picture can represent than itself, unless Dante’s “Beatrice.”’

He had even managed to miss seeing most of the great Dutch paintings, which were the chief inducement to his trip. Never was there a less adroit traveller.

His maritime life was tinctured by sedate romance and beautified by the passion for great literature which it unaccountably excited :—

‘As Johnson took Cocker’s Arithmetic with him on travel because he shouldn’t exhaust it, so I thought I would take Dante and Homer with me, instead of Mudie’s books, which I read through directly. I took Dante by way of slow digestion, not having looked at him for some years; but I am glad to find I relish him as much as ever. He atones with the sea, as you know does the Odyssey. These are the men!’

Next came the turn of Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles :—

‘Oh, those two Œdipuses! but then that Agamemnon! Well, one shall be the Handel and t’other the Haydn—one the Michael Angelo and t’other the Raffaele of Tragedy.’

‘It is wonderful,’ he says, ‘how the sea brought up this appetite for Greek. It likes to be called *θάλασσα* and *πόντος* better than (by) the wretched word “sea,” I am sure; and the Greeks—especially Æschylus, after Homer—are full of sea-faring sounds and allusions. I think the murmur of the Ægean wrought itself into their language.’

Fitzgerald regretfully parted with the ‘Scandal’ in 1871, and contented himself with ‘sailing on the river Deben, ‘looking at the crops as they grow green, yellow, russet, ‘and are finally carried away in the red and blue wagons ‘with the sorrel horse;’ until, on the death of his old boatman in 1877, he wrote ‘Finis’ to his nautical experiences. Thenceforth he looked for pleasure to his flowers and his books. He was no mere passive reader. His mind reacted vitally under the influence of the authors with whom it came in contact. Hence the intense individuality of his comments upon books. Those that he really loved were to him so many life dramas, at which he assisted with palpitating emotion. Actual existence seemed vapid and savourless by comparison with the great typical passages from it imaged out by the masters. He wrote, October 28, 1867, to Mr. W. F. Pollock, just as his yacht was being dismantled, and her crew about to eat the Michaelmas goose with which he regaled them before each setting of the Pleiades :—

‘I have had “Don Quixote,” Boccaccio, and my dear Sophocles (once more) for company on board: the first of these so delightful that I got to love the very dictionary in which I had to look out the words; yes, and often the same words over and over again. The book really seemed to me the most delightful of all books. Boccaccio, delightful too, but millions of miles behind; in fact, a whole planet away.’

And, after nine 'revolving years' to Professor Norton:—

'Only a week ago I began my dear "Don Quixote" over again, as welcome and fresh as the flowers of May. The second part is my favourite, in spite of what Lamb and Coleridge, I think, say; when, as old Hallam says, Cervantes has fallen in love with the hero, whom he began by ridiculing. When this letter is done I shall get out into my garden with him, Sunday though it be.'

'I have this summer,' he told Mrs. Thompson in 1875, 'made the acquaintance of a great lady, with whom I have become perfectly intimate through her letters, Madame de Sévigné. I had hitherto kept aloof from her because of that eternal daughter of hers; but "it's all truth and daylight," as Kitty Clive said of Mrs. Siddons.' Besides, as he remarked, after a second reading, 'the eye gradually learns to skim over the fuss and get at the fun.' And again to Mrs. Cowell: 'If you go to Brittany you must go to my dear Sévigné's "Rochers." If I had the "go" in me I should get there this summer too, as to Abbotsford and Stratford. She has been my companion here (Lowestoft); quite alive in the room with me. I sometimes lament I did not know her before; but perhaps such an acquaintance comes in best to cheer one toward the end.'

In 1865 he told George Crabbe:—

'I am now reading "Clarissa Harlowe" for about the fifth time. I dare say you wouldn't have patience to read it once; indeed, the first time is the most trying. It is a very wonderful, and quite an original and unique book, but almost intolerable from its length and sentimentality.'

And he assured Allen that—

'The piece of literature I really could benefit posterity with, I do believe, is an edition of that wonderful and aggravating—"Clarissa Harlowe," and this I would effect with a pair of scissors only. It would not be a bit too long, as it is, if it were all equally good; but pedantry comes in, and might, I think, be cleared away, leaving the remainder one of the great original works of the world in this line.'

Elsewhere he recalled Tennyson once saying to him of 'Clarissa,' 'I love those large still books.'

He prepared also a volume of 'Readings from Crabbe,' the circulation of which would, in his opinion, have lifted that homely poet once more to the surface of public favour; but it never saw the light.

Of Miss Austen he said:—

'She is capital as far as she goes; but she never goes out of the parlour. If but Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of

Fielding's brutes would dash in upon the gentility, and swear a round oath or two! I must think the "Woman in White," with her Count Fosco, far beyond all that. Cowell constantly reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit philology is done; it composes him like gruel; or like Paisiello's music, which Napoleon liked above all other because he said it didn't interrupt his thoughts.'

Fitzgerald had an abnormal admiration for the 'Woman in White.' Thrice at least he regretfully finished it. 'Brave Trollope,' again, was among his favourites, while he classed George Eliot among the 'dreadful Denners of romance.'

'I cannot get on,' he said, 'with books about the daily life which I find rather insufferable in practice about me. I never could bear Miss Austen nor (later) the famous George Eliot. Give me people, places, and things which I don't and can't see—Antiquaries, Jeanie Deans, Dalgettys, &c. As to Thackeray's, they are terrible. I really look at them on the shelf, and am half afraid to touch them. He, you know, could go deeper into the springs of common action than these ladies. Wonderful he is, but not delightful, which one thirsts for as one gets old and dry.'

The institution of a 'reading-boy' dated from 1869, when Fitzgerald's eyes were nearly 'blazed away by paraffin.' They recovered, but precariously, and were never afterwards fit for use by lamplight. The post was an enviable one. Of the first occupant poor Fitzgerald said: 'He stumbles at every third word, and gets dreadfully tired, and so do I; but I renovate him with cake and sweet wine.' With others, the business of the night being concluded, a game of piquet was feasible; and then out on the table would sometimes steal a tame mouse, whom the flutter of a card was not allowed to disturb. Scott made the staple of these symposia:—

'I have had read to me of nights,' Fitzgerald recorded in 1878, 'some of Sir Walter Scott's Scotch novels—"Waverley," "Rob," "Midlothian," now the "Antiquary"—eking them out as charily as I may. For I feel, in parting with each, as parting with an old friend whom I may never see again. Plenty of dull, and even some bad, I know; but parts so admirable, and the whole so delightful. It is wonderful how he sows the seed of his story from the very beginning, and in what seems barren ground; but all comes up in due course, and there is the whole beautiful story at last. I think all this forecast is to be read in Scott's shrewd, humorous face, as one sees it in Chantrey's bust.'

Dickens, too, he 'worshipped, in spite of Carlyle and the 'critics.' 'He always lights one up somehow.' And he quoted with humorous enjoyment Carlyle's saying, at the

time when 'David Copperfield' was appearing in numbers, 'that he is a showman whom one gives a shilling to once a month to see his raree show, and then sends about his business.'

On March 9, 1881, James Spedding died at St. George's Hospital from the effects of a street accident. The news struck Fitzgerald to the heart:—

'What a man!' he exclaimed; 'as in life, so in death, which, as Montaigne says, proves what is at the bottom of the vessel.' 'I did not know,' he wrote to another correspondent, 'that I should feel Spedding's loss as I do, after an interval of more than twenty years since meeting him. I wake almost every morning feeling as if I had lost something, as one does in a dream; and, truly enough, I have lost *him*.' 'But he lives, his old self, in my heart of hearts; and all I hear of him does but embellish the recollection of him, if it could be embellished;' for he was the same 'from a boy, all that is best in heart and head, a man that would be incredible had one not known him.'

Yet he never ceased lamenting over his 'half-white-washed Bacon.' To Fitzgerald 'this life of his wasted on 'a vain work' seemed 'a tragedy pathetic as "*Antigone*" or "*Iphigenia*." 'To re-edit Bacon's works,' he wrote to Professor Norton, March 13, 1881, 'which did not want any such re-editing, and to vindicate his character, which could not be cleared, did this Spedding sacrifice forty years, which he might well have given to accomplish much greater things—Shakespeare, for one.' And yet he could add: 'He was the wisest man I have known.'

Fitzgerald knew well enough that his own time was at hand. 'On March 31,' he remarked, 'I shall enter on my 'seventy-third year, and none of my family reaches over 'seventy-five.' And when suffering, six years earlier, from pains about the heart: 'I fancy that I begin to "smell the "ground," as sailors say of the ship that slackens speed 'as the water shallows under her. I can't say I have much care for long life, but still less for long death: I mean a lingering one.'

His wish was granted. On June 12, 1883, he wrote to Samuel Laurence from his Grange:—

'Here I live still, reading, and being read to, part of my time, walking abroad three or four times a day, or night, in spite of wakening a bronchitis, which has lodged like the household "*Brownie*" within; pottering about my garden, and snipping off dead roses, like Miss Tox; and now and then a visit to the neighbouring seaside, and a splash to sea in one of the boats. I never see a new picture, nor hear a note of music except when I drum out some old tune in winter on an organ, which might almost be carried about the streets

with a handle to turn, and a monkey on the top of it. So I go on, living a life far too comfortable as compared with that of better and wiser men; but ever expecting a reverse in health such as my seventy-five years are subject to.'

This was apparently his last letter. Next day he went to pay his annual visit at Merton Rectory, but arrived without spirits or appetite. 'At ten,' his host, a younger George Crabbe, related, 'he said he would go to bed. I went up with him. At a quarter to eight I tapped at his door to ask how he was, and, getting no answer, went in, and found him as if sleeping peacefully, but quite dead. A very noble character has passed away.'

Sixteen days before his death he had written to one of his nieces:—'It seems strange to me to be so seemingly alert—certainly, alive—amid such fatalities with younger and stronger people. But, even while I say so, the hair may break and the suspended sword fall. If it would but do so at once, and effectually!'

Mr. J. H. Groome, son of Archdeacon Groome, an intimate of Fitzgerald's, published some interesting personal reminiscences of him in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for November, 1889. He (then eight years old) recalled him as 'a tall, sea-browned man,' the originator of many picnics and sailing excursions, and the dispenser to his guests of oysters and audit ale, while he paced up and down, munching an apple or a turnip, and applying himself at intervals to a huge jug of milk. His utterance was slow and melodious, and his voice, once heard, could never be forgotten, owing to a pausing intonation peculiar to it that suggested the fall of a breaking wave. His charity was unstinted, and he was, from first to last, absolutely simple and unpretentious. Once, when his mother arrived at Cambridge in her stately equipage of a coach drawn by four black horses, he was unable to obey her summons to come down in consequence of his only pair of shoes being at the cobbler's; and he did not grow smarter as he grew older. 'I can see him now,' Mr. Groome writes, 'walking into Woodbridge with an old Inverness cape, slippers on feet, and a handkerchief, very likely, tied over his hat. Yet one always recognised in him the Hidalgo. Never was there a more perfect gentleman.'

Himself and his 'shabby life' (as it appeared to him) he held in small esteem. He was apt to regard his correspondence as intrusive, and demanded for his inimitable letters often not so much as the compliment of a bare acknow-

ledgement. Yet in writing them he was unconsciously building up his own literary reputation, besides preparing for thousands such pleasure as he himself took in his Sévigné. Even hardened reviewers like ourselves cannot refer back to a marked passage without imminent risk of getting ensnared by the charm of pages already perused. 'L'appétit vient en mangeant.' We can only regret that so many of these choice missives have perished. Of the hundreds, for instance, addressed to Spedding, not one survives. But, before condemning their destruction as a delinquency, we should assure ourselves that it was not the performance of a duty; and on this point we have no information.

Fitzgerald 'pretended to be little more than a versifier;' and it must be admitted that his outfit as an original poet was incomplete. True, some delicious verses by him, of which Lamb said 'Tis a poem I envy,' appeared anonymously in the 'Athenæum' of July 9, 1831; but the singing impulse to a great extent died out; no inner coercion drove him to produce, and life suggested no theme that came within the compass of his lyre. Besides, the *cui bono?* as he said of other enterprises, deadened him at every step. He found at last in books the lacking inspiration. Introduced in 1850 to Calderon by Mr. E. B. Cowell, now Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge, Fitzgerald promptly recognised his vocation as a translator. As a translator, and more. For he worked up the theory that 'translation must be 'paraphrase to be readable;' and that to retain 'forms of 'verse and thought irreconcilable with English language 'and English ways of thinking' was fatal to vitality:—

'I am persuaded,' he wrote to Mr. Lowell, 'that, to keep life in the work (as Drama must), the translator must re-cast the original into his own likeness, more or less—the less like his original, so much the worse—but still, the live Dog better than the dead Lion, in drama, I say. As to Epic, is not Cary still the best Dante? Cowper and Pope were both men of genius, out of my sphere; but whose Homer still holds its own? The elaborately exact, or the "teacup-time" parody?'

In 1853 he published his brilliant version of six of the less-known Calderon dramas; in 1865, he was encouraged to print, for private circulation, 'The Mighty Magician,' and 'Life is a Dream.' The surprising merit of the works was at once recognised. The plays were not so much translated as transmuted into English. No mere anatomical preparations, but moving organisms, albeit modified by a daring process of artificial selection, were added to our literature;

and the success of the experiment was emphasised, much to Fitzgerald's astonishment, by the bestowal upon him in 1881 of the Calderon Medal.

His Persian were begun some three years later than his Spanish studies, but under the same auspices; and they quickly bore fruit. From the first, he was fascinated by Omar Khayyam, the 'Mahometan Blackguard' (Carlyle's term of endearment towards him) whose precept 'Let us eat and drink' (chiefly the latter), 'for to-morrow we die,' has never needed strenuous enforcement. 'Poor fellow!' exclaimed Fitzgerald, 'I think of him, and Oliver Basselin, and 'Anacreon; lighter shadows among the shades, perhaps, 'over which Lucretius presides so grimly.' He did more than think of him. For in 1859, in beggarly disguise as to paper and print, but magnificent vesture of verse, appeared the

'golden Eastern lay,
Than which I know no version done
In English more divinely well;
A planet equal to the sun
Which cast it, that large infidel,
Your Omar.'

So Tennyson wrote in that funeral dedication of 'Tiresias,' committed to press only after the 'full light of friendship' commemorated by it had sunk into darkness.

Fitzgerald also adapted from the Persian Attâr's 'Bird-Parliament,' and Jâmi's 'Sâkâman and 'Absâl;' but with less *éclat*:—

'I hardly know,' he said, 'why I print any of these things which nobody buys. I suppose very few people have ever taken such pains in translation as I have: though certainly not to be literal. But at all cost, a thing must *live*: with a transfusion of one's own worse life if one can't retain the original's better.'

His version of the 'Agamemnon' was not intended for those who know the original; but, 'by hook or by crook, to 'interest those who do not.' It is nevertheless a majestic poem, animated with antique vigour, if little regardful of its antique model. Scholars may well 'gasp and stare' at the summary mode in which textual difficulties are disposed of. It was regarded by the author as the most 'impudent' of all his productions, Æschylus, as he truly said, 'being left 'nowhere.'

Fitzgerald printed in 1851 a sort of Platonic dialogue entitled 'Euphranor,' the concluding passage of which, describing a boat-race at Cambridge, was considered by

Tennyson a very beautiful piece of English prose. 'I wonder he should have thought twice about it,' Fitzgerald remarked in his unfeigned humility. Yet he had some liking for this 'pretty specimen of chiselled cherry-stone.' There is, indeed, something of the *caviare* flavour about it. The 'man in the street' may be got to admit its merits; only a connoisseur can enjoy them. 'Euphranor' is in a high degree academic; it smells of the lamp; there is something set and deliberate about plan alike and execution; it wants impulse, vehemence, *entrain*.

Fitzgerald caught the ear of the public only when lifted by a wave of enthusiasm; and he did all he could, by oddities and caprices in publication, to prevent the success which came late, from coming at all. Nor was he dazzled by its onset. 'What I think, and know,' he said, 'of my small escapades in print' is that they are 'nice little things, some of them, which may interest a few people for a few years. But I am always a little ashamed of having made my leisure and idleness the means of putting myself forward in print, when really so many much better people keep silent, having other work to do.' And this was his genuine feeling. It seemed, if one might say so, just touch-and-go whether the world ever heard of him. A shade more indolence, a shade less impetus, and the 'nightingale of Woodbridge' might have uttered no audible note. Its absence would not only have impoverished the orchestra of modern English song, but the public would have been debarred from the privilege of his posthumous acquaintance. His letters, had they come from an undistinguished recluse, would assuredly have suffered cremation, or been abandoned to decay; they have been in great part happily preserved as recording the thoughts and sentiments of the interpreter of Æschylus, Omar, Calderon—of one not altogether unworthy to join the visionary company of Tiresias,

'On one far height, in one far-shining fire.'

ART. VI.—*History of the Philosophy of History.* By PROFESSOR ROBERT FLINT. 8vo. Edinburgh and London : 1893.

WE are indebted to Professor Flint, of Edinburgh, for an elaborate and highly conscientious volume of over 700 pages, in which the 'philosophy of history' is expounded, and the history of that philosophy among its French expositors examined and reviewed. The author began by dealing with the French and German authorities unitedly in an earlier volume; he was then called off to other studies, and now resumes the subject in an altered form. The most original part of the present work is the 'Introduction,' of 170 pages, in which the principal contributory ideas to the philosophy are referred to their contributors, and the great ancient and mediæval writers who touch the subject are criticised. In these five opening chapters Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome, Fathers and Schoolmen, Arabian and other Oriental sources, furnish their representative writers, whose developments of the subject form the undivided stream of tradition. Of this the French School becomes then an offshoot, and is treated (inclusively of Belgium and Switzerland) in twelve more chapters, each with two or more subdivisions, being a classification of the material supplied by the writers discussed. After the chroniclers, the principal names are Bodin, Bossuet, Montesquieu, Turgot, Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Thierry, Mignet, Saint-Simon, Guizot, Michelet, and Comte. Of all these and many more the distinctive principles and chief characteristics of method are traced and commented upon. Thus, the latter twelve chapters are the condensed essence of a modern French historical library. And we seem to be promised another volume each for the German, Italian, and English contributories respectively; some of which may possibly, in the twentieth century, pass under the astonished eyes of grateful reviewers.

Early in his 'Introduction' our author breaks a lance with his rival, Professor Goldwin Smith, who admits a 'philosophy,' but rejects a 'science, of history,' because 'a science of history can rest on nothing short of causation.' To this the former rejoins that 'uncaused or imperfectly caused events in history' are inadmissible, with a quasi-challenge to all or any soever to point out any such. But surely, for the purposes of science, the event must not only

be fully caused, but the cause fully ascertained and stated. 'De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio : ' What can science have to do with occult causes? If our author demands events of which the causes are occult, he can have them in any quantity. On not a few such we shall have to touch further on. We will pause, however, to give him a sample. Trajan pushed on his conquests beyond the Danube, and added Dacia to the Empire. He then pushed eastward to the Persian Gulf. He shortly afterwards died, too prematurely for his scheme of conquest, and was believed to have adopted Hadrian, upon whom, through that belief, the Empire devolved. This successor at once retrenched the Eastern conquest, returned to Rome, and built largely there. Now, what theory of causation has history to offer, beyond the idiosyncrasies of the two men and their accidental juxtaposition in time and office, for this reversal of the engine of conquest? What caused a warlike and aggressive Cæsar to come first, and a pacific and building Cæsar to come next? Why is an Eastern province added, and then at once dropped? Those idiosyncrasies and that juxtaposition form the very *cruz* of the question, which, although not an important, is a very clear one; and a question it remains. The unknown element conquers us, and leaves our philosophy or science—call it which you please—in default.

Or take, as a yet simpler instance, the attempt of Julian 'the Apostate' to rebuild Jerusalem, baffled by the outburst of subterranean globes of flame, with violent explosions, which drove the workmen from their posts. The fact stands attested by his heathen panegyrist, Ammianus Marcellinus, as well as by the Christian authorities, his opponents. His purpose was to cast contempt upon Christian prediction, and it failed. It is not merely the physical phenomenon, but the moral defeat, which needs explanation. But here, too, secondary causes fail us. The one is no more explicable than the other. Our 'oracles are dumb.' That the God who 'spake by the prophets' avenged His own truth, is the old-fashioned ratiocination on the subject; which postulates a creator and a continuation of creative energy—*afflavit Deus et dissipavit*. At any rate, that cause is adequate, and they who reject it have nothing to put in its place.

Although it sounds like a truism, it is necessary to premise that the greatest factor in the history of man is necessarily man himself. When all contributory influences of soil, climate, area, configuration, have been weighed, and allow-

ance made for adventitious, or migratory, and institutional causes, as also for pressure from without of race upon race, and for that of masses on the margin of subsistence, there remains the insoluble ultimatum of the problem—individual character, with its manifold and startling divergencies, and racial or national character, with its hardly less contrasted capacities, activities, and stagnations. Indeed, all these contributory agencies, except those first four, which we may group as geographical, are themselves direct functions of men and of races. Without these latter there could have been nothing ‘adventitious,’ *i.e.* communicable through migrations or traditions—no commerce, whether of material products or of ideas. There could have been no ‘institutional’ influences unless men had first founded institutions; just as there could have been no pressure of nation upon nation or tribe upon tribe unless the molecules of individuality had felt and generated it first. Thus the primary and most permanent element is always that which is irreducible to system, which resists quantitative analysis, and the resolution of forces into formulas. It is comparatively easy to show how the external influences have played upon these ultimately determinant factors of the individual and the race. But how these last are originated, distributed, blended, and governed, is a problem of which the data are unregistered.

There are some who estimate all races of mankind by their ‘progress,’ by which most who use the word seem to mean an increase in intellectual activity, leading to a larger ascendancy of man over Nature. That such progress is a fact, on the whole seems undoubted; for man, having the gift of memory and possessing inventive faculties, commonly retains what he has discovered, and applies the same faculties to discover further; and so with regard to inventions. At the same time, it is difficult not to believe that some inventions have been lost and painfully rediscovered, while some perhaps once possessed have perished. Is there a philosophy to account for this? But again, amidst the facts of progress claimed for humanity, is there anything more astounding than the *non*-progress in the most human of all the arts of life—medicine, including surgery, for over a thousand years? For a millennium or more the therapeutic mind sat in torpor, repeating formulas at the feet of the dead Galen, as though his works had been the *ultima Thule* of science, the apocalypse, as it were, of her closed canon. There is, perhaps, a thin vein of originality in Paulus Ægineta; but the larger part

of his remains are a compilation, and Galen still their principal source. In Paulus, within the seventh century, the roll of Græco-Latin medicine closes, and we wait until Linacre, Caius, and Harvey have come and gone, before the seal on the sepulchre of mind is broken. If arts make human life, why this utter standstill in the most needful of all—that one of all in which the interest of man is most direct and continuous? In evidence of which stagnation we adduce the fact that the Latin version of Galen was printed first at Venice in 1480. In the next century either twenty or twenty-two editions issued, in the following century and since *not one*. Surely this is as much a part of human history as the devolution of empires and the changes of dynasties. Where, then, is the ‘causation’ to account for it, and for the wonderfully accelerated rate of progress since, man having the same average of faculty and the same interest in himself all along?

The true index of progress as between races, and in the same race, is compound, being made up of (1) ideality, *i.e.* their capacity for and power of propagating the religious, moral, political, nomothetic, artistic, &c., ideas; and (2) their power of clothing these ideas in concrete forms—not necessarily material ones. For lack of this (2) much of the higher ideality of Orientals has remained barren. These functions of ideality are what determine man’s progress in reference to himself, and always tend most to determine it in reference to his surroundings. But to the question, why these gifts are poured forth here so lavishly, there so scantily, there is no answer to be had.

Of course, in an ideal man or nation all these grandly governing ideas would march together. This they, equally of course, never do in fact. In many examples all those which should lead seem utterly stagnant, in some they seem to retrograde. Such is the record of Greece from her heroic period onward through Lykurgus, Solon, and Perikles, to democracy in decay at Athens, and Sparta little else than a hireling of the Persian. What a contrast to Salamis and Thermopylæ! Seduced by sudden conquest in the Macedonian-Asiatic period, the moral standard of Greece drops with a fall as from a precipice. Philosophic speculation had driven a wedge between religion and morals, and left a fatal rift. Similar, on the whole, was the moral career of Rome, save that there the greater tenacity of the domestic tie, the stronger grip of positive law, and the discipline of a more gradual struggle for conquest, enabled a longer stand to be

made. Public amusements are the surest outward sign of inward morals. They determined at Rome in obscene degeneracy of the drama, gross appetite for barbaric spectacle, and gladiatorial orgies of blood. Then Greece and Rome blend their dregs of moral decay in that Circean cup of world-wide empire—Cæsarism, which accepts Christianity too late to save it, able only to save the young, conquering races from blood-poisoning by contagion. Such is the disastrous record of the two greatest ancient races, which have left a well-defined outline, and which, in some branches of the ideal—for instance, in philosophy and art, in jurisprudence and politics—have bequeathed to us lessons ineffaceable and models unsurpassed.

Nor is it too much to say that in the leading modern nations moral progress halts, and the over-development of intellect, especially in the forms of physical science, results in abnormality, if not monstrosity of ideal. But taking such progress as we can show for what it may be worth, why is it measured here by the swift onward roll of a river, and in China by the downward creeping of a glacier? So that our last great poet sings:—

‘Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Kathay.’

Is there any general cause which embraces both of these extremes, with all their intermediary gradations? Is there any law to which all are referable? If there is a ‘science’ of history, it ought to elicit such cause and establish such law. It has wholly failed to do so. And this brings us to the point that the assumed ‘science’ is founded on selected and more or less homogeneous examples—in short, on picked and potted specimens. It can generalise on the circle of nations which form Western Europe, but does not account for Russia or Turkey, far less for the races of India, China and Japan, South America, Polynesia and Africa. It is like a botany founded on the experimental observation of a hot-house.

That all events shared by any considerable number of men have their antecedents and consequents is no less axiomatic in the moral or political sphere than in the physical. Certain events tend to produce certain other events, and thus may be said to be their causes. Further, these causes are often general, and, so far as they can be traced, true generalisations of history are the result. Whenever these general causes recur they have a tendency to reproduce similar effects. But here comes in the fortuitous, *i.e.*

what to our intellect so presents itself; viz., some disturbing cause, due to the operation of some law of human nature always liable to operate, but the sudden activity of which could not be foreseen, at least on the scale on which it takes effect in the particular instance. Thus, unforeseen conditions arise in the problem, calculation is baffled, and some result, the opposite of what should have followed, startles us out of our philosophy of history. If this unexpected result has a widely extended range of operation, it next allies itself with a number of heterogeneous concurrent causes, some moral, some intellectual, some physical—all equally in the realm of nature or of man, all, therefore, equally possible—and thus a range of widely divergent further results is established, which again encounter further complications of other concurrent causes; and so the labyrinth grows in every direction, at every step. What can never be foreseen, or so rarely as to be quite exceptional, is, which particular one of all such possible concurrent causes will, in any given case, be the dominant one. All this reads like mere abstract reasoning, but, as will further be shown by concrete examples, is not therefore arbitrary or erratic.

Let us try to substantiate this in detail. All the territories which formed the ancient Roman Empire were more or less permeated by the spirit of its institutions, and were moulded for long centuries by its impress. They thus acquired a homogeneity, especially in the North and West, which no equal area of the world—omitting for our present purpose the non-institutional despotisms of Asia—has ever seen. On this area were superinduced the Gothic nations, all of them having a certain consanguinity, and imbued with kindred customs of race. Over all these, again, was thrown the dominant influence, received by some earlier, by others later, of the most humanising religion known to mankind; while that religion itself conserved a centre of diffusion and prevalence in Rome itself, to which clung the habit of domination when the principle which dominated became a spiritual one. It is obvious that here we have a series of conditions eminently favourable to the operation of general causes. But nowhere else in the experience of mankind have antecedents predisposing to homogeneity been thus prevalent. The bewildering surprises which overtake us elsewhere are here, to a great extent, excluded. The education of conquest, the being passed through the mill of durable institutions, the large amount of kinship in races and their customs, the genial dominance of a religion

which found its centre and its channels of circulation exactly or nearly so in the centre and channels of the olden political organisation—all these are really exceptional circumstances, when we look at the broader aspects of human history. But, except for this grand exception, the ‘philosophy’ of history would never have been heard of.

As might be expected from a subject so beset by complications, our philosophers are not all of one sect. The scepticism of Bayle, the theocracy of Bossuet, the semi-fatalism of Herder, the climatic theory of Montesquieu, the optimism of Leibnitz, the perfectibility of Condorcet, the ‘passional attraction’ of Fourier, the ‘magnetism’ of Captain Briick—to mention no more—contradict each other as often as they agree; although not more so, perhaps, than do Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Paley, Comte, and Herbert Spencer in the realm of ethics. Man, indeed, although ‘the proper study of mankind,’ is not an easy study to himself, even when treated in the abstract method. How much less when embodied in the concrete of historical surroundings, and their endless complexity of developements? Voltaire, who addressed himself to the task of laughing Christianity off the stage of the world, and thought his powers quite equal to the task, might have found in all the historical philosophers above named, had he not lived prior to some of them, an equal material for satirical derision, and even larger opportunities for the exposure of practical absurdity.

Each of the historical sages beforementioned starts with a theory or a preconceived idea. Take Condorcet for an instance. His central dogma is the perfectibility of the human species—always excepting kings and priests, the supposed joint sources of all its evil. His ‘Sketch’ was written more than a century ago, under the shadow, as it were, of that great moral purifier, the guillotine. France, in that period since, ought to have made great way towards perfection. She has got rid of kings, she has minimised the influence of priests, especially in all things educational. The result is that the prisons and reformatories of Paris in particular and France in general are distended, as it were, to bursting by a plethora of juvenile crime; while the adult criminal population has developed a new social hydra of wholesale atrocities—not, of course, that they are confined to any one country—expressly directed to convulse and terrorise society, to paralyse the repressive hand of law, and make the public peace impossible. The

progress of civilisation, in which Condorcet put his trust, is chiefly intellectual and material, alike in its aims and in their results. We can by degrees overcome the adverse powers in Nature around us—viz. by improved intellectual processes applied to the world of matter. But those within us we cannot expel, nor, save by the influence of religion, even moderate. Thus, while civilisation seems to advance, at any rate, in a zigzag line, and within a limited area, intellectually and materially, in morals it seems to go round and round a fixed point. Among ourselves, it seems certain that crime has not diminished, and there are various uneasy indications that it is rather increasing than diminishing. Van Oettingen's '*Moralstatistik*,' published in its third edition twelve years ago, told the same tale, with different shades of deepening blackness, for all the cycle of countries which it included. When we have this dismal record to set off against the fact that certain forms of vice, once condoned by society, are now disreputable, there seems absolutely nothing to confirm Condorcet's cardinal assumption.

Take as a crowning instance the United States of America. Only the older heads among us can recall the inflated auguries of human amelioration in which the enthusiasts of humanity two generations ago indulged as they looked across the Atlantic. The States have since then rapidly become an old country. They have developed all the vices of old countries, with an exaggerated intensity in some. Nowhere, probably, have criminal organisations so audaciously challenged public authority and outraged the public peace. Nowhere, certainly, has municipal corruption attained such scandalous dimensions. New York can probably give any known city, great or small, many points in this game of public turpitude, and score an easy victory. Here in Great Britain certain aspects of public life show a lowered standard of public virtue. The facts on which we here touch are urged in no spirit of party, but solely as illustrating by 'modern instances' our grounds for impugning the claims of a philosophy of history. Bribery, banished from elections of individuals, takes the wholesale form of enactment by statute, and legislation itself now

'Lends corruption lighter wings to fly.'

As regards some of the measures which have recently been forced through the House of Commons, the Legislature itself is at the lowest moral ebb which our parliamentary

history has ever witnessed. The honourable and edifying traditions of three centuries seem for some sessions to have been dying out. But only since the last general election has the Irish vote there been a dominant power, absolutely ruling, or largely swaying, all critical divisions. Of that Irish vote a large and influential factor is a gang of convicts for a criminal conspiracy. The effect is like that of giving the casting-vote in a committee of public safety to a burglar. The scenes of unmannerly and overbearing rudeness, and the outbursts of coarsely vituperative interruption, reaching on one notable occasion to a brawl of actual violence, are only the outward symptoms of the disease. That disease is the demoralisation of the House. What wonder that a leaven of unscrupulousness, deepening into corruption, taints legislation also! Another sure sign of decadence is the fact that, the lower its moral tone declines, the more impatient the House becomes of check or restraint, and, impotent of self-control, seeks to impose its own control everywhere. It is like the drunkard who has drowned his reason to inflame his passions, kicks his remonstrant wife, and assaults the police. If the national representatives give these proofs of decadence, the nation represented can hardly be advancing. These sinister omens, then, may well arrest those eulogies of civilisation and progress, the truth of which is more or less widely assumed by the philosophers of history.

Among the primary but the obscurest factors of all mediæval history are the outswarms of peoples on the habitable area, with their consequent displacements and intermixtures. The prehistoric marches of early migratory tribes westward from Asia to Europe lie, like fossilised facts, pressed down into the rock-bed of the elder ages by the overlying accumulations of later time. But as regards the great impact of later human masses on the fabric of the Roman Empire, we note that those upon its northern and western frontier had just ceased when those upon its eastern margin began. By the end of the sixth century A.D. the Lombards, crossing the head of the Adriatic from Pannonia, had established their supremacy in Italy. In 630, Mohammed proclaimed war against 'the Empire of the Romans,' and the reduction of Syria, its eastward province, was effected by 638. To the westward movement of the Arabian Saracens succeeded the successive overwhelming of Bulgarians, Magyars, Seljukian Turks, Kharezmians, Mamelukes, Comans, Moguls, and Ottoman Turks. Mediæval history is the continuous

corollary of these two groups of movements, *plus* that of the Scandinavian races. In them lie all the fountain-springs of the after-time. What originated either of them, what timed these swings of the vast pendulum of humanity to occur when they did, or why those of Asia followed those of Europe, and not *vice versa*, are questions as unsearchable as the cause of the earthquakes which shake cities from their seats. Here the philosophy of history has no clue to give us. Primary facts should illustrate first principles. If there were any scientific basis worthy of the name, we ought to find it here. The would-be science, on the contrary, lies, like the image of Dagon, broken on the threshold of its precinct.

What, again, from a purely scientific standpoint, is the account of the ineffaceable distinctness and persistent ubiquity of the Jewish race? What of the pressure of Mohammedanism upon Western Christianity for so many centuries, after founding dynasties in three continents, until reversed by the capture of Granada? and what of the subsequent relegation of that creed, so active once, to the decadent and receding races of mankind? Far ahead of European civilisation in the eighth and following centuries, why do the Moslems fall behind it just when the Crusading floods, which threatened to sweep them away, subside, and leave them unmolested to follow their own development? The questions opened by diverging into Oriental history are too wide for the generalisations of philosophy, which cannot throw a bridge of a span to reach from Europe to Asia. In the vast currents of movement which bring Easterns and Westerns face to face they signally fail us. In such events, whether attended by large consequents or barrenly isolated, there is a rugged uniqueness intractable to induction. Our scientists cannot, as we said, account for the Jews. They can as little account for the gipsies. The bridge which we desiderate between East and West breaks down exactly when we need its viaduct most.

It being obviously impossible within our limits of space to deal with the long array of French representatives of this province of literature, as we have already dealt incidentally with Condorcet, we propose to take M. Guizot chiefly as the representative writer, and to touch more briefly on Bossuet and Voltaire, as respectively exhibiting the extremes which he fails to cover. M. Guizot is near enough for us to claim personal continuity with his flourishing period, yet far enough removed for dispassionate criticism

to operate. He, moreover, displays in their amplest measure the penetrative research, the widely sweeping generalisation, and the highly cultured human sympathies, which should go to make the philosopher of whom we are in quest. Professor Flint is no doubt correct in saying that 'he lacks the 'pictorial and dramatic imagination, the interest for what 'is individual in character or actions, without which no man 'can be a great historical artist;' but it is a novel demand surely to look for the qualities of the 'artist' in the philosopher. We desiderate not those broken colours of the spectrum which go to kindle up 'pictorial and dramatic' effects, but rather that wholeness of the *lumen siccum* which is calm, equable, and steady, wide and deep. We were alleging the breakdown of philosophy as between East and West. Let us take as a large-scale instance the Crusades. M. Guizot is perhaps most brilliant here. We venture to think he is also least satisfactory. He is assigning the moral cause of their prevalence in the following passage:—

'La cause morale, vous le savez, c'était l'impulsion des sentiments et des croyances religieuses. Depuis la fin du VII^e siècle, le christianisme luttait contre le mahométisme, il l'avait vaincu en Europe [a very questionable statement, surely], après en avoir été dangereusement menacé; il était parvenu à le confiner en Espagne. Là encore, il travaillait constamment à l'expulser. On a présenté les croisades comme une espèce d'accident, comme un événement imprévu, inouï, né des récits que faisaient les pèlerins au retour de Jérusalem, et des prédications de Pierre l'Ermite. Il n'en est rien. Les croisades, Messieurs, ont été la continuation, le zénith de la grande lutte engagée depuis quatre siècles entre le christianisme et le mahométisme. Le théâtre de cette lutte avait été jusque là en Europe; il fut transporté en Asie.'*

An excessive love of generalisation and simplification seems the fault here. It will be observed that in the last sentence the learned writer speaks of the scene of the struggle 'transporté en Asie' as he might have spoken of that of the Peloponnesian War transferred to Syracuse by the Sicilian expedition of the Athenians, or of that of the Second Punic War to Carthaginian soil by the invasion of Africa under Scipio; or, to come nearer modern times, of the sequel of the battle of Leipzig, when the last campaign of the Allied Powers in 1813-4 transferred the struggle against Napoleon to the soil of France. It is almost needless to say

* Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe, ed. 1880, p. 231.

that such language is highly misleading. There was, in effect, no such transfer. The struggle in Spain against the Moors was not materially affected by the Crusades. Its preponderant factor was the gradual consolidation of the Spanish monarchy under Ferdinand the Catholic. The Saracens had been already dispossessed of Sicily by the Normans before the Crusades began. Let us see what light is thrown on the moral causes of these latter by the impartial evidence of an historian writing without a thesis to maintain. We quote from Koch's 'History of Europe' (English translation, 3rd ed., p. 42):—

'Pilgrimages to Jerusalem, which were in use from the earliest ages of Christianity, had become very frequent about the beginning of the eleventh century. *The opinion which then very generally prevailed, that the end of the world was at hand*, induced numbers of Christians to sell their possessions in Europe, in order that they might set out for the Holy Land, there to await the coming of the Lord. So long as the Arabs were masters of Palestine they protected these pilgrimages, from which they derived no small emoluments. But when the Seljukian Turks, a barbarous and ferocious people, had conquered that country (1073) under the Kalifs of Egypt, the pilgrims saw themselves exposed to every kind of insult and oppression. The lamentable accounts which they gave of these outrages on their return to Europe excited the general indignation, and gave birth to the romantic notion of expelling these infidels from the Holy Land.'

Thus a highly popular but ill-founded belief in the West, acting as a stimulus to pilgrimage, combined its results with those of one of the periodical outbursts of Central Asiatic hordes, which are no more to be accounted for than a swarm of ants or a shoal of herrings. These results included, some half-century later, the displacement of Arab rule from the Oxus to the Nile by these Seljuks mastering their earlier lords and teachers, and obtaining in the last quarter of that century the lordship of the Holy City. This to win, and not the *Holy Land*, was the distinct aim of the Crusaders. Much less was it any answer of awakening Europe, now in its heroic age, to the Moslem challenge of 'The Korán or the sword,' or any policy of carrying the war into the enemy's country, which carried the Cross eastward. Had any such general cause of quarrel moved the Christian hosts, they would probably have concentrated, in the footsteps of Charles Martel, only further south, upon Spain, the latest annexation of the Crescent, a land rich with the memories of all the Councils of Toledo, but now trodden down by the infidel. There was, in fact, no such general cause as M. Guizot assigns, and but for the two very unphilosophical circum-

stances above mentioned the Crescent might have floated, unchallenged by the West, on the walls of Zion until now.

Here we may aptly exemplify what was said above, that 'an unexpected result, having a widely extended range of operation, allies itself with a number of heterogeneous concurrent causes,' by which 'a range of widely divergent further results is established.' The Crusades were the primary unlooked-for result, which allied itself in different countries with heterogeneous concurrent causes. In Italy, the further result was vastly to consolidate the growth of the republics and unite their league under the leadership of the Popes against the Emperor, thus strengthening the Papacy in its struggle with the Empire. In Germany, their result went to acquire freedom steadily for the cities, from the time when Godfrey, starting for the first Crusade, sold their liberties to the citizens of Metz, to the date of the public confederation of the Hanseatic Cities in 1364.* In the same Empire, yet further, the result was to weaken the power of the imperial crown and enhance that of the great feudatories; in France, to draw off turbulent vassals and consolidate the forces of royalty; in England, through the patriotic influence of the Church, enhanced by the Crusades, harmonising the league of the nobles and people, it tended to limit royal despotism and pave a broader way for popular liberties. It also brought out fully not only the financial value, but the warlike prowess of the mercantile class, ranged it side by side with the territorial aristocracy, and inspired it with the same patriotic ardour. Bishop Stubbs says:—

'The men of London had made their pilgrimages to Palestine and fought their sea-fights on the way, in company or in emulation with the noblest of the Norman lords. . . . Andrew of London and his fellow-citizens, in 1147, had done good work for Christendom at the capture of Lisbon, the only real success of the second Crusade, and in 1190 William Fitz-Osbert and Geoffrey, the goldsmith of London, were among the chief men of the Fleet which saved the infant kingdom of Portugal from Moorish conquest.' He adds in a note, 'Henry of Huntingdon specially remarks that this great victory was won not by the nobles, but by men of middle rank.' (*Constit. Hist. of England*, i. p. 631.)

The third Crusade threw many English estates into open market to furnish equipment for the pilgrimage of war. The

* See 'The Results of the Crusades,' *Edin. Rev.* Jan. 1894, p. 179, Koch's 'History of Eur.' (Period iv. and v. pp. 50 and 68.)

mercantile class, thus elevated already, became large buyers, and thus won their way to territorial rank. Many a town bought its charter from seigneurs in similar difficulties, and the title of 'Mayor,' itself Norman, passed from the nominee of a noble to the elected chief of the civic commune. Thus in municipal franchises the foundation-courses of wider freedom were traced through the influence of the Crusade. Professor Flint, on p. 179, underrates these moving forces, when he says, 'The Crusades affected the social and 'national development of England comparatively little.' In Germany their influence was centrifugal, in Italy and France centripetal, though with a difference; in England it tended to produce a constitutional equilibrium—all this growing, through an alliance with secondary causes, out of a mistaken belief in the West, and a *ver sacrum*, as Cæsar might have called it, in the far East, beyond Caucasus and Hydaspes. So the wave of a submarine earthquake washes one vessel from her moorings out to sea, drives a couple more high and dry upon rocks or sand, and wafts a fourth safe into a landlocked haven.

But of all the unscientific surprises opened by the Crusades to the student of history, the strangest is that of the Latin Empire which seated itself for over half a century (1204–1261) at Constantinople. A dynastic quarrel happened there to coincide with the muster then forming at Venice for the Fourth Crusade. Of palatial intrigues, pregnant often with such dynastic changes, the decaying Greek Empire was a fertile hotbed. Alexius, the son of Isaac Angelus, deposed, blinded, and imprisoned by another Alexius, his own brother, implored of the assembling potentates, chiefly French and Venetian, the restoration of his father as an eminent work of justice and piety, and bribed Papal patronage to his cause by the promise of Greek submission to the See of Rome. It was the old fable of the horse calling in the man to rid his pasture of the stag, and finding himself mounted and ridden by his new ally. In the great last campaign of 'blind old Dandolo' the Latin powers captured Constantinople, not for Alexius or Isaac, but for themselves. They not only captured, but sacked it, with far more atrocious havoc than was perpetrated by the victorious Turk two and a half centuries later. The whole was an egregious act of rapacious selfishness, and its only permanent result that of fatally weakening the Greek Empire, and so inviting the last and decisive assault of 1453, while, as a more transitory result, it considerably enlarged the commercial empire of

Venice. Here, again, we have a concurrence purely fortuitous, as seen from the standpoint of the scientist, of an Eastern crown going as it were a-begging, with a gathering of quasi-religious filibusters ready to make prize of it; and forthwith the whole project of an armed pilgrimage to Jerusalem vanishes in the vortex of rival empires and Churches at Constantinople. But as many hard cases make bad law, so many fortuitous occurrences make bad philosophy. 'Rien n'arrive que l'imprévu,' is a proverb which cuts at the root of such scientific pretensions.

The only Crusade to which M. Guizot's theory seems even partially to apply was the last, and that was the direct outcome of the personal character of its saintly hero, Louis IX. Here there does seem a consciousness on the king's part of a general struggle of opposing principles, and a choice of ground guided by a policy. At any rate, had he succeeded at Tunis he might easily have smitten the Spanish Khalifate in the rear, or the Egyptian, against which he had failed at Damietta, on the flank. But for his uncalculating devotion—for, if ever a man fell into a ditch through walking with his eyes fixed on the stars, it was St. Louis—we should have had no Seventh Crusade to register. The whole turned on the chance emergence of a rarely spiritual personality, longing to win the greatest of earthly causes, or die its champion; and he had his wish. History is full of such chance emergences of startling individualities. Take as examples—passing by the ancient world—Athanasius and Ambrose, Belisarius, Mohammed, Charlemagne, King Alfred, Pope Hildebrand, William Wallace, Zingis Khan, the Maid of Orleans, Skanderbeg, Charles XII. of Sweden, and Napoleon. Is there any 'general cause' for the emergence, the success or failure, of all or any of these, and the scores of similar names in the star-map of history? Under what law can we range their horoscopes? As well try to 'bind the influences of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion.' You can establish no rule to comprehend their perigee and apogee which is not dissolved away into exceptions as soon as it is applied.

Or, to return to races of men, what more astounding than the Normans? The startling fact is their wonderfully short education and rapid adolescence. They seem, not once, like Cæsar, but often and everywhere, to 'come, and see, and conquer.' In Neustria, England, Naples, Sicily, Apulia, Russia, and, though less permanently, in Tunis, Tripoli, and in the Greek Empire, they carry the germs of a high yet

hardy civilisation, and mostly reinforce or extend the authority of the Popes. How different would Ireland have been if, instead of founding her then only cities on a few estuaries and coast-points, they had thoroughly conquered her, disciplined her into a nation, and given her a history! They come into history as sea-plunderers and Vikings, and pass out of it as the champions of organisation, the moral drill-masters of Europe. They are at once intensely incisive and profoundly assimilative, mordant as the acid and pervasive as the leaven, and then, like the leaven, are lost in the lump. To account for such a race of men emerging from the wintry fiords of the Baltic is a problem upon which philosophy is discreetly silent. These idiosyncrasies of person or of race are what meet us at every turn in the attempt to philosophise history. The unknown forces are always greater than the known. If it were not so we could, within converging limits, predict the future from the past. The science of history is what etymology would be, if new roots, new terms, and a fresh set of personal pronouns were liable to be obtruded on it at the shortest notice. 'There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it' is an old saying. But where would ichthyology be, if new monsters of the deep, singly or in the shoal, came to the net perpetually at the most startlingly irregular intervals? So as regards the Crusades. They arose from facts in man and nature which constantly exert a statical pressure, viz. an enthusiastic (although false) belief and an outswarm of a tribe. The question is, Why do they at a given moment suddenly assume a dynamical prominence, so as to destroy equilibrium? That is the vital point, and there philosophy fails.

The radical false assumption which vitiates the perspicuous reasonings of M. Guizot is that of the point of view. He assumes civilisation as the appointed goal of all things, and measures all things backward from it. The idea which has fascinated the student of history spreads its glamour over the objective area of his study. He analyses civilisation, and finds certain elements contained in it. He then analyses the past, and sometimes finds, sometimes reads these elements into it. It is true that under divers influences which had been in contact for centuries—interacting upon or counteracting each other, now in collision, now in collusion, at one time divergent, at another convergent—so much of Europe as lies between the Pyrenees and the Vistula has, together with Great Britain, attained a general equilibrium of civilisation. It is, therefore, too rashly in-

ferred that all things midway and meanwhile have paid tribute to that idea. As there is always a tide-wave under the moon, so it is assumed, all institutions have been throbbing and pulsing towards that idea. Now, in the first place, the existing equilibrium is one of art, sciences, manners, and life-living only. We have noticed its defectiveness in the moral sphere, and hereby account for its shortcomings in the political. But, whatever the cause, that great desideratum of civilised man—a stable political condition—is not included in it. Never, perhaps, since the feudal system passed away was the political framework so generally unstable as in this European old age of the nineteenth century. Considered in reference to its forms of government, Europe, even beyond the Pyrenees and the Vistula, as well as between them, was vastly more stable at the accession of George III. than at present.

But, in the next place, the events out of the midst of which, rather than by means of which, our existing civilisation has been wrought, have not seldom been most adverse to it. Take the invasions of the Franks under Clovis, and of the early Norsemen, before they became Normans, and the general conversion of allodes into feodes, as instances. Indeed, when the Roman Empire broke up there ensued a state of chaos among most of its surviving elements, for lack of their balancing elements and of the equable, harmonising pressure of the imperial system itself. An ice-pack, breaking up and attacked by a brisk current, which piles the tilted floes and grinding ridges one above the other in uncouth grandeur of titanic grouping, may give one some idea of it, but of course too monotonous in the resulting forms. Of these elements, some blended, some coalesced round new centres, often in grotesque and incongruous combination, with new elements of barbarism or semi-barbarism—for instance, the remnants of Roman law and usage with Frankish or Gothic custom—some of which were neutralised, some clashed in conflict and ground each other down. Many of these mediæval groupings of men and things were, humanly speaking, fortuitous, and their results abnormal. They had no aim at any idea of government beyond the self-protection which is everywhere the instinct of life. They had no model or ruling idea towards which they worked. The memory of the Old World, so richly diversified, from which Aristotle drew his object-lessons in the 'Politics,' had perished with it. The only centralising influence was the Papacy, with the monastic system as it shaped itself in the

West, which latter formed a spiritual reflex of olden Rome and her military colonies in the secular sphere. It was like a Gulf Stream in an Arctic Ocean. No better instance of M. Guizot's propensity to see systematic tendency in fortuitous occurrence can, perhaps, be found than in his reflections on the towns, cities, and communes of the Middle Ages. He thus insists on making burgher rights and civic democracy the key to the crusade led by Simon de Montfort against the Albigeois :—

‘Aussi, dans le courant du XI^e siècle et au commencement du XII^e, les villes de Provence, de Languedoc, d’Aquitaine, tendaient-elles à prendre un essor politique, à se former en républiques indépendantes, tout comme au-delà des Alpes. Mais le midi de la France était en contact avec une féodalité très-forte, celle du nord. Arriva l’hérésie des Albigeois. La guerre éclata entre la France féodale et la France municipale. Vous savez l’histoire de la croisade contre les Albigeois, commandée par Simon de Montfort. Ce fut la lutte de la féodalité du Nord contre la tentative d’organisation démocratique du Midi.’ *

After the above, no one will be surprised at the following, relating to the Flemish and other town groups :—

‘Je passe au nord de la France aux communes de la Flandre, des rives du Rhin, et de la ligue hanséatique. Là, l’organisation démocratique triompha pleinement dans l’intérieur des villes; cependant on voit, dès son origine, qu’elle n’est pas destinée à s’étendre, à prendre possession de la société tout entière. Les communes du Nord sont entourées, pressées par la féodalité, par les seigneurs et les souverains, de telle sorte qu’elles sont constamment sur la défensive. Il est clair qu’elles ne travaillent pas à faire des conquêtes; elles se défendent tant bien que mal. Elles conservent leurs privilèges, mais elles restent confinées dans leurs murs. Là, l’organisation démocratique se renferme et s’arrête; quand on se promène ailleurs, sur la face du pays, on ne la retrouve plus.’ (*Ib.* pp. 290, 291.)

The organisation of trading communities was, no doubt, anti-feudal in tendency; but this is far from implying that it was democratic. As regards the name ‘hans towns,’ the word ‘hans’ means a guild, and carries with it the notion of an artificial brotherhood, with real interests in common to cement it, with joint funds, rules of membership, festivals shared by all members, and the religious sanction of an oath and a patron saint, with special services in his honour. These institutions, if they gave the tone, as they certainly did the name, to the members of the famous League, led by Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen, were oligarchic in their

* *Hist. de la Civ. en Eur.*, pp. 289–90.

tendency, or, at least, tended to exclude rather more than to include. In the reign of Richard I. their English examples are noticed by Bishop Stubbs as follows:—

‘The victory of the commune is no guarantee for freedom or fair treatment to the poorer citizens; we no sooner find it in supreme authority than the riot of William Fitz-Osbert occurs, to prove that an oligarchy of the purse has as little of tender mercy as an oligarchy of the sword.’ (*Constit. Hist. of E.*, i. ch. xiii. p. 632, § 165.)

Perhaps the most popular element of the mediæval township was the asylum it opened for escaped serfs, and, we may assume with this, the interposition of difficulties in the way of their reclamation. But does anyone suppose that the serfs were therefore admitted to any of the guilds? Most certainly they were not. Their *status* would be just that of the *plebs* in early Rome, needing some freeman who had sac and soc to be their patron, guarantor, and representative—in the literal sense, to ‘go bail’ for them. The oligarchs of the guild would let them know their place, and make them keep it. There is mighty little of ‘democracy’ anywhere in this. But, of course, as time went on many of these serfs would acquire a *status*, and some might rise to municipal office. In Germany, after the twelfth century, we find copious traces of this liberality, and the classes of new citizens who were received to the freedom of the city distinguished as *pfahlburgers* and *ussburgers*, the latter denoting those who continued to reside outside the walls on the lands of their feudal superiors. But the restricted position and mural limitation assigned by M. Guizot to the Flemish, and especially to the Hanseatic cities, their circumscription by ‘feudality,’ as though by an enemy at their gates, and the arrest of their influence there by an impassable barrier, is really a false view.

‘The liberty,’ on the contrary, ‘which the inhabitants of cities had thus procured . . . extended itself to the inhabitants of the country by way of enfranchisements. . . . The sovereigns, guided by the maxims of sound policy, set the first example of this within their own demesnes; and they were speedily imitated by the feudal lords and nobles, who, either out of courtesy to their sovereigns, or to prevent the desertion of their vassals, or acquire new dependents, were compelled to grant liberty to the one and mitigate the servitude of the other.’ (Koch, *ub. sup.*, period iv. p. 47.)

We have here a clear example of what we noticed above—the tendency of this eminent writer to analyse the past in terms of the present. He finds among the elements of later-day civilisation the democratic sentiment prominent, and

he therefore reads it backward into the free cities of the Empire and the Baltic. What he *should* have noted in them is their tendency towards liberty—a very different idea from that of democracy; but of this he takes no account, and regards them as in a state of blockade under feudal influences; whereas they were radiating an influence of freedom everywhere into the masses of feudality around them.

But the most curious of his faults of omission is that he hardly ever looks across the Pyrenees. In the course of several hundred pages, discussing the affairs of Europe from the purely feudal period to the eighteenth century, a half-page in his tenth lecture, and rather less than a page in his eleventh, with just a passing notice here and there besides, is all that M. Guizot can find to spare for the Spanish portion of his subject.* In his discussion on the free cities, among which the large and noble part so early played by those of that peninsula should have ensured them a place of the greatest prominence, they are conspicuous by their absence only. The students of Hallam's 'Middle Ages' will, on the contrary, remember in Chapter IV. his picture of the ancient chartered towns of Spain, the firstborn heritors of liberty after the Gothic conquest, earlier than any similar in France or England—of liberty not purchased of a straitened sovereign by money grants, but held by the nobler tenure of patriotism, the obligation to defend the common country in her peril. Their extensive domains, including often estates of private owners, themselves charged with the duty of municipal obedience, and sharing municipal privileges, gave a wide control beyond their civic pales, and carried far afield the independent jurisdiction of free citizens. Of course, royal tribute was collected. by the king's officers, and military service required, the only dispensation from which was given for bodily infirmity; but the collector was jealously watched, and his margin of powers strictly limited, and the civil militia took the field under their own officers, like our own trainbands of a later period. Why is this whole civic page of early Spanish history thus a blank to our philosophic historian? Can it be that it involved in his eyes no democratic tendency? or that it died away so completely under the centralising tendencies of Ferdinand the Catholic, and the gloomier despotism of the Alva period, as to leave no germ of local

* Hist. de la Civ. en Eur. pp. 295, 308, 328, 343, &c.

self-government surviving? The presumption is that, somehow or other, it did not fit the theory, and that therefore the fact was suppressed.

More extraordinary still is the assertion that, speaking generally—

‘On peut affirmer des Cortès, comme des États généraux de France, qu’elles ont été un accident dans l’histoire d’Espagne, et jamais un système, une organisation politique, un moyen régulier de gouvernement.’ (Ibid. p. 295.)

If one read in the first clause of the above ‘on ne peut affirmer,’ the result would be a correct description of the importance of the Cortes until the ill-omened reign of Philip II. In every direction they limited the monarchies of Arragon and Castile, not only before, but after their union. They not only maintained the principle of no taxation, save by consent, through their representatives, of those on whom it is levied, but they examined the accounts, directed the appropriation of supplies voted to the crown, and checked their expenditure. In the fourteenth century the Castilian Cortes ‘were summoned by a writ almost exactly coincident in expression with that in use among us.’ In 1523 the deputies insisted on having answers to the allegations of grievance before they granted money. ‘That laws could neither be made nor annulled, except in Cortes,’ was an accepted ‘constitutional principle,’ and in 1506 expressly claimed by the deputies. ‘In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries they claimed and exercised far more ample powers than our own Parliament ever enjoyed. They assumed the right, when questions of regency occurred, to limit the prerogative, as well as to designate the persons who were to use it,’ and ‘they were usually consulted upon all material business.’* How these ample and seemingly secure safeguards to liberty expired under the forces of absolutism, Jesuitism, and the Inquisition, one would think would furnish a theme of philosophic disquisition, but M. Guizot, as we have seen, shuts the door in the face of all evidence, and ignores the existence of what his theory refuses to include.

But perhaps the most extraordinary omission of M. Guizot is his failure to note the extension of commerce among the growing factors of European civilisation. There is the general expression, ‘les relations commerciales,’ to be found on p. 313, as describing a class of ‘les affaires extérieures,’ which ‘appartiennent à la prérogative royale.’ But in spite

* Hallam, *ubi sup.* ch. iv. pp. 36–48.

of repeated mention of Venice and Genoa, and, as we have seen, a review of the free cities, especially those of the Hanseatic League, in their political aspect, for any estimate of commerce as an element of any nation's growth or of any kingdom's power, we look in vain. In a writer who made a close study of our own country this is wonderful; but what can be said of a philosophy of European history which leaves this out of the account? Similarly potent secondary factors similarly omitted from view are the rise and progress of universities and scientific studies, and especially the revived study of Roman civil and the inceptive study of Papal-Roman canon law. That these have all left powerful results in our existing civilisation goes without saying. Why, in such a review as M. Guizot offers, should they go without notice?

To turn to Bossuet, Professor Flint ably vindicates him against Mr. Buckle's somewhat malignant criticism, and yet seems hardly to understand him. He wrote as a Christian chief pastor, whose object was to represent the human race throughout its ages in relation to its Creator, Guardian, and Judge, and he traces this relation through all the national groups—although not through all equally—which are known through ancient record, or monumental or traditional evidence. God, as He created, so He sustains. He is a perpetual cause, not occasionally interfering, but always overruling. It is secondary causes which, in Bossuet's view, are accidental—'tout dépend immédiatement de Lui.' Here, therefore, Bossuet has a causation always adequate to any effect. No emergency is too paradoxical, no personality too startling for his philosophy. The well is always deeper than the bucket. God 'raised up' Pharaoh no less than Moses, and Nebuchadnezzar no less than Cyrus. He calls His instruments, and they appear on the scene to work out His purpose. To this all relations of events and persons *inter se* are subordinate, as to a primary and essential relation. With these subordinate inter-relations the human intellect busies itself—groups them, traces their affinities, ranges them in antecedents and consequents, generalises, and seeks to establish laws, which *may* be mediately and subjectively true, as between the mind perceiving and the phenomena perceived; whereas the relation with the Primary Cause is immediate and objective. This latter relation it is which rationalises prayer as an instinct of humanity. Bossuet, indeed, is not the consummate master of method and style which Professor Flint regards him as being. His sense of

proportion and order is sometimes defective. He spends an entire page in discussing the date of the letter of Themistokles to the Persian king, and elsewhere has another page or two to the effect that minute chronological details are tedious and superfluous. It may be, as Dr. Flint says, that he took his chronology from Usher without acknowledgement; but he expressly disclaims originality for it, and says that he follows the calculations most approved, 'sans m'engager à les garantir.' As regards order, where he is narrating the overthrow of Jerusalem by Titus he diverges to the attempt of Julian to rebuild it, and then recalls us to the insurrection of Barchocab nearly 250 years earlier. As regards the principles which are involved in events, he presents with great vividness the struggle of Athens and Sparta in the Peloponnesian war, as that of two ambitious rivals, alike 'republics,' but never suggests the radical difference of democratic and aristocratic institutions which so sharply divide them in Thucydides. Indeed, we very much question whether he had read that great historian, to whom his references are certainly of the rarest. To put it plainly, his classical Greek pages have a strong aroma of 'Plutarch's Lives.' Nor does he even tell us in its proper place (Part III.) that the war ended in the subjugation of Athens by Lysander, although, as he had already touched upon this finale *obiter* in Part I., 'Lysandre . . . prit Athènes et en changea le gouvernement,' he may perhaps be held excused. Similarly, the episode of Theban supremacy and the grand character of Epameinondas appear only in Part I.

That Bossuet took too narrow a view of the destinies and capacities of the outer nations, and runs them all, as it were, in the groove of the Church, is undoubtedly true (p. 228). But he could not then possess the wider resources of judgment which the great recent era of historic research has placed at our disposal. We stand on his shoulders, and can see beyond the ken of 'the Eagle of Meaux.' But we should remember that to present 'universal history' as nearly as possible in the aspect it might have worn, had it all been part of the Bible; to deal with Greece and Rome and other 'aliens from the commonwealth of Israel' as prophets might have dealt with them, was Bossuet's ideal of that history. And although no human mind, without the higher factor of inspiration, can be equal to 'this great argument,' yet, according to the measure of his powers, Bossuet was faithful to that ideal. It is, therefore, no slur upon his method that he 'makes what is an inference from the philosophy of history

'its fundamental premiss' (p. 227), and 'explains by the doctrine of a Providence the very condition from which we conclude the doctrine of a Providence.' 'The Lord began to cut Israel short, and Hazael smote them' (2 Kings, x. 32), is the Scriptural order of presentation, which Bossuet applies to secular history. Dr. Flint would have it in secular history the other way—'So-and-so were smitten (Poland partitioned, for example), and therefore Providence was against them.' That to Bossuet was a first principle, a permanent major premiss, a cause of causes, which his critic would gather by induction from facts. It is to the former like the axis of the earth, non-existent materially, imperceptible save to mathematical intuition, but to which its whole rotation is referable. Divine Providence is, similarly, an axiom of faith, only perceptible to spiritual intuition, and to it Bossuet would refer the revolution of events.

The opposite pole to Bossuet is Voltaire. His relation to Professor Flint's subject is shown chiefly in two works, not, like his 'Charles XII.' and his 'Siècle de Louis XIV.,' devoted to narratives of facts or pictures of events. These works are the 'Essai sur les Mœurs, &c.' and the 'Philosophie de l'Histoire.' The former, in its unpretentious title, follows Locke in his 'Essay of Human Understanding,' and is the principal one; and here he reaches a deeper vein of thought than had been struck before him. It is, in effect, the study of secondary causes in history, but of history seen in the motives and forces, moral and intellectual, which govern events—their inward anatomy rather than their outward contour. His chief defect is naturally on the moral side. He seems to give no due weight to the sense of reciprocal duty which underlay the feudal system, and to the influence of Christianity in developing the conscience of Western Europe. His chief error lies in the assumption of a savage and almost brutal origin for mankind, which gives an occasionally misanthropic tinge to his views of their stages of progress. His criticism on the history of the Jews, their national habits and their prayers in particular, is pitifully superficial. In reference to this last he writes in his 'Philosophie, &c.' (ch. xliv.), after picking out several of the imprecatory passages in the Psalter: 'We see that, if God had granted all the prayers of this people, there had remained nothing but Jews upon earth; for they detested all nations, and they were detested by them; and by incessantly requiring God to exterminate all those whom they hated, they seem to ask the destruction of the whole earth.' In the previous

chapter 'Of the Jewish Prophets' he shows not the slightest consciousness of the lofty moral standard which glows in their writings. The work is chiefly a thinly veiled polemic against traditional beliefs when sacred, and an open invective against them when secular. If the gods, it was said of old, had written Greek, they would have written as Plato wrote. If Mephistopheles had turned French author, he would have written as Voltaire writes—with a stile which becomes in his hands a stiletto. No doubt there was some positive moral basis in his asserted principles, and he is wholly free from the baser leaven of materialism, which taints a large class of modern so-called scientific writing. But, taken as a whole, he errs on the side of destructiveness, tearing up together the wheat and the tares. His strength and his enormous popularity lay not only in his superlative literary merits, but in the extent to which he was the focus of his age—an age in which the intellectual sense had largely outgrown the moral. 'He repeatedly,' says Professor Flint, 'expressed himself as if there were no law in human affairs, as if history were the domain of *'Sa Majesté le Hasard.'*' No doubt Voltaire's misanthropic tinge, noticed above, led him to exaggerate on this side, and regard man too much as the sport of circumstances. But, allowing for this, we recognise in a more moderate statement of the doctrine the fact that, as we said above, the unknown elements which govern history, and are therefore repugnant to any pretensions of a 'science' for it, are greater than the known, and we incline to the side of Voltaire against his critic on this point.

The action of the spiritual elements in humanity, which Voltaire, as far as he durst, ignored, seems to place a massive stumbling-block in the way of the self-assertion of historical science. During the Middle Ages those elements stood fixed in Western Europe in a great framework of solid institutions, into which all others fitted. That period has passed away, but their influence has not expired with it, nor seems likely to. Instead of fixed, they have become, as it were, floating capital. Do those who insist in the realm of sense on an objective reality corresponding to our subjective impressions admit or deny a similar objective and corresponding reality in the sphere of spirituality? If they deny it, they disturb and mutilate the sphere of morals too. If they admit it, then that objective reality cannot be without a scope of direct influence on man and on history. But a spiritual objective reality leaves no such traces as war,

famine, or pestilence leaves, and is by any human intellectual process unsearchable. This factor, thus inscrutable in its action, may put forth energies which outstrip all others, or may be so apparently dormant as to leave all others to exert themselves apart from it. And to any claim for a science of history this seems fatal. The claim seems only tenable by denying the objective reality of the spiritual sphere of being.

Professor Flint's style is a little too elephantine—a sort of Scoticised German, in which the aid of the inflexional links of sentences, which articulate the German, are of course wanting. The result is that the cumbrousness of the panoply of language not seldom overpowers the thought. There is a sentence of over ten printed lines near the top of p. 290 in which this is painfully apparent. Yet, on the whole, he has executed a task of laborious research, and one which imposes a constant and severe strain on the faculties of analysis and of judgement, with luminousness and candour. If we rise from the perusal of his volume in the sceptical attitude, whether there is or can be any science of history, we acknowledge that there are many theories of historical antecedence and consequence, some morally certain, some faintly probable, some merely plausible, although too few of the first sort to combine into a science.

ART. VII.—*The Dawn of Astronomy*. . By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S. 8vo. London : 1894.

IN discussing Professor Lockyer's work we propose to confine ourselves almost entirely to an examination of its leading theory, a somewhat more general form of which has been already maintained, with greater learning, though perhaps not greater success, by Herr Nissen,* that the Egyptians orientated their temples to the rising or setting places of stars. We take this course for two reasons—first, because it is this part of the work which has alone attracted general interest, as containing perhaps the only one of his theories which its author has himself understood sufficiently to make it intelligible to others; and, secondly, because if we were to attempt a refutation of all Mr. Lockyer's arguments that seem to us unsound, and all the statements which are demonstrably incorrect, it would be necessary for us to write a book nearly as long as his own. His original contributions to Egyptian history, and his account of the manner in which the spectacle of the heavens affected early man, we pass over, with the remark that we should prefer to learn our prehistoric astronomy from one who displayed at least an elementary acquaintance with the science at its early historic stage. Of the strife between the worshippers of the rising sun and the worshippers of the circumpolar stars, of the time when the north star and south star cults combined against the equinoctial cults, we shall say nothing except that we believe nothing.

To the orientation theory there is a very strong *a priori* objection, which Mr. Lockyer has entirely ignored. Such inattention is natural enough in one who appears to know almost absolutely nothing of Greek astronomy, except that Anaximander believed the earth to be in the form of a cylinder; while the extent of his researches into the few known facts of Egyptian astronomy may be gauged by his support of Biot's long exploded and always absurd theory that the 'round zodiac' of Denderah is an accurate star map for about the year 700 B.C. Biot invented this theory before it was even known that the Denderah temple was of Roman date.

A star map on which the stars are not marked, and a

planet occupies as much space as a zodiacal constellation, can hardly have been taken so seriously by its own maker as Mr. Lockyer takes it now. And, indeed, it is rather difficult to understand how he himself, who three years ago * thought the centre of the planisphere represented a point 64° from the pole, and now thinks, with Biot, it is the pole itself, can still believe a planisphere which could so delude an astronomer to be a star map. We may observe that anyone who now maintains this zodiac to be a monument of exact science must be prepared to affirm that the planets Mercury and Venus can be six signs apart. He must also, if capable of logic, abandon Mr. Lockyer's cherished belief that the Hippopotamus of the Egyptians was our Draco. Biot's one plausible argument, that three stars in 700 B.C. occupied in the heavens the same places as three stars on the medallion, vanished as soon as it was known that the so-called stars made part of the legends containing the planets' names. As for Mr. Lockyer's own argument, that 'almost every detail seen in the zodiacs of Denderah reproduces inscriptions or astronomical figures . . . which, without doubt, must be referred to the time of the 'eighteenth Dynasty,' we would observe, first, that the zodiacal figures themselves are among the details excepted, and, secondly, that because both Ptolemy and Homer mention Orion, it does not follow that the *Almagest* is as old as the *Iliad*.

To return to our *a priori* difficulty. It results from the law of the precession of the equinoxes that the rising places of the stars are not unchangeable, but move slowly along the horizon towards north or south. If, therefore, a temple was directed to the rising place of a star, the observation of which star rising was, as Mr. Lockyer maintains, an essential part of the temple worship, then in three hundred years or less the Egyptians could not fail to perceive that temple and star corresponded no longer. That they would have deduced the law of precession of course does not follow, and Mr. Lockyer's earlier suggestion † that Hipparchus derived his discovery from the Egyptians merely means that Mr. Lockyer has not read Ptolemy. But it does follow that long before the Ptolemies, who were themselves, according to Mr. Lockyer, in the constant habit of supervising the direction and redirection of temples, they must have known well that a star does not rise in the same place for ever.

* Nature, July, 1891.

† Nature, July, 1891.

How comes it then that the Greeks, who at least as early as the Egyptologist astronomer Eudoxus could have drawn the inference that the distances of the stars from the equator are not invariable, did not possess this knowledge till two hundred years after Eudoxus? For we are told that Hipparchus, on detecting the easterly movement of the stars, doubted much at first whether it took place parallel to the ecliptic or the equator. And Ptolemy, while observing that in his own time no such doubt was possible, adds that in the time of Hipparchus it was natural, as there was then nothing but the earlier Alexandrian stellar measurements to go upon.* Why did neither astronomer bethink himself of Egyptian temples—or of Greek? For Mr. Lockyer, in his utter ignorance of history, has thrown away his case by maintaining that the Greeks themselves, in imitation of Egypt, pointed temples at stars, and altered them too, when alteration became necessary, to follow the stars. It appears, therefore, that this Greek custom was unknown to the Greek astronomers. Nay, more wonderful still, one must conclude from what Vitruvius says on orientation that it was also unknown to the Greek architects.

Mr. Lockyer knows nothing of these difficulties, but this does not remove them from anyone's path but his own. Of positive evidence for his theory we shall first notice his statement that there are inscriptions which prove it.

Herr Nissen has collected some inscriptions describing a ceremony called 'stretching the cord,' which took place at the foundation of temples, and which Mr. Lockyer bids us believe consisted in the alignment of the temple by directing the cord to the rising place of a star. He seems to see nothing but sober history in accounts of a performance enacted by the king with the aid of a particular goddess, although we can prove that the king was not always present in the flesh, and may perhaps doubt whether the goddess was ever present except in spirit. In the older inscriptions, moreover, while there is a good deal about the cord, there is nothing whatever about the star; and since it appears that reading and writing made part of the proceedings, we are inclined to infer that the ceremony took place by daylight.

But 'in two cases,' says Mr. Lockyer, 'the star used for the alignment is actually named.' The cases are those of the Ptolemaic temple at Edfu, and the still later temple at

* *Almagest*, book vii.

Denderah. The Edfu inscription says, 'I cast my face 'towards the course of the rising constellations. I let my 'glance enter the constellation of the Thigh' (Great Bear). The 'star' turns out to be a large group of stars. How could a temple be aligned to the rising of a constellation, especially of one which neither rose nor set?

Mr. Lockyer is so far from being able to answer this question that, after claiming this mention of the Bear as a proof of his theory, he ends by deciding that the temple was directed, six thousand years before it was built, to another star not mentioned. In the meantime, since Dr. Brugsch tells us that the Thigh stood for the north to an Egyptian, just as the Bear did to a Greek, may we not suppose that the expressions used mean, as they would mean in Greek, no more than 'towards the north' and 'towards the east'?

The Denderah inscriptions make the king look, not simply at the Thigh, but at the 'Ak' of the Thigh. Since no one knows what 'Ak' means, no one can say for certain that it does not mean the star α Ursæ Majoris or Dubhe. But why should it? Mr. Lockyer replies that, as some one has guessed it elsewhere to mean 'culmination,' he may here translate it 'midmost star.' But before we can tell which was the midmost star we must ask if the Thigh answered only to the seven chief stars of the Bear, or also to any or all of the other stars which the later Greeks included in this huge constellation. 'We unfortunately have no definite information,' says Mr. Lockyer—a strange admission, seeing that a large part of his book is based on the assumption that we have. For if he does not know the limits of the Thigh, how can he tell us, as he does, the date when it became circumpolar in Egypt, or even whether it ever was circumpolar there at all?

In the present case he decides that the Thigh means only the seven stars, of which the midmost will be, not Dubhe, but δ , by far the dimmest of all. The Egyptians, therefore, he says, transferred the name 'Ak' to the star 'not far from 'it,' Dubhe, which he tells us several times is the brightest of the whole group, while once, with a startling affectation of historical knowledge, he styles it (p. 180) 'Dubhe, the 'chief star in the Great Bear in the time of the Ptolemies.' Why the Egyptians, if they meant 'brightest,' should have said 'midmost,' he does not explain. But can it be possible that Mr. Lockyer does not know the Great Bear by sight? Dubhe is not the bright star nearest δ ; it is not the brightest star in the Bear now, and Mr. Lockyer does not

know if it was the chief in the time of the Ptolemies. The only ancient evidence on the point is the catalogue in the *Almagest*, which makes all the chief stars in the Bear of the second magnitude without distinction. A glance at the sky will teach Mr. Lockyer that the naked eye can scarcely decide between three, or perhaps four, of the stars. A reference to modern photometric estimates will show reason for thinking that one star at least is appreciably brighter than Dubhe—namely, ϵ or Alioth, which is also much the nearer to δ .

So much for the meaning of 'Ak,' and indeed for Mr. Lockyer's conclusion that the Denderah temple, in its present shape of Roman date, was orientated to Dubhe in the far-off days when that star did rise, about 5000 B.C. But it should be noted that the king into whose mouth the words of the inscription are put is Augustus, who was never at Denderah in his life. Mr. Lockyer is 'driven to the conclusion that if we regard the inscription as true,' then, since it cannot refer to the time of Augustus when the Bear did not rise, it must refer to 5000 B.C. when the Bear did rise. The discovery that an inscription is false seems an odd reason for regarding it as true.

The next argument we shall quote is derived from the construction of the temples. Bolder than the theorists who prove that the Pyramid was an observatory, Mr. Lockyer has made the discovery that the Egyptian temples were telescopes.

The sanctuary end of a temple, he remarks, was always dark, while the passage from the entrance to the sanctuary was gradually restricted by doors and pylons, so that an observer in the interior, perhaps narrowing the temple-funnel yet more by curtains, enjoyed many of the advantages now obtained by looking along the tube of a telescope. In the temples directed to the sun this construction afforded the most surprising facilities alike for priestly fraud and scientific achievement, which we have not space to discuss. But granting the advantages of the telescopic form for the solar temples, what reason can there have been for extending it to the stellar temples? 'There is a very good reason indeed,' replies Mr. Lockyer, who states it thus:—

'From the account given by Herodotus of the ceremonials and mysteries connected with the temple of Tyre, it is suggested that the priests used starlight at night for some of their operations. . . . In the temple in question there were two pillars, the one of pure gold, and the other of an emerald stone of such size as to shine by night.

Now there can be little doubt that in the darkened sanctuary of an Egyptian temple, the light of a *Lyræ* . . . would be quite strong enough to throw into an apparent glow such highly reflecting surfaces.

We need not ask if the thing is possible, nor how he knows that the Tyrian temple was telescopic, nor why a *Lyræ*, alone of stars, is suggested. But we must observe that Mr. Lockyer's 'very good reason' is not to be derived from Herodotus. The historian* does not say a single syllable about 'the ceremonials and mysteries connected with the temple of Tyre.' He merely relates that in that temple were two pillars, one of gold, and one of an emerald stone which shone greatly at night. There is no more suggestion of mystery than if one were to say of a diamond bracelet that it glittered brilliantly in the evenings. The emerald pillar is also mentioned by Theophrastus, who does not seem to know that there was any question about it except as to the material of which it was made. Mr. Lockyer's 'very good reason indeed' for the shape of Egyptian temples is based solely on an unverified quotation from a Greek historian about a Tyrian temple.

Another reason, quite as good, is elsewhere given for this shape. It enabled the Egyptians to see stars by daylight, and thus to observe their cosmical risings, 'as the eye was shielded from the sunrise light.' Yet the typical example of this construction is the great temple of Karnak, which, on Mr. Lockyer's own showing, was directed to the sun himself.

A star is said to rise 'cosmically' when it rises at the same time as the sun, 'heliacally' when first it rises sufficiently long before him to be visible. The ancients agree that cosmical risings are invisible, nor shall we differ from them till Mr. Lockyer can assure us that he has himself been able to see one by simply backing into a badly lit passage. Humboldt, in the '*Cosmos*,' narrates his efforts to verify the time-honoured statement that stars can be seen out of deep wells and pits in the daytime. Not being able to do it himself, or to find a miner or a chimney-sweep who had so much as heard of its being done, he concluded that stars are not to be seen in the daytime every day. If the Egyptians could see them thus every day, not near the zenith, but on what Mr. Lockyer elsewhere (p. 122) allows to be, even in Egypt, the misty horizon, is it not strange no one ever heard of it? Geminus, who gives valuable information on the Egyp-

* Herodotus, ii. 44.

tian calendar, is careful to distinguish the cosmical or 'true' morning rising, which cannot be seen, from the heliacal or 'apparent morning' rising, which can; and a separate passage shows that he made no exception in the case of Sirius. Now it is apparently to twist to his purpose a single passage about Sirius that Mr. Lockyer has elaborated this argument. A Denderah inscription says that Sirius mingles its beams with the sun's on New Year's Day; and since in 700 B.C., the date assumed by Mr. Lockyer for the small Denderah temple, which is not the one containing the inscription or the zodiac, the star rose heliacally much later than the summer solstice, Mr. Lockyer supposes the cosmical rising, which did then happen at the solstice, to be meant. But this is to contradict his own authorities. Dr. Brugsch* says plainly that it was the heliacal rising which was conventionally associated with the solstice and the rising of the Nile. The Greeks, moreover, who lived in Egypt, could hardly be mistaken on this point. Besides, Mr. Lockyer assures us that the construction of *all* stellar temples is the same; and it is absurd to suppose that it had in one case an object which it cannot have had in the rest. What of the many temples said to be directed to Spica? This star does not give out a quarter of the light of Sirius, and, being almost on the ecliptic, must rise and set cosmically almost in the same place with the sun. Will Mr. Lockyer contend that a temple was a good enough telescope to show a cosmical setting of Spica?

Concluding that nothing in the plan of Egyptian temples suggests stellar orientation, we approach the argument which, though he has himself all unconsciously demolished it, seems most to have impressed Mr. Lockyer and his admirers. It is that there are cases in which a temple's axis has been changed, or the whole temple rebuilt, in order to follow a star.

If we always knew exactly when a temple was built, and if we always found that at this date it pointed to some conspicuous star, we should think there was more than chance in the coincidence. But when we are told that a temple must have been built at a particular time because it would then have pointed to a star—conspicuous or not—nothing strikes us as remarkable except the logic. For since the rising place of every star moves slowly along the horizon, every temple which is not built exactly north and south,

must, if it stands long enough, point to this or that star. The same temple which in 1500 B.C. would point to Spica, must in 200 A.D. point to the brighter star Procyon. If we know that the latter coincidence is the result of chance, why, unless we are sure that 1500 is the date of building, should we suppose the former to be anything more? That Mr. Lockyer and Herr Nissen should be able to find stars for a host of undated temples is not nearly so strange as it would be if they could not. But Mr. Lockyer says he can prove that sometimes temples have been altered, or even rebuilt, in order to follow the precessional movement of their stars. In pursuit of these visionary proofs he has burnt his ships.

For he lays down the doctrine that all parts and functions of an Egyptian temple, except the lie of the axis, 'are merely details.' 'It is fundamental to the orientation theory that the cult shall follow the star;' that is, that when the star moves the temple must move too. 'M. Bouriant . . . saw that if there were anything in the 'new views, the cult must follow the star.' If so, then certainly there is nothing in the new views.

With the evidence for minor alterations of the axis we cannot deal, for Mr. Lockyer, strange to say, has omitted to supply it. We must turn to those cases in which the Egyptians, finding that the star would no longer come to the temple, made the temple go to the star by the simple if expensive process of rebuilding it in a new direction. The quantity of evidence offered is by no means great. But its quality is sufficiently remarkable. Let us take the 'series' of temples at Medinet-Habu.

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|------------|
| 1. An 18th Dynasty temple points | $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ | } S. of E. |
| 2. A temple of Rameses III., 20th Dynasty, points | . $46\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ | |
| 3. An 'Ethiopian or Ptolemaic' temple points | . 45° | |

Mr. Lockyer contends that all three were directed at different times to the same star, which was travelling northwards.

Rameses III. reigned about 1200 B.C. At this time his temple would have pointed to the second or third magnitude star α Columbae, which Mr. Lockyer, alone of astronomers, regards as 'one of the most conspicuous in the 'southern hemisphere.' Temple No. 1 would have pointed to this star about 2400 B.C. But, if it belongs to the 18th Dynasty, about which there seems to be no doubt, it cannot be much older than 1600. No. 3 would have pointed to the

star 900-750 B.C. If it be Ptolemaic—and Mr. Lockyer offers no particle of evidence that it is not—it cannot have been built before 300.

The facts here adduced by Mr. Lockyer in support of his theory might have been urged by an opponent to disprove it. Of what value is the possibility that the second temple was aligned to the star, compared with the certainty that the first temple was not? Strange to say, Mr. Lockyer, of all men, does not recognise this certainty. 'I think,' he says, 'that we have a case here where the 18th Dynasty enlarged and embellished a shrine erected by the 12th Dynasty.'

And what is there to prevent anyone else from 'thinking' that Rameses III., too, merely embellished a temple of some earlier king? He cannot have done so, explains Mr. Lockyer, because in this case the older temple to the same star—that of the 18th Dynasty—is still standing. But even if we grant this delightful *petitio principii*, it remains clear that the 18th Dynasty, when restoring the older temple, did not alter its axis. To prove that temples were of necessity rebuilt every few centuries in a new direction, Mr. Lockyer has cited a temple which, on his own showing, was rebuilt after several centuries in the old direction.

From Mr. Lockyer's chaotic * allusions to the series of Theban temples which he supposes were directed to his favourite luminary γ Draconis, we gather that temple X would have suited the star about 3500 B.C., and temple M about 1200. M was built by Rameses III., who really lived about this time, but X by Amen-hetep III., who reigned, not in 3500, but 1500 B.C. 'I cannot hold this to be the 'original foundation,' says Mr. Lockyer, giving as his first and almost his only argument the plain and simple *petitio principii*, 'with its orientation in the time of Amen-hetep III. it pointed to no star in particular.' So much the worse, one would have supposed, for Mr. Lockyer's theory. But granting that Amen-hetep only rebuilt an old temple, orientated two thousand years before him, it is surely an odd way of convincing us that Rameses III.'s orientation has a meaning to point out that Amen-hetep's had none.

It is interesting to learn from Mr. Lockyer that the 'apostasy' of the famous Khuen-Aten consisted in a return to the discarded worship of Spica, to which star his temple at Tel el Amarna was directed. It is true that in 1450, when

Khuen-Aten lived, the temple did not quite point *axially* to the star. We thought we had understood that the *axial* direction was the only important thing about a temple. Mr. Lockyer, however, admitting that the orientation theory requires 2000, not 1450, for the temple, cheerfully observes that Khuen-Aten no doubt merely restored some old temple of Spica, which had gone to decay during the anti-Spica movement. This is a wonderful conclusion. If Khuen-Aten built his own temple, then it did not point to Spica, and had probably, therefore, no more to do with that star than with the moon. If it was built before him, there is nothing, unless we assume the truth of the theory we are supposed to be testing, to show that this happened in 2000 B.C. And, finally, if there were, yet it is clear that Khuen-Aten cared nothing for the orientation; or he would hardly have emphasised his return to an old religion by practising it in a temple which, on Mr. Lockyer's principles, was no longer fit for it.

Even, therefore, while seeking to prove that temples, when rebuilt, were redirected, Mr. Lockyer is obliged to point out other temples which, if rebuilt, were not redirected. Here, if anywhere, 'major est vis instantiæ negativæ:' to prove that star and temple were connected must be difficult, to prove that they were not connected may be easy enough. Now the negative instances, according to Mr. Lockyer himself, are in an enormous majority. We have seen that he supposes the temples of Edfu and Denderah to preserve the orientation of buildings five or six thousand years older. But his own words are his fullest condemnation: *—'In 'almost every case the date of foundation so determined' (that is, by the orientation theory) 'precedes the generally 'received date.' It is amazing that Mr. Lockyer does not perceive the significance of his own observation. It means, of course, that when he knows the date of a temple he does not, as a rule, find any star corresponding to it, and has, therefore, to work backwards till he comes to one. Were it not obviously absurd to work forwards to a later age, he would find stars in that direction just as easily. About A.D. 100 Khuen-Aten's temple must have been axially directed to Aldebaran. But, even if we admit the possibility that any temples reproduce old stellar orientations, we obtain so many proofs that when rebuilt they were not redirected. Mr. Lockyer's most striking argument rests, therefore, on

* Cp. also p. 424.

facts which are actually irreconcilable with its truth. Another argument is stranger still.

It may be, as Mr. Lockyer insists, 'hardly fair' to say that the building of two adjacent temples at right angles to each other was accidental. But it seems still less fair to say, with him, that the purpose was astronomical.

About 3200 the temple of Mut at Karnak would have pointed to γ Draconis, and the neighbouring temple at right angles to it, to Spica. But as there is considerable evidence that one at least of the temples was not built at the time, we are not greatly impressed by Mr. Lockyer's italicised statement. At no other date would temples pointing to these two stars have been at right angles. If, therefore, we can find another pair of temples, one of which would at some other date have pointed to Spica, then, supposing simultaneous observations of the two stars to have been intended, the second temple should not be quite at right angles; while, supposing the rectangular arrangement alone intentional, the second temple should not point quite to γ Draconis. Half a dozen pages on we learn that Khuen-Aten's temple, directed to Spica in 2000, has a companion temple at right angles to it, which at that date pointed to 'a star near γ Draconis.' In more ingenuous language, it did not point to γ Draconis, and we infer, not that the rectangular arrangement is accidental, but that its astronomical significance is imaginary.

That Mr. Lockyer should allude in this connexion to the Denderah temples is astounding. It certainly does not look like accident that the big and little temples, both of Roman date and within the same enclosure, are at right angles. But Mr. Lockyer has written pages to prove that the great temple was aligned, first in prehistoric times to Vega, secondly in 4900 to Dubhe, and thirdly in 3500, with the same orientation, to γ Draconis: his reason for thinking so being that at the Roman rebuilding, of which alone we know anything, it pointed to none of them. The little temple he believes to have been aligned to Sirius in 700, when that star rose cosmically at the solstice. If these arguments are sound, then the rectangular arrangement of the temples must be the most accidental thing in the world. And if it is 'hardly fair' to say so, we cannot conceive how Mr. Lockyer retains his theory that the temples were orientated to the stars.

It is an awkward circumstance for Mr. Lockyer that, whereas his doctrines demand for every temple an open and

unobstructed horizon, his own map of the group of Karnak temples represents these temples as all in one another's way. To meet this difficulty he has been obliged to compose several pages of Egyptian history, showing that no temple was ever blocked except in religious strife, or because its star had in the precessional movement deserted it. To criticise this brilliant work of imagination is easy, but happily unnecessary, as Mr. Lockyer admits that in two cases it has broken down.

It remains for us to notice the question whether temples dedicated to the same deities are directed to the same stars, in which connexion we may observe that Herr Nissen's results, poor enough in themselves, have the further disadvantage—we will not estimate its magnitude—of differing widely from Mr. Lockyer's. Leaving Mr. Lockyer to demonstrate that the god Ptah was the star Capella, on the strength of two temples separated by 3,500 years, let us remember that one star, Sirius, is known to have been associated with one deity, Isis. Mr. Lockyer accepts as sufficiently true Plutarch's statement that Isis, Hathor, and Mut are the same. Do the temples of these deities point to Sirius?

At Denderah the great temple of Hathor and the little temple of Isis, being at right angles, cannot point to the same star. Now, since the inscriptions say clearly that the Denderah Hathor was identified with Sirius, one would expect to find, if Mr. Lockyer is right, that her temple would point to that star. But it points some 20° east of north, to a place where Sirius can never have risen.

Mr. Lockyer regards this as a confirmation of his views; for as the great temple points north-north-east, the little temple must point east-south-east, and may once, therefore, have faced the rising Sirius. When did this happen? In 700 B.C., cries Mr. Lockyer, 'which is the date Biot found for the construction' of the zodiac—in the other temple. We need not again dispose of this argument. But it is remarkable that the inscriptions in praise of Sirius are found, not in the little temple which might have pointed to it, but in the great one which might not. 'There has been a change of cult,' explains Mr. Lockyer, adding that there is nothing in this stranger than that S. Sophia, once a Christian church, is now a mosque. A closer parallel however, would, on his theory, be the case of a man who, on giving up cricket for golf, should continue to play golf with a cricket-bat. To suppose that the worship of Sirius could

be conducted in a disused temple of γ Draconis is to abandon every principle that Mr. Lockyer himself has instilled into us. And is not a theory self-condemned which requires us to believe that 'Sirius replaced γ Draconis'?

For his temples of Isis and her variants, Mr. Lockyer has been obliged to invoke nearly as many stars as there are temples, ranging in declination from Dubhe to α Centauri, and in lustre from Sirius to α Columbæ. But he has an explanation which, even from him, is startling. Isis and Hathor, he suggests, meant no particular star, but 'anything luminous to the eastward heralding sunrise,' it might be Sirius, it might be γ Draconis, or the waning moon, or even the dawn itself. If we accept this suggestion, he says, 'many of our difficulties at once disappear.' Unfortunately Mr. Lockyer's original theory disappears at the same time. Instead of a cult which must, if there is anything in the new views, follow the star, we have now a cult which strays easily from one star to another, from the stars to the moon, from the dying moon to the rising dawn.

But if Isis answered to as many stars as Mr. Lockyer has excuses, what principle of selection can have been used to class Sirius with γ Draconis? Mr. Lockyer replies that stars were chosen which by their heliacal risings announced changes of season, and especially the summer solstice, when the Nile began to rise. Thus α Columbæ, which rose before sunrise at midsummer about 4000 B.C., was 'the first 'solstitial Isis.' When, owing to precession, its rising was delayed till after the solstice, the bereaved but resourceful Egyptians were compelled to fall back on Sirius. This is certainly a novel view of star-worship. Let us see what the new theory implies.

Before 3000 B.C. little α Columbæ became unequal to its duties, and the Egyptians did their best with Sirius. But Sirius, too, after posing for some centuries as Isis, should in turn have been superannuated, and delegated its functions to some other star. For, long before Greek domination in Egypt, it had ceased to rise until after the summer solstice.

The facts are that Sirius is mentioned on the monuments from Pyramid times, when it ought not to have begun to be Isis, down to Roman times, when it should long since have ceased to be Isis. The Greeks knew all about its association with the goddess and the new year, and it is difficult to see whence they can have gained this knowledge except from the Egyptians themselves. No other luminous thing to the

eastward heralding sunrise seems ever to have come between Isis and Sirius.

This being so, we venture to believe that in Egypt, as elsewhere, Sirius was famous, not because it held a temporary appointment as successor to α Columbæ, but because it has been known from time immemorial as one of the most beautiful things in the universe. That the fancy of its connexion with the Nile rising should have lingered on in Egypt is not more wonderful than that the old Greek superstition concerning it should survive still in the mouths of men when they speak of the dog-days. To suppose that the cult of Sirius is 'modern' as compared with that of α Columbæ, is not so much to write the history of Egypt as to rewrite the history of man.

If there is nothing extravagant in the idea of a temple having been orientated to Sirius, it is widely different with a star like γ Draconis, of the third magnitude in the Greek catalogue, and very little brighter than that now. Mr. Lockyer himself once contrasts Vega with 'the little star' in Ursa Minor that we all know.' Now the present pole-star, here justly called 'little' by comparison, is admittedly brighter than γ Draconis, which, as all of us except Mr. Lockyer know, twinkles in the near neighbourhood of the dazzling Vega. If temples were erected to such a star, neither very bright nor at all isolated, it must have been not from sentiment, but on purely utilitarian grounds. Now of what conceivable use can it have been to erect a costly temple merely that the rising γ Draconis might send a feeble beam along its axis?

We are not denying that the heliacal rising even of such a star might be watched if it happened to announce a change of season. We merely ask how such an observation gained in utility by being made along the nave of a temple. Mr. Lockyer's sole answer is to suggest that the rising of the star gave warning of sunrise exactly in time to allow the beasts to be got ready for the sacrifices which took place at sunrise. We need not inquire into his authority for these cock-crow functions, nor raise the question whether he can ever have watched an heliacal rising in his life. But Mr. Lockyer has not noticed that he is deserting his own theory about the construction of temples.

To pre-telescopic people the cosmical or true rising, when sun and star rise together, happened several days before the heliacal or apparent rising, when the star first rises so soon before the sun as to be visible. But in telescopic temples,

which allowed stars to be seen while the sun was on the horizon, it is evident that the true and the apparent rising would be one and the same. The messenger sent forward to announce the sun would arrive simultaneously with the sun himself.

Next, if we dismiss the telescopic theory as absurd, why should anyone choose the heliacal rising of a star as the signal that the sun is at hand? An heliacal rising is merely a rising that takes place in the dawn, and the dawn itself has always been held for an infallible and sufficient sign of sunrise. It is not as though a star could be made to ring a bell, or to crow, or to flash light in a sleeper's eyes. Since its heliacal advent cannot be heard, and is not very easy to see, it is hard to understand why the priest who must have been on the watch, not only for the sun but for the star, should have remained blind to the symptoms of sunrise that are ten times more obvious than the heliacal rising of α Columbæ.

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Lockyer further. We believe that in confining ourselves to his orientation theory we have been attacking the strongest part of his book—the part in which he has endeavoured to produce some semblance of evidence for his speculations, many of which elsewhere scarcely claim to rest on any foundation but his own inner consciousness. We are sorry that Mr. Lockyer has chosen to imperil a reputation honourably gained by putting forward such a work as this. But an acquaintance with the methods of modern astronomy does not confer an intuitive knowledge of its history; nor can the study of stellar spectra replace that familiarity with the starry heavens, as they appear to the naked eye, which is essential to undertakings such as that of this work, but in which Mr. Lockyer seems so strangely deficient. That the Egyptians did all things unlike other men is indeed a very ancient observation. But it has been reserved for an astronomer to suggest that they worshipped γ Draconis before they took to adoring Sirius.

ART. VIII.—*Poems and Verses*. By HELEN DUFFERIN. With a Memoir, and some Account of the Sheridan Family, by her Son, the MARQUESS of DUFFERIN and AVA. 1 vol. London: 1894.

IT has been our good fortune of late to pass in review a galaxy of fair Englishwomen, not less distinguished for their talents than for the highest birth and breeding, for the noble discharge of public and private duties, and for the grace which made them in their day the queens of society. But if, as on the slopes of Ida, long ago, the golden prize is to be awarded to Beauty, before all other gifts, then these daughters of Erin, the granddaughters of Sheridan, though born in a humbler sphere, prefer a triple claim, and take rank with the most brilliant of their contemporaries. They maintained by their wit the rank they owed to their beauty.

To the most accomplished of this matchless sisterhood, Lord Dufferin has, with intense filial piety and affection, devoted this volume; and he has drawn a portrait of his mother of singular beauty and interest. Her life was marked by the trials and vicissitudes which ever attended the race of Sheridan; but her character rose above her condition, and was dignified by her affections. The witching grace, the Irish pathos, and the irrepressible Irish fun are proper to Helen Sheridan, just as the patient sicknursing, the deep tenderness, the fine tact, the poverty of life's opening years, and the long martyrdom of pain towards that life's close, were all peculiar to this fascinating Irishwoman. They were the details of a whole that exercised a soothing charm over both kinsfolk and acquaintance, that removed her from the banal and fashionable life of her day, and left the author of 'The Irish Emigrant' a thing apart, even in the family of the Sheridans, of whom Moore said, and said truly, that they were 'the pride of the palace, the bower and the hall.'

We are grateful to Lord Dufferin for this monograph of his mother, and we must be content to wait till he is willing to let us see more of her witty letters. Her fun and refinement knew how to turn crosses or losses to gold, and the present collection of her poems and *vers de société* only makes us wish to know her better. She would group even better in her correspondence than she does here, with a lovely sister posed on each side of her, and with a background of clever ancestors. The truth is that she was amazingly fortunate in the setting of her life, in the period of English society

which she came to adorn. That society was found waiting for, and all its doors were open to, the Sheridans. She had congenial friends, and never required to hunt for publicity. The thronging, pretentious, and overgrown society of our nineteenth century's close never intruded upon her humble girlhood. Neither did it reach her home in Clandeboyne, and, though exclusiveness was every way foreign to her generous nature, the mob, with its gossip parlance, would certainly never have been permitted to trench upon that sanctuary of love and grief, culture and refinement, which she made for herself and Lord Gifford at Highgate. Herself so nobly planned, she was loved by all who were best, spending upon them in return that still unforgotten charm and those qualities which she had derived from distant sources in the lines of her paternal ancestry.

Like most Irish families, the Sheridans, or O'Sheridans of Castle Togher, could boast of a long pedigree. All the pedigrees of hill-tribes resemble each other. They are made up of feuds and marriages, with an abduction, or perhaps a murder or two thrown in now and again, to heighten the situation, or to vary it. They are all more or less apocryphal. Ostar, the first chief of whose proceedings the Sheridans can obtain a fairly trustworthy record, married, in 1014, a daughter of the prince of Leitrim. Eleven descents from this union bring us down to a certain Denis Sheridan, whose mother is ascertained to have been a daughter of the O'Neill. He must have been born about 1600. He abjured the Roman Catholic faith, and made that translation of the English Scriptures into Erse which is known as 'The Irish Bible.' What is less well known is that from his sister descended the General Sarsfield who, for his gallantry, was created Earl of Lucan.

The family of Denis Sheridan were not all of one way of thinking. The two eldest sons were Anglican Churchmen, but Thomas, who was an author, did not hold with the Orange faction, or with the Protestant confession of faith. After following James II. into exile in France, he married an illegitimate daughter of his sovereign, and thus brought a strain of Stuart blood into the veins of the Sheridans of Castle Togher. Perhaps on this account his son, Sir Thomas, fought with Prince Charles Edward in the glens of Moidart. At all events, the opinions of these two representatives of the family caused its attainder, and would have brought about its obliteration had not Sir Thomas's daughter trimmed. Just as, after the siege of Limerick, red Moira McMahon, the

widow of the then chief of the O'Briens, hastily wedded with one of Cromwell's colonels in order to secure the estates for her children, so Thomas Sheridan's daughter married an aide-de-camp of King William III., and received back, before her death, some of the property forfeited by the men of her house. She had sisters who made brilliant, if less provident, marriages in France, where they have descendants; but there we must leave them. To take up the thread of the family history in Ireland it will be necessary to revert to another Thomas, who also (through a fourth son) descended from Denis, the translator of the Bible. This one was a man of letters, and the chosen friend of Dean Swift. He is the first of the Sheridans whose temper and cast of thought we can apprehend. He was very popular, and it was said that the fun and tenderness of his nature acted upon the morbid humours of the Dean as the harp of David used to act upon Saul. The two literary Irishmen spent months together, and together gave the finishing touches to 'Gulliver's Travels.' This Sheridan, being not only poor and gay but light-hearted, married. His son, also called Thomas, seems to have been born about 1719. In his case the hereditary gaiety drove him to adopt the stage as a profession, and, that the Sheridan pen might not be idle, he wrote plays. Garrick was his friend, and in him we have no difficulty in recognising the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of 'The School for Scandal.'

The life of the greatest conversational wit of the most witty age of English society has yet to be written, and if it ever is compiled it will be a book of incomparable interest—let us add, of incomparable difficulty. New passions and fresh controversies rage round every Irish question since Sheridan spoke and Moore sang, but that is not all. From the point of view of the great Irish orator's social charm the task is now wellnigh impossible. A list of Sheridan's friends would not render it, a collection of his *mots* would bear no more resemblance to his life than a *hortus siccus* does to a rose garden in June. The 'real Sheridan,' as he was known in private life, with faults, foibles, and fun, is irrevocably gone. This descendant of Irish chiefs, this son of an actor and grandson of a schoolmaster, this husband of a singer and parent of a merry, needy, and irrepressible brood, was the idol of the most exclusive society of the day. The secret lay in his charming disposition, in the possession of a genius 'compounded with art from the finest and best of other men's powers.' Such a union of qualities is hardly,

we think, to be met with except in the Celtic race. It argues fire rather than application, and is certain to insure for its possessor all the consequences of those fatal gifts which 'the Gods,' we are told, 'do not take back.'

In the absence of any adequate history of his great-grandfather's life and times, Lord Dufferin puts aside Moore's fragment as unworthy, and proceeds to sketch in a likeness of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which is so pleasing a piece of prose that we transcribe a part of it:—

'Those who have recorded their impressions of Sheridan knew him only when he was old and broken, his gaiety all quenched (though his wit still flickered in the socket), the adherent of a disorganised party, a man utterly ruined by the burning of Drury Lane Theatre, pestered by petty debts, yet still sufficiently formidable to provoke detraction at the hands of his political enemies, while his fame exposed him to the curiosity and criticism of the gossips. These thick clouds have obscured the brightness of his early manhood, and the social and political ascendancy which he enjoyed during his maturer years. It is evident that, when he had scarcely ceased to be a boy, his geniality, his good nature, which his subsequent trials neither soured nor exhausted, his charming manners, and his handsome person (his splendid eyes were the very home of genius), as much as his extraordinary liveliness and wit, had made him a favourite with the best English society, where he was as popular with men as with women, while his eloquence, his Parliamentary aptitude, and, above all, those solid abilities which his more brilliant graces have thrown into the background, at once placed him on a level with the greatest orators and statesmen of that epoch. That he had failings,—where was genius without them?—cannot be denied, but their results have been absurdly magnified. He was addicted to wine, as who was not in those days?—but, in his case, the nervous temperament which made him what he was, rendered its effects upon his brain and constitution exceptionally deleterious. At the end of his life he was involved in pecuniary difficulties, but these arose partly from a calamity for which he was not responsible, and partly from an ineradicable and apparently hereditary inability to attend to what is called "business." He began life without a sixpence; he made a disinterested marriage, and, from a feeling of chivalrous delicacy which won for him the admiration of Dr. Johnson, he would not allow his wife to sing in public, though in that way he might have added 2,000*l.* a year to their income. He was the boon companion and friend for forty years of men who lived in the greatest wealth and splendour—that is to say, he was surrounded with every temptation to extravagance, and yet when, after his death, his affairs were inquired into, his debts were found to amount to a comparatively trifling sum. His, too, was a gambling age, but, though fond of betting on political events, he never touched a card or handled the dice-box. On the other hand, let it be remembered that, even when administering to the amusement of his contemporaries, and writing for a pleasure-seeking public at a period of considerable

licence, he never sullied his pages by an impure allusion, a gross joke, or an unworthy sentiment; while during his long Parliamentary career it was always on the side of justice, liberty, and of humanity (in whose sacred cause he sacrificed repeated opportunities of emolument and some of life's most valued prizes) that he was found fighting. Sheridan opposed the war with America; he deprecated the coalition between Fox and North; * he advocated the abolition of slavery; he denounced the tyranny of Warren Hastings; he condemned the trade restrictions on Ireland; he fought for Catholic Emancipation; and he did his best to save the French Royal Family. He was in favour of an eight hours' day. From a sense of honour to his party he more than once refused office, especially in 1804, when offered it by Addington, with whom he agreed in opinion. Succeeding generations of his countrymen may well afford, therefore, to forget the pathetic infirmities which dimmed the splendour of Sheridan's latter years out of respect for one of the greatest speakers that has ever entranced the House of Commons, and in gratitude for the gift his genius has bequeathed them in his two immortal comedies and the incomparable "Critic." Of Sheridan's speech against Warren Hastings, Mr. Burke declared it to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence and argument of which there is any record or tradition." Mr. Fox said: "All that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it dwindled into nothing, and vanished like a vapour before the sun." Mr. Pitt acknowledged that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius could furnish to agitate and control the human mind. Burke said to Fox while Sheridan was speaking: "That is the true style—something between poetry and prose, and better than either." Byron said: "Whatever Sheridan has chosen to do has been the best of its kind, and, to crown all, he has delivered the best oration ever conceived or heard in this country."

A speaker able to convince and to amuse, Sheridan could turn his adversaries' weapons on themselves without ever losing his own temper, and this was perhaps not the least of the qualities which enabled him, without birth, money, or connexions, to enter and to subdue the House of Commons. He had never travelled, he deciphered French with difficulty, yet he was none the less considered to be the most highly endowed man of his time. Lord Dufferin understates rather than exaggerates his disinterestedness. It is true that as Treasurer to the Navy, and afterwards as Re-

* It is true that when Fox consulted Sheridan as to the coalition with Lord North, before the event, Sheridan deprecated the measure; but when the fatal step was taken he accepted office under that hybrid ministry, and was one of its most eloquent and ardent defenders. The best sketch of the life and character of Sheridan is that given by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall in his posthumous memoirs (vol. iii. p. 370).

ceiver for the Duchy of Cornwall, he twice held lucrative posts; but for place or title he cared very little. Possessed by the spirit of improvidence, he was all his life obliged to resort to tricks worthy of Scapin to elude his creditors; and, as he had no systematic application, his party used him rather as a fireship sent in to dismay the adversary than as a trusted servant. He could trust to his wit to get himself out of any scrape, even when, with characteristic Irish indolence, he had left to the last moment unfinished a piece which was to be acted that evening. Habitual excess in wine had impaired his good looks, if not his powers, so that he suffered eclipse before his death, while it is characteristic of him that he declined in his last moments the present of 200*l.* sent him by the Regent.

We must note the influence of women upon the life and genius of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. We do not allude to his popularity with the fair sex, but to the striking personalities of his mother and of his wife.

Miss Chamberlaine, who married Thomas Sheridan the actor, was of good birth, and she was one of those exceptionally clever women who appear whether the 'higher education' of their sex be the fashion, or as yet undreamt of among unrevolting daughters, 'bred to book, cooking, thimble, needle and thread.' Lord Dufferin thinks that it was from her that Sheridan obtained the divine spark of his genius. However that may be, she wrote, and she obtained popularity as a novelist. Her piece, 'The Discovery,' was a favourite with Garrick, and when 'The Rivals' was running at Covent Garden, Garrick revived 'The Discovery' at Drury Lane, so that pieces by the mother and the son were being acted at the same moment at the two great London theatres. Dramatic talent is rare in women. Its existence argues an amount of spontaneity and sympathy along with a power of combination rarely to be found, or found together, in the feminine mind. Possibly during this lady's career her capacity for playwriting received an impulse from the preoccupation about the stage which then distinguished society. Great actors and actresses fairly held it captive, and persons of all ranks identified themselves with stage management and theatrical property. The cases of Sheridan and Byron show that those ventures often left disastrous results on their fortunes. Sheridan even drew his first wife from among the recruits of musical art. He married Elizabeth Ann Linley, the 'St. Cecilia' of Sir Joshua Reynolds's brush, one of the most delightful singers of her

day. In her we have another instance of inherited talent blossoming out as if to make a crown for the representative member of a large family of musicians. The Linleys belonged to that school of indigenous English masters which already boasted of Arne and Purcell, Jackson and Crotch. Their part songs and their sacred compositions might well serve to redeem their country from the reproach of being wholly unmusical. Thomas Linley, the father of Mrs. Sheridan, was the son of a carpenter. Trained in Naples, he settled in Bath, where he taught music, conducted oratorios, and wrote an amazing quantity of pieces. His family were all musical, and if they owed him an education distinguished for good taste and simplicity, they were also of use to him by their talents. Mary, who died in 1784, was a delightful concert singer. During one of the paroxysms of the brain fever which killed her she terrified yet entranced her nurses by rising out of bed, and singing the air, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' with all her usual sweetness and clearness of tone. Thomas, as violinist and composer, was only less well known than his father, and by some of the music for 'Macbeth' he is still remembered. William, the youngest, who entered the Honourable East India Company's service, was in music little more than an amateur, but yet an amateur who has left a large collection of his glees. Mrs. Tickell was, in the same way, among the minor stars of this constellation. Ozias, another son, as amateur composer, as organist at Dulwich, and Minor Canon of Norwich, has left in that cathedral city memories of his Anthems and Services. The legend of his taste for port wine proves nothing, as that was then a prevalent trait among college men; but Ozias Linley had an absence of mind that amounted to eccentricity. In Norwich, for example, it was long remembered against him that he started one day leading a horse, and arrived at home with the halter in his hand, but without the animal, whose absence without leave he had never during his walk discovered.

Mrs. Sheridan wrote a good deal of pretty and simple poetry, such, says Lord Dufferin, 'as resembled her own 'sweet self.' Her married life had incessant trials from poverty. Wraxall says that Sheridan was, after fighting two duels to win her, not a faithful husband. She never complained of this, and her children believed that their father worshipped her. He certainly used, after her death, to spend his nights sobbing on the pillow from which that

beloved head had been removed. To her son she bequeathed the sweetness of disposition which so much endeared Sheridan to his friends.

The last Mrs. Sheridan, the mother of Helen Dufferin, was again of Celtic extraction. She was a Highlander: Caroline Henrietta Callander, of Craigforth and Ardkinglas. She had seven children, and to her, after the comparatively early death of Tom Sheridan, the King was good enough to apportion rooms in Hampton Court Palace. She was poor, but to her rare beauty and modesty she added a great deal of firm good sense. The trust committed to her she carried out honourably, writing books which Sydney Smith commended, educating her children, and even paying off her husband's debts. This she only contrived to do at the cost of privations and sacrifices to which her daughters were never able in later life to refer without emotion. To train them can have been no sinecure. They were of imagination all compact, their spirits never flagged, their wit spared nothing and no one, and they went into the world, where they were sure to find enemies as well as friends, resplendent in the light of their beauty. We must again allow Lord Dufferin to sketch them:—

‘Georgina, Duchess of Somerset, had large deep blue, or violet eyes, black hair, black eyebrows and eyelashes, perfect features, and a complexion of lilies and roses, a kind of colouring seldom seen out of Ireland. Caroline—Mrs. Norton—on the contrary, was a brunette, with dark burning eyes, like her grandfather’s, a pure Greek profile, and a clear olive complexion. The brothers were all over six feet. My mother, though her features were less regular than those of her sisters, was equally lovely and attractive. Her figure was divine, the perfection of grace and symmetry, her head being beautifully set upon her shoulders. Her hands and feet were very small, many sculptors having asked to model the former. She had a pure sweet voice. She sang delightfully, and herself composed many of the tunes to which both her published and unpublished songs are set. She also wrote the music for some of Mrs. Norton’s songs.’

Nothing is more striking in the Sheridans than the abounding richness as well as versatility of their genius. There is nothing stinted and nothing laboured about them. Their works are to be counted not by scores, but by hundreds. Novels, poems, songs, comedies, pamphlets, memoirs, tales, addresses, speeches, lectures, ballads, letters, translations, farces, grammars, sermons, histories, prologues, and elegies, nothing came amiss to them. They lisped in numbers, and ‘mixed up with sunbeams, and other bright ‘things,’ they even wrote *vers de société* and valentines.

Through all this variety, as through the different generations, sexes, ages, and collaterals a genuine family likeness is traceable. We recognise a patriotic heart-beat, or some little pathetic trick of speech which recalls the kinship, while in their eyes, as in those of Moore's 'Erin' herself, hang always rainbow smiles and tears. Lady Dufferin's two sisters unfortunately lacked the sweet self-control which had distinguished their mother, and which rendered Lady Dufferin soothing and unselfish both as friend and parent. In them the vivacity of their Irish temperaments sometimes put on formidable proportions, and under the pressure of grief and anger they would overstep the limits of justice and courtesy. In the case of the Queen of Beauty this defect may well have been fostered by the success and the triumphs which, as they breed over-security, indispose us for the discipline of sorrow. In the case of Mrs. Norton she was embittered by an early and most ill-assorted marriage. She had plenty of cause for complaint, both in the worthlessness of her husband, and in the eccentricity of some members of his family, and, above all, from the unjustifiable way in which the Tories, angry at the popularity of Lord Melbourne with the young Queen, sought to make political capital out of Mrs. Norton's domestic trials and her often unguarded conduct. The *cause célèbre* so got up was really a trap set for the Minister, and Mrs. Norton came out of the ordeal victorious and pardonably incensed. Her beautiful lines to the Duchess (Harriet) of Sutherland, who had stood by her in the hour of trial, show the grateful tenderness of which her nature was capable. Those to Lord Lansdowne breathe the same spirit:—

'I weep the eyes that should have wept for me;
But all the more I cling to those who speak
Like thee in tones unaltered by my change;
Greeting my saddened glance and faded cheek
With the same welcome that seemed sweet and strange.

'In early days, when I of gifts made proud,
That could the notice of such men beguile,
Stood listening to thee in some brilliant crowd,
With the warm triumph of a youthful smile.'

To have kept her friends to the close of what was always rather a stormy life, and to have made such a second union as her marriage to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, of Keir, were real triumphs for Mrs. Norton; they were all the more real because her shortsighted anger had made her choose

bad advisers and reject pacific counsels. She had long fought a good fight with slander, poverty, and the bad health of her children, but a brilliant society met at her table, and the authoress of 'Stuart of Dunleith' has left no one to replace her in the world of fashionable letters. Yet her themes were not by any means exclusively fashionable. Her 'Lady of La Garaye' is a pathetic story with an excellent moral—viz. that the best place to dry our own tears is in the rags of the poor. Her literary talents were far in advance of those of her sisters. Her novel 'Lost and Saved' is one of the most powerful works of fiction of the time; and she broke many a lance in print on behalf of the injured and the oppressed.

Take this example of her gravest manner:—

The poor, the labouring poor, whose weary lives,
Through many a freezing night and hungry day,
Are a reproach to him who only strives
In luxury to waste his hours away.

The patient poor, whom insufficient means
Make sickness dreadful, yet by whose low bed,
Oft in meek prayer some fellow sufferer leans,
And trusts in Heaven, while destitute of bread.

The workhouse orphan, left without a friend,
Or weak, forsaken child of want and sin,
Whose helpless life begins, as it must end,
By men disputing who shall take it in?

Who clothe, who aid that spark to linger here,
Which for mysterious purpose God has given,
To struggle through a day of toil and fear,
And meet Him, with the proudest, up in Heaven.

The heart of Helen Dufferin was less stormy than that of her sister Caroline, but it was the seat of those emotions which, if they do not always need to be termed poetical, do at least redeem the prose of egoism and indifference which disfigures daily life. She was susceptible of impressions both deep and varied, and incapable of jealousy, or of petty intrigues about a straw. Her understanding was powerful enough for any task it ever was set to; her piety was unaffected, and, as La Bruyère would say, the thing in which she succeeded best was the only thing she had never been taught: wherever she went she pleased.

Very young and very poor, she accepted in 1825 the hand of Captain Blackwood. The first great event of her married life was the birth of a son, in Florence, in 1826. The second

was Captain Blackwood's appointment to the 'Imogene.' He sailed for Rio in 1831, and their son—then a child of five years old—had his first taste of the realities of life in seeing the misery of leave-taking between his parents. Captain Blackwood was absent nearly four years, during which time his wife lived with her mother, or went to Ireland. There with her delightful smiles and tears she conquered the prejudices which the old Lord Dufferin and other members of the family had begun by entertaining against Tom Sheridan's portionless daughter. Her health became delicate, and the climate of North Ireland had to be exchanged by the Blackwoods for Italy. But the husband had temporarily left his wife at Castellamare when he came by his tragic death, through an accidental overdose of morphia, between Liverpool and Belfast, in 1841.

The beautiful lady of Clandeboyne was now a widow: left as her mother had been left before her, to bring up a child from boyhood to manhood under inspiriting and yet onerous conditions. She left the great world where she was so fitted to shine, and the years that preceded her son's life at Oxford she passed with him in the solitude of an Irish country house. That son says:—

The gain to me was incalculable. The period between seventeen and twenty-one is perhaps the most critical in any man's life. My mother, in spite of the gaiety of her temperament and her powers of enjoyment, or perhaps on that very account, was imbued with a deep religious spirit—a spirit of love, purity, self-sacrifice, and unfailing faith in God's mercy. . . . I never knew any one who seemed to derive such exquisite enjoyment as she did from the splendour of earth and heaven, from flowers, from the sunrise, from the song of birds. But the chief and dominant characteristic of her nature was her power of loving. Generally speaking, persons who love intensely are seen to concentrate their love upon a single object; while in my mother's case love seemed an inexhaustible force. However little as, I am obliged to confess to my shame, I may have profited by these holy and blessed influences, no one, I am sure, has ever passed from boyhood to manhood under more favourable and ennobling conditions.

Does Lord Dufferin, in making these almost sacred disclosures, sin against their sacredness? We think not, and we have copied his words. In these days great publicity is given to offensive matter, to nauseous trials, and to traits of guilt, folly, vulgarity, that can only pander to the worst sort of prurient curiosity. Things nowadays, if not called by their true names, are, at least, exposed in all their nudity. Then why not speak of goodness where it existed; why not portray, not from fancy but from fact, one of those good

women whose friendship is first a whole education in itself, then a just cause for pride, and finally a goodly heritage?

Thanks to this education the young Lord Dufferin began life under happy auspices, and was surrounded by the best friends. In 1849, he became a Lord-in-waiting to the Queen, and could consort with all the intellectual leaders of the day, with Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Venables, Gladstone, Charles Buller, Macaulay, Kingsley, Stirling Maxwell of Keir, Procter, and many more. But his dearest companion was ever his mother, and perhaps the happiest hours they spent together were at Dunrobin, in the castle made so beautiful by its mistress's grace, and full of the loveliest bevies of children, who sported between its bastions and the sea.

In later years Dufferin Lodge, at Highgate, became the resort of all the distinguished and agreeable people in Britain. One visitor came there more often and remained longer than the rest. The young Earl of Gifford conceived for Lady Dufferin a deep and enthusiastic admiration. His home was uncongenial, he was depressed and morbid, and after an accident he became an invalid. Helen Dufferin was a woman who had already trained a boy through youth to manhood, who had led a son from college to marriage, and up to the high places of public life. To her Lord Gifford turned for sympathy, till her considerate interest in her young visitor's welfare woke in a lonely heart a passion which was only to be extinguished by death. When he was thirty-five years of age Lord Gifford asked Lady Dufferin to marry him. But her honourable heart, even more than her good sense, revolted from the idea of capturing and chaining to her mature life a man who, were he to become a husband and a father, might yet fulfil his whole career and taste 'household happiness, gracious children, 'debtless competence,' stately purposes, and golden means at Yester. But Lord Gifford's malady increased, and when

"on his deathbed he repeated the same prayer to her," she could not refuse him this last satisfaction; but in justice to him, to herself, and to his parents, she thought it necessary to obtain from the doctors a formal assurance that his recovery was impossible. This being given without any hesitation, the marriage ceremony was performed in Lord Gifford's bedroom, on the 1st of October, 1862.'

Immediately after the ceremony Lord Gifford, who had at one time leant to agnostic views, received the Holy Communion with her, all doubts and pains vanished under the influence of her piety and of her gentle teaching, and 'Lord Gifford passed painlessly away, in the peace of God, in 'December, 1862.'

These painful sufferings and duties left their mark on the sensitive nature of Helen Dufferin. She had little grandchildren to love, and friends to surround her, but she now bore in herself the seeds of ineradicable disease. Those who nursed her through that valley where the shadow of death lies longest and darkest, said that she was the sweetest of patients, that she slept less and prayed more than any invalid they had ever tended. Death released her at midsummer, 1867. There was, says her son, 'no quality wanting 'to her perfection.'

After recording this verdict we almost hesitate to play the part of critic to her works. The woman was herself a poem; but we must turn to her verses. Those by which she will live are the 'Irish Emigrant.' It avoids the commonplaces of pathos by its great simplicity, by the way in which the Irishwoman who first sang it has so truly caught the secret of a poor man's love.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between,
My step might break your rest,
Where you, my darling, lie asleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
The poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore,
Oh! I am thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair.

'The Charming Woman' is very witty, and 'Katey's Letter' is delightful in its puzzle-headed, blundering tenderness, and who does not remember the song, 'They bid me 'forget thee,' and the sly fun of 'Donna Inez's Confession,'

and of the 'Lament on the Weather'? The writer describes in turns the effects of the bad weather on every member of the family.

'When all these things are in this state,
 Above, around, below,
 And even spring itself suggests
 No better *quid pro quo*
 Than east winds bearing on their breasts
 Fresh colds in embryo!
 Then Nelly [herself] sits with feet on grate,
 And wrestles with her woe,
 She sits and sings, with hair uncurled,
 "There is, there is, I know,
 Another and a warmer world,
 And there I mean to go."

All the poems addressed to her son on his birthdays are beautiful: words, feeling, taste, and rhythm leave nothing to be desired. We are puzzled which to select. Perhaps this one, sent with a silver lamp on which '*Fiat lux*' was engraved, deserves the bays. Both the lamp and the lines were meant to mark the majority of young Lord Dufferin:—

'How shall I bless thee? Human love
 Is all too poor in passionate words.
 The heart aches with a sense above
 All language that the lip affords.
 Therefore a symbol shall express
 My love—a thing not rare or strange,
 But yet—eternal—measureless—
 Knowing no shadow and no change.
 At a most solemn pause we stand,
 From this day forth, for evermore,
 The weak but loving human hand
 Must cease to guide thee as of yore.
 Then, as thro' life thy footsteps stray,
 And earthly beacons dimly shine,
 "Let there be light" upon thy way,
 And holier guidance far than mine!
 "Let there be light" in thy clear soul,
 When passion tempts, and doubts assail,
 When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll.
 "Let there be light" that shall not fail,
 So, angel guarded, mayst thou tread
 The narrow path which few may find,
 And at the end look back, nor dread
 To count the vanished years behind!
 And pray that she, whose hand doth trace
 This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,
 May see and know thy blessed face
 In God's own glorious light at last.'

- ART. IX.—1. *Modern Tactics.* By Captain GALL. Third edition. London: 1894.
2. *Elements of Modern Tactics.* By Lieut.-Colonel WILKINSON SHAW. Seventh edition. London: 1890.
3. *Field Artillery.* By Major SISSON PRATT. Third edition. 1887.
4. *Outline of Modern Tactics.* By Lieut.-Colonel E. GUNTER. London: 1893.
5. *Letters on Artillery.* By Prince KRAFT ZU HOHENLOHE-INGELFINGEN. Translated by Major N. L. Walford. London: 1888.
6. *The Great War of 189-.* Reprinted from ‘Black and White.’ 1893.

THE readers of this Journal are aware that we have never accepted the opinion so strenuously urged by some writers that what they term ‘The Great War of 189-’ is an impending and inevitable calamity. We adhere to our ‘Plea for Peace,’ which has happily stood good for twenty-four years. But undoubtedly one of the securities of peace is the extremely formidable character of the armaments and means of destruction which would be employed in modern warfare; and it is curious that their practical effects should first be shown, not in Europe, but in the conflict between China and Japan, where Asiatic nations are fighting with arms and implements imported from Europe. Without seeking to undervalue the importance of peace experiments, it is evident that they are of comparatively little use when endeavouring to forecast the effect of weapons and projectiles in the wars of the future. Still, by placing side by side the statistics of the near past in the field and those of the practice ground of the present, it is possible to obtain at all events some rough indications as to what will probably be the results of contests with improved means of destruction. The recollection, however, of previous anticipations, and their modification, or even falsification, in the field, naturally prescribes caution in prophesying, and confines those who try to look ahead to very general views. There exists a general belief that the greatly increased destructive effects of modern weapons will be so appalling that a complete revolution in the art of war will take place. Against this belief, however, there is much to be urged. In the first place, human nature is ever the same, and the

extent to which it can be modified, strengthened, and, in a word, improved for military purposes is comparatively small. In the second place, both the opponents will possess practically equally efficient means of dealing forth death and wounds. In the third place, the figures of the range cannot be applied to the statistics of the battlefield without great deductions. For the above reasons, and also because experience shows us that in proportion as means of destruction become more deadly the measures taken to neutralise their effect increase in efficiency, we question whether the revolution in the practice of war will be so complete as some people imagine.

If the results of peace experiments were to be taken as identical with those to be obtained in war, the forecast of the battles and sieges of the future would be appalling indeed. Let us see what some of those results are. In a report dated August 19, 1892, of the Board appointed by the United States Government to conduct experiments with magazine rifles, we find some most instructive and reliable facts.

‘ Fifty-three different rifles, including the service arms of the principal nations of the world, were tried, and all were subjected to most severe and practical tests. The particulars and results of these tests we shall not give in detail, for our object is to show only generally the destructive power of the weapons experimented with.

‘ The most important test was “rapidity with accuracy.” The piece was fired from the shoulder at a target 6 feet by 2 feet at a distance of 100 feet, the cartridges being disposed at will of “in packets upon a table. In (a) was ascertained the time of firing 20 shots and the number of hits produced. The magazine was loaded before beginning, and then held in reserve until the balance of 20 shots had been fired from the rifle, treated as a single loader. The result as to time was that the 20 shots were discharged in from 49 seconds Lee-Metford 1 to 91 seconds Germany 1888; the Kropatschek 1886, Portugal, being left out of consideration as being altogether an unsatisfactory weapon. The hits ranged from 15 Murata Japan; to 16 Berthier 1891, France; Mannlicher Carbine 1890, Austria; and Mannlicher 1892, Roumania; and to 18 Mannlicher 1888-90; Karl Jorgensen 1889, Denmark; Lee-Metford 1 1889, England; Germany 1888, and Mauser Belgium 1889.

‘ In (b) 20 shots, rifle used as a single loader, chamber empty, time two minutes. The Lee-Metford fired 49 shots with 39 hits; the Mannlicher, Roumania, 41 shots with 38 hits; the Berthier, France, 38 shots with 26 hits; and the Karl Jorgensen, No. 5—the weapon ultimately adopted by the Board—38 shots with 35 hits.

‘ In (c) as a magazine gun, for two minutes, test begun with magazine empty. In the return it is stated—but it is no doubt a misprint—that the Karl Jorgensen, No. 5, fired 43 shots—it must have been 48 shots—

with 48 hits; the Mannlicher, Roumania, 48 shots with 48 hits; while the Lee-Metford only accomplished 16 hits with 17 shots. The Mannlicher Austria 1889-90 fired 49 shots, but only made 45 hits.'

From the above, it would seem that a body of infantry could on an average fire from twelve to twenty-four shots per minute, and if these shots were directed at a charging body which began its rush at a distance of 200 yards, scarcely one could miss during the forty seconds that the charge would last if made at speed. Let us now turn to the results of field-firing in England. One of the most recent and practical of these experiments took place at the Home District rifle meeting, Bisley, on June 2, 1894. There were forty-five competing teams, each consisting of fourteen rank and file. The men were equipped as they would be in the field, with the exception that they carried no valises, no rations, and only sixteen rounds per man. Before commencing firing they were required to march eleven miles in less than three hours. On arriving at the ground they found the enemy represented by a target fifteen feet six inches long, by two feet high. There were eight irregular stages in the attack between 600 and 250 yards. At each stage two volleys were fired, the time allowed from the beginning of the attack to the final volley being fifteen minutes. The team furnished by the Scots Guards, and armed with the Lee-Metford, Mark 2, were the winners, making 127 hits out of a possible 224. The results of the firing of artillery against infantry are equally appalling. At Okehampton, in 1893, fifteen dummies were placed at each of six ranges so as to represent the advance of a firing line against a field battery at distances between 1,700 and 800 yards. The number of rounds fired by the artillery was sixty-six, out of which twenty were common shell, the remaining forty-six being shrapnel. Seventy-four of the ninety dummies were hit. It must also be remembered that the actual advance of the infantry from 1,700 to 800 yards would probably have been slower than it was assumed to be, and that at the close of the firing there still remained 800 yards to be traversed by the assailants, during which space they would have been exposed to at least six rounds of shrapnel and as many of case. A still more recent proof of the destructive power of modern field artillery was afforded by the performance at Shoeburyness on August 8, 1894, on the occasion of the annual volunteer competition. A target representing fifteen dummies was fired at, the ranges being unknown, by a sixteen-pounder rifled muzzle-loading gun. Four common

shell with percussion fuse for finding the range, and four shrapnel shells with percussion fuses were fired. Each hit by shrapnel counted as two points. The winners were the 4th Detachment 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, who in six minutes thirty-five seconds obtained twenty-six points—i.e. thirteen hits.

Judging from the above samples of peace trials, it would appear that with modern arms opponents would be mutually annihilating. Enormous deductions have, however, to be made from peace statistics in order to even approximately forecast battle figures. One or both of the contending armies would enter into action after a fatiguing preliminary march in heavy order. The nerves and judgement of the combatants would be affected by exertion and the anticipation of danger before even a shot was fired. When the fighting began, each side, or, at all events, one side, would be under the disadvantage of not knowing the precise range. The aim would be disturbed by the constant rain of bullets and the crash of bursting shells. The delicate operation of fixing the time-fuses would be hindered by shaking hands and beating hearts. In short, the difference between firing at an enemy who does not reply and one who does, between firing at a silent foe and at one who is firing at you, would be very sensibly felt. It is difficult to obtain reliable battle statistics, but it would appear that as regards the effect of infantry fire in recent wars, the percentage of shots to hits—not necessarily disabling hits—is from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

This means that, accepting the higher computation, it would take 200 shots to hit one man. In old days—i.e. in those of the smooth-bore musket, it required, so it was said, a man's weight in lead to kill him. He can now be slain at a less expenditure of ammunition, but still there is an enormous number of shots whose only result is noise, for increased range and accuracy have to contend with freer use of artificial and natural shelter and tactical formations adapted to the present state of things. That, however, firing so deadly on peace ranges should become comparatively so innocuous on the battlefield is a fact which is almost incredible to those who have not been in action. Those who have taken part in severe contests can relate how often bodies of men have been exposed to a constant fire for some time, the air being apparently alive with whistling bullets and shrieking fragments of shell, with a small proportion of casualties as the result. Fervent admirers of, and believers in, modern arms, especially ardent artillery

officers, will hold forth glibly about annihilation, but they forget that if weapons have become more destructive, human nature, as we have remarked before, remains practically the same, and cannot be improved—for fighting purposes—beyond certain narrow limits. Discipline and training may do much, but will only restrain, not abolish, the tendency of the soldier to fire rapidly without taking aim, which tendency is increased by the speed and ease with which rifles can now be fired and by the large amount of ammunition at the soldier's disposal. Mere ardour and excitement will cause him to fire rapidly, but, in addition, when under stress of danger, he often seeks to encourage himself by making a noise and firing back at the enemy as fast as he can, with the idea that his bullets, even if they hit no one, will shake his opponents' nerves. While on the subject of human nature, we would point out that a certain percentage of loss will now, as ever, demoralise troops, while a substantial addition to that percentage will produce panic and induce retreat, if not flight, among all but the very best and most war-hardened troops. Whether, therefore, the losses are spread over a long time or take place in a few minutes, the moment at length arrives when self-respect, courage, and discipline give way to the natural instinct of self-preservation. At the same time it is certain that a percentage of casualties—say 40 per cent. in a single battalion—occurring in a space of five minutes will be more demoralising than 50 per cent. spread over a period of one hour. Similarly if in an army corps the casualties only amount to 10 per cent., while in a single brigade of that army corps it reaches the total of 40 per cent., the larger loss in that brigade will produce a greater effect on the whole than if the general percentage of the army corps were doubled. Soldiers are in such matters very sympathetic. Though all statistics lead one to believe that the percentage of killed and wounded in an army will rather diminish than increase in the battles of the future, still there is no doubt that certain battalions, brigades, divisions, and army corps will in some cases be almost annihilated. Such occurrences have been known in the battles of the smooth-bore days, for, naturally, the shorter the distance which separates two bodies, the greater the loss among those who give way. The difference, however, in this respect between the wars of the far past and those of the immediate future will consist in the concentration, as regards losses, both in time and space. Under some circumstances—especially when fugitives cannot spread out

and get under cover—entire battalions will be wiped out of existence in a few minutes. Such events, however, will not be frequent, on account of that unchangeable factor—human nature.

While on the one hand, owing to long ranges, concentration of fire on a small front will be possible, on the other hand, from the same cause, added to the increased flatness of the trajectory, destruction will be greatly distributed in depth. The danger to generals, to the doctors, and to litter-bearers will therefore be enormously increased. As to second lines and reserves, they will, unless greatly favoured by the ground, be more or less exposed to fire from the very beginning of an action. Long range, increased accuracy, and greater destructive effect of guns and rifles, will render it most difficult to accomplish a close reconnoissance of an enemy's position. The above causes will likewise, to a slight extent, increase the distance to which outposts and advanced guards are pushed to the front, for the object of both is to enable the main body to assume battle-formation before they come under effective fire.

The effect of smokeless powder in war has yet to be ascertained. It will probably not be so very great as it was first believed that it would be. Hitherto the outline of the position has been delineated by the smoke of the rifles of the defenders. Now, the discharge of rifles is only accompanied by a faint mist not visible at one hundred yards. Artillery, however, betrays its presence and, in a general way, position by an electric-light sort of flash, and by the dust which the downward blow of the powder gas raises from the ground when the latter is not moist or covered by thick turf. It will be possible in future to conceal, to a certain extent, the position of the defenders' firing line, even though it be in action, by placing it behind hedges, along the border of a wood, or even in shelter trenches, provided that in the latter case no freshly excavated earth be exposed. Hence, in order to ascertain how a position is occupied, it will be necessary to make a reconnoissance in force, which cannot fail to be a very costly operation, for the defenders, if concealed, will not betray their presence by smoke, yet their fire will be none the less deadly.

The operations of the cavalry in advance of the army will also, owing to smokeless powder, be much hampered. Imagine a brigade advancing rapidly in a country studded by woods, hedges, and villages. A few picked infantry shots concealed in the above allow the scouts and their

supports to pass without notice. On the arrival of the main body shots are fired from every side, no smoke showing whence they come, and the reports, owing to the echoes, being only misleading. It is conceivable that an entire brigade might be brought to a stand or compelled to retreat with loss by no more than one hundred infantrymen. As between the assault and defence of a position, clearly the advantage will be on the side of the defence, for the defenders will often be able to keep up a heavy fire without being seen, while the assailants must show themselves in order to advance, and will be under steadily aimed fire until quite close to the enemy.

Owing to the increased efficiency of guns and rifles, it will on the one hand be necessary for the defenders of a position to protect themselves by cover from the deadly fire of their opponents, while on the other any visible parapets will be far more easily destroyed than formerly. It will, therefore, be desirable whenever possible to make use of natural cover, as not likely to attract the attention of the enemy, such as ridges, boundary banks, &c. These, however, are not always to be found, and recourse therefore must be had sometimes to artificial means. Anything, however, in the shape of ordinary field works, unless masked, must be avoided, for they would be conspicuous targets, would draw the enemy's fire, and would soon be destroyed. Even such unobtrusive defences as shelter trenches are worse than useless, for experiments have shown that they afford infantry scarcely any protection against shrapnel. How, then, are infantry and artillery to be protected? The answer is, by artificial cover which is invisible at a few hundreds of yards' distance. In the case of the infantry, a simple narrow trench without parapet, the excavated earth being carried off and spread about, so that the position should not be marked, would serve the purpose. In the case of the artillery—pending the application of the Moncrieff disappearing system to field guns—each gun should be placed in a gun pit, the muzzle just clearing the ground, and the earth being removed as in the case of infantry shelter trenches. In short, the assailant must be given no clearly defined target. The objection to the removal of the excavated earth is that the process would take much time, involve much labour. Allowing, however, that both time and labour were trebled, compensation would be obtained by the increased efficiency of shelter trenches thus constructed. Should, however, it be found impossible or too arduous a task to remove the

excavated earth, it may with advantage be formed into a low, flat, and thick parapet covered with grass or leaves. The state of the case is as follows. Cover from sight and fire is more needed than ever, but such cover must not be conspicuously visible; indeed, it should not be visible at all at distances greater than one thousand yards.

The artillery insist, as we have pointed out above, that their aim will be a preponderating factor in the next European war. It certainly has made immense progress in almost all respects, and especially in range.

Notwithstanding, however, the enormous distances which a modern field gun can now carry, this power cannot practically be turned to useful account, under ordinary circumstances, in the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson Shaw, in the latest edition of his '*Elements of Modern Tactics*,' says that the extreme useful range of artillery is 3,000 yards, because of the limits of vision. Major Sisson Pratt, in his work on field artillery, points out that the actual effect of shrapnel, which is the man-killing projectile of artillery, is dependent on three things: (a) the striking velocity of the bullets on the bursting of the shell; (b) the height at burst above the plane; (c) the distance short of the object aimed at when the shell bursts. The remaining velocity of the bullets should not be less than 500 feet per second in order to disable a man, and this condition being borne in mind, it may be taken that, as far as remaining velocity goes, we can fire shrapnel at distances as great as 5,000 or 6,000 yards; (b) and (c) are regulated by the cone of dispersion, and at great ranges the angle of descent is so great that ricochet is almost prevented. He considers, therefore, that the extreme limit for shrapnel is 5,000 yards. He adds, however, that owing to the difficulty of observing the effects of a shot, 3,000 yards should be regarded as the extreme useful distance. In short, putting other considerations on one side, the limit of range is not that fixed by the power of the gun, but that of the power of vision. Here the gunner falls to the rear and the optician steps to the front. Considering the difficulty of transporting the large amount of ammunition needed in modern war, no artillery officer would care to fire without being able to ascertain whether his missiles produced any effect. Under favourable conditions the presence of a large body of troops can be detected at vast distances by the flashing of the metal in their arms and accoutrements, and by the dust that they make. An error, however, of 100 yards in the range—and

that is a slight percentage of miscalculation in a distance of 5,000 yards—would make all the difference between a useful and a wasted shot. At 5,000 yards it would be almost impossible to ascertain the point at which a common shell with a percussion fuse struck the ground. Even with the favourable circumstances of a good light and background, the presence of some clearly defined objects in the landscape, and with the aid of a good glass, the range could not be accurately determined at three miles, which is equal to 5,280 yards. It may be considered, therefore, that a shrapnel fired at a moving column of troops at anything over 5,000 yards would be a pure waste of ammunition, while at between 4,000 and 5,000 yards any effect would practically only be produced by chance. At stationary bodies, such as a battery exposed on the crest of a position or a village known to be occupied by the foe, firing up to 5,000 yards might be allowed. Even then, however, the effect produced would probably scarcely excuse the expenditure of ammunition.

It may be urged that, considering the powers of glasses, such strict limits of distance are out of place. But what are the powers of glasses? The Gregory-Mackay field glass of three diameters—i.e. making an object looked at through the glass appear three times as large as it appears to unaided vision—is perhaps the best field glass in existence. What, however, could be distinguished with the naked eye at a distance of three miles? It is a question whether the smoke of a common shell exploding would be visible at all at that distance. It certainly would be difficult to ascertain, even with a field glass, whether the explosion had taken place at 100 or at 200 yards short or over. A telescope of 30 diameters would, of course, be ten times more powerful than the field glass above mentioned, but even with such a telescope it would not be easy to estimate distance with anything approaching to accuracy. Moreover, from the facts that shrapnel shells have little destructive effect at any distance much over 3,000 yards, and that a common shell does comparatively little injury to troops in line, there would seem to be no object in firing at such a long range. It may be added, too, that the troops fired at would have time to minimise danger from the shell by lying down or slipping behind a bank or swell of the ground before they suffered much.

Indeed there is no reason why troops occupying a village or a battery in readiness for action should not be

drawn, placed under the nearest cover, or moved to a flank as soon as shells begin to fall near them.

With regard to field works it is different. These cannot be moved, they offer a large mark, and they probably would soon be destroyed by shells filled with high explosives, such as melinite, as used in France. These shells fired from howitzers or field mortars would not only wreck everything above ground, but, falling from a considerable height with a great angle, would break through any covered shelter likely to be met with in a field work. Hence we consider that field works of any command will for the future be inadmissible. For them will have to be substituted enclosures surrounded by a trench devoid of parapet. The men occupying such trenches would not, of course, be absolutely safe from fire, and a shell falling in them would work great havoc. This havoc, however, would only extend to the space between two traverses cut out of the solid ground, and battles cannot be fought without some loss. As to the earth excavated it might either be carried away or employed in the construction of a deceiving, false or dummy work in front, in rear, or on one flank of the work really occupied. One consequence of carrying away the excavated earth would be an increase of labour and time in construction. This fact would probably induce generals to have recourse but sparingly to field works in battle, and to substitute for them, as far as possible, natural cover. As to shields for protecting the artillerymen when working their guns, the employment of which have been urged by not a few writers, we are totally opposed to the idea. They would add much to the difficulties of transport, already almost overwhelming. They would serve to make a battery more conspicuous. Finally, a single shell would utterly destroy a shield.

The magazine rifle and the machine gun seem to add enormously to the destructive powers of armies, and no doubt they possess a certain value. That value, however, is less than might be imagined by civilians. Both have the disadvantage of using up an enormous amount of ammunition, and the magazine rifle also encourages men to indulge in that hasty, unaimed fire to which all but the very best troops are so prone. The power of pouring in a rapid succession of shots when infantry are charged either by infantry or cavalry is of great advantage doubtless, but that power should not be exercised till the assailants are close at hand and no shot can miss. The machine gun is also valuable as an adjunct to cavalry. In the event of cavalry charging

cavalry, the time available for the firing of the horse artillery battery is very short, and undoubtedly one machine gun pumping lead at the rate of 600 shots per minute would kill or disable in that minute more than one horse artillery gun could put out of action in the same time. A machine gun could also, under favourable circumstances, be conveyed under cover to a concealed spot, whence it could, by an enfilading or oblique fire, kill all the gunners of a battery before they could ascertain whence the death hail was proceeding. This performance would be, of course, greatly facilitated by the use of smokeless powder. It must, however, be borne in mind that the specially favourable conditions under which alone such an exploit could be achieved would rarely occur. Only by stealth could a machine gun do any injury to artillery, and a single shell bursting near the machine gun would dash it to pieces, or at the best thoroughly disable it. The use, therefore, of this apparently appalling engine of war is strictly limited by circumstances. The best method of employing it would seem to be when used by infantry to keep it concealed till the last moment, and only bring it into action when the firing line is thickening for the final rush. As to machine guns accompanying cavalry they would probably be screened by a squadron till the moment of the charge, when they would be unmasked, or would take ground to a flank in order to open on the opponents.

As regards battles in the open the chief changes brought about by the improvements in weapons would probably be as follows. The flatness of the trajectory of modern rifles, and their range extending to two miles, would compel artillery to keep at a greater distance from infantry than formerly—say at one of 1,500 yards at the least. Guns and gunners constitute six conspicuous groups in each battery, and the limbers and wagons, with their horses, likewise are good targets, for it is not always easy to place them under cover. It is true that infantry firing at guns which bestowed on them an occasional shell would have their nerves somewhat shaken, but if closely supervised, and able to rest their rifles on a log or bank, one hundred tolerably steady and fairly good shots ought to be able to play great havoc with a battery in the open. Should there be no natural means of providing support for the rifle, a recent invention by Mr. W. S. Simpson will make them independent of nature. This invention, which is under the consideration of several foreign Governments, is cheap and simple. It consists of a steel rifle rest

nine inches long, and weighing two ounces. It is fastened by a ball and socket arrangement to the stock. When not in use it lies flush with the stock, to which it is fastened by a spring clip. Thus history repeats itself, and the old arquebuss is adapted to modern requirements.

As to the effect of increased efficiency in duels between artillery, they will not be very great, for practically the guns of opposing armies will be equally effective. Of course a superiority in number of guns will, as heretofore, tell, and favourable ground and skilful tactics will be important factors. It seems to be generally admitted that the battery which, having got the range, fires the first effective shell or two will, skill and courage of gunners being equal, gain the victory. Hence the necessity of accurate, simple, and easily manipulated measuring instruments, whatever they may be called, followed by rapid ranging, succeeded, as soon as the range has been determined, by a quick adjustment of fuse. All the efforts of artillerymen, therefore, should be devoted to perfecting instruments, the obtaining of ranges rapidly by common shell, and simplifying and accelerating the adjustment of the fuse. The artillery on the defensive will obviously possess a superiority over the artillery on the offensive, for it will, before the action begins, have had, in the case of a prepared position, time to ascertain almost to a yard the exact distance to every probable artillery position within range. On the appearance, therefore, of a hostile battery, the defenders will only have to realise the position of their opponents before they open fire, thus gaining all the time consumed by the assailants in ranging.

As to the action of infantry against infantry, it seems to us that, assuming a total numerical equality on both sides, the defensive has gained much by recent inventions. In a *bataille rangée*, though the absence of smoke from rifles will prevent at first an exact ascertainment of the line of defence, still the defenders' batteries will soon roughly indicate it. But there is no reason why the bulk of the defenders' infantry should not be kept withdrawn and concealed till just before the moment of collision in the assault. Their position would have been determined on and marked in a manner visible to themselves, but invisible to the enemy, while the distances of various objects on the line of the enemy's advance would have been ascertained. Either the defenders would, at the moment of the assault, line a natural bank or ridge, or would be crouching concealed in narrow

shelter trenches without parapets. At all events, and under any circumstances, they would know the ranges better than the enemy, and would present much smaller objects to be fired at, for the assailants must stand up more or less to advance. Moreover, with nerves and muscles shaking from first marching from their previous night's quarters, and afterwards advancing rapidly in attack formation, they are not in such good case as the defenders for accurate shooting. Hence it seems to us that, if the ground be fairly favourable, the frontal attack of a deliberately taken up position occupied by resolute troops is almost certain to fail. We may, however, remind our readers that a strongly fortified position such as we have seen in the past will no longer be of any avail, so deadly is the power of modern shrapnel and common shells filled with a high explosive.

In our service we have no field howitzers or mortars, but in some foreign countries both form part of the field army. Russia already possesses three field mortar regiments of four batteries of six mortars each. It is stated that on October 1 two new regiments, each at first containing only two batteries, were to be added. Shells fired from either field howitzers or field mortars would quickly work havoc in villages, but as soon as the defenders saw that vertical or high-angle fire was becoming effective, they would naturally move out to a flank or the rear, ready to reoccupy their former post as soon as the artillery fire had ceased and hostile infantry were advancing. Villages and conspicuous field works are simply shell traps, and to be avoided, save when only infantry fire is brought to bear on them.

Among students of the art of war, including, of course, those practical soldiers who do not work merely by rule of thumb, there are two rival schools. One favours the defensive, and of these Lord Wolseley is perhaps the most prominent; while among those who maintain that the offensive is superior are to be found the majority of German officers, and, among English officers, Captain F. Maude, late R.E., whose opinions deservedly carry great weight.

In a campaign a battle is fought (a) by two armies coming into collision when both are on the march; (b) when one army deliberately takes up a position, and is attacked by another army. There are two kinds of defensive—the passive and the defensive-offensive. It is generally conceded that the passive-defensive is objectionable on the ground that it only produces, at the best, negative results. Such is not, however, strictly speaking, quite accurate in all cases. For

example, A occupies a position ; B attacks A, and recoils with heavy losses, and much demoralised. If B has failed, before losses and demoralisation have weakened him, to carry the position, he is not likely to succeed at the second attempt, when numerically weaker and morally discouraged. Unless, therefore, B has hopes of receiving soon large reinforcements, he probably retires. It may be said that B, having failed in a direct attack, will seek to turn A out of his position by manœuvring, but if that course had been open to him, he would, it is reasonable to suppose, have adopted it in preference at first. Consequently A, having maintained himself in the purely passive defence, has achieved a modified but distinct success.

Frequently the passive-defensive is imposed upon a commander by circumstances. He may have been ordered, with a force inferior to that of the enemy, to maintain himself at a certain important strategic position until he can be joined by large reinforcements from the rear, or until the commander-in-chief of the main army shall have completed some strategical scheme. It is conceivable that he is just able, and no more, to hold his own, and that the enemy, in his unsuccessful assault, is nevertheless not so shattered as to render it prudent to attack him. The defender may also be deficient in guns of large calibre, or in cavalry, a deficiency from which the commander of the defending force would suffer were he to advance out of his carefully selected and prepared position. It is, therefore, evident that there is no absolute rule about combining the offensive with the defensive, and that circumstances must dictate to a commander whether he shall assume the passive-defensive, the defensive-offensive, or the purely offensive. Those, therefore, who so loudly extol the active-offensive fail to see that the attitude of a commander must depend upon circumstances which the greatest ability cannot always control.

The offensive has always possessed certain advantages, which, by improvement in weapons and the development of certain accessories, have been increased. The advantages of the defensive are the following :—The defenders, subject to strategical considerations and the direction of the enemy's advance, can choose and strengthen a strong position. If they cannot, for reasons which we have enumerated previously, construct field works and shelter trenches, they can, at all events, destroy cover for the enemy in his advance, and keep the assailants stationary under close fire by wire entanglements, pickets, inundations, and other obstacles not

easily destroyed by the attacker's distant artillery fire. The defender can ascertain the ranges from all parts of the position to spots likely to be occupied or advanced over by the enemy, and especially to all probable artillery positions. Finally, the defender can, from the nature of things, make better arrangements for the supply of ammunition.

On the other hand, the defenders are stationary, and it is always demoralising to troops to remain immovable under a heavy fire. This disadvantage would, however, be neutralised to a certain extent by keeping the defenders for the most part either concealed or drawn back to the rear under cover of a ridge or swell of the ground until the decisive moment of the attack approached. Besides, the infantry might, as we have pointed out previously, owing to the introduction of smokeless powder, be able under certain conditions to keep up a heavy fire without being seen by their opponents. Finally, if occupying a good position, the defenders' infantry would at the decisive moment of the assault find an antidote to the unpleasant feeling of being shot at while stationary, by recognising that they, the defenders, were suffering less heavily than their antagonists. Firing is as inspiring as moving when the firing is plainly effective. It is true that the assailants would leave their killed and wounded comrades, and consequently would not be disheartened by the sight of their wounds. That, however, only applies in its full extent to the firing line, for each successive line would pass over a greater number of dead, dying, and wounded men. The principal advantage of the offensive is that the assailant knows where he is going to hit, while the defender does not know where he is going to be hit. The former, therefore, obliges the latter to conform to his plan, and he is not always able to do so in time to meet the blow. Hence doubt, uncertainty, and a certain amount of marching and counter-marching among the occupants of a position. The attackers can suddenly mass a large number of guns opposite a particular section of the defender's position, thus crushing the defender's artillery before it can be reinforced. Against that it may be urged that the defenders ought to be able to ascertain by instruments the distance to all the probable artillery positions of the enemy, and take the opportunity of correcting the distances ascertained by instruments by actual ranging with common shells at reconnoitring parties, or the range-finders or markers of the foe. It is argued that the defenders cannot tell what artillery positions will be occupied by the

enemy, that the latter will probably send forward their own range-finder to stealthily take by instruments the ranges, and that after all the exact ranges can only be found by firing, for instruments cannot be relied on. The answer of the supporters of the defensive is that an experienced and judicious artillery general will have carefully examined the ground over which the enemy must advance, and that he will—putting himself in his opponent's place—have ascertained what artillery positions exist; and it must be remembered that there are rarely many suitable for a large number of guns. These positions having been noted, the defenders' artillery officers would keep their glasses turned on them, and would observe the first appearance of the enemy's range-finders, artillery reconnoitring parties, and markers, and would be prepared accordingly. Indeed, if the defensive position is taken up while the enemy is still at a distance, there is no reason why the distances from every point in the line to every probable artillery position of the assailants should not be ascertained by actual ranging with common shell. Assuming, however, that actual ranging should for any reason be impracticable, and that all that can be done is to ascertain by map and instruments the various distances, the defenders would still have the advantage for reasons which we will proceed to adduce. Before giving these reasons, however, we may be permitted to say a few words of explanation to those who are not well acquainted with artillery action. It might be assumed that, the exact distance from a gun to its object having been ascertained, the only thing to be done would be to train the gun on that object, to give the correct elevation, and to set the time fuse. In practice, however, such is not the case. Artillery officers say that the best range-finder is the gun itself, for that, owing to the uncertain strength of the powder, which often deteriorates from keeping and varies in its effect according to the weather, owing also to the greater or less density of the atmosphere, and the force and direction of the wind, experiment alone will give the exact practical range. How important it is to obtain this range quickly can be easily imagined, for obviously if two batteries are opposed to each other the one which bursts six shells among its opponents before it receives one has already gained half the victory. How difficult it is to obtain the range quickly all artillery officers know. Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe Ingelfingen is very emphatic on that point. He says that in peace it is comparatively easy to find the range, yet he adds; 'I was once

‘present when in time of peace one of the most practised instructors at the school of gunnery continued for this reason’—a depression just in front of the object—‘to shoot 500 yards short of the target.’

At Sedan Prince Kraft, with two batteries of Corps Artillery firing at the enemy distant 2,700 yards, was more than an hour before his guns began to hit. If this was the case at a distance of only 2,700 yards, what is likely to happen at greater distances? Now Prince Kraft says that the artillery should, as a rule, open at over 3,800 yards, that under some circumstances guns may fire at as much as 5,000 yards, and that the decisive artillery duel should be fought at from 2,200 to 2,700 yards. From the above it will be seen how difficult it is to ascertain the distance quickly by ranging.

To return, then, to the case of the defenders’ *versus* the attackers’ artillery. The former have at all events ascertained by instruments and looking at the map the real distances to the probable artillery positions of the enemy. Suddenly the enemy’s guns appear, and unlimbering—a process which occupies an appreciable amount of time—proceed to fire common shell in order to get the practical range. The defenders’ artillery commander, as soon as he sees the teams begin to turn, orders shells to be fired at the elevation corresponding with the instrument range. These shells fall before, at all events, those of the enemy, and are more likely to be accurate than those fired in return: for the assailants, strange to the ground, and working in a hurry and under excitement, are probably not very exact. At all events, the defenders are at least one shot ahead of their opponents. It is urged that the assailants could bring, say, 100 guns to bear upon sixty of the defenders’; but assuming that the number of guns is nearly equal on both sides, we fail to see why such should be the case, for the defenders would have, or ought to have, all their guns in position, and owing to the great range of modern artillery the guns of the sections adjoining that section attacked by a long line of the enemy’s batteries could co-operate in the defence.

Captain Maude makes a strong point of the fact that the obligatory position of the defenders’ infantry renders it easy for the assailants to destroy them by shrapnel fire. He argues that, assuming guns to be placed on the summit of a rise, the firing line of the infantry must be placed some 600 yards down the exposed slope, in order to prevent the assailants’ skirmishers from creeping up and picking off the

gunners. He fixes 600 yards as the distance in front of the guns as required both to protect the firing line from the premature bursts of the shells of their own artillery, and also to keep the enemy's skirmishers at a respectful distance. The supports he would place 600 yards in rear of the guns in order that they may not be exposed to the "overs" of the enemy. He then goes on to imply rather than to assert that the defenders' guns having been silenced and compelled to retire, the firing line must either fall back or be reinforced by the supports. In either case 600 yards would have to be traversed under the full fire of the assailants' shrapnel.

Captain Gall says :—

' Unless the ground is flat or when firing uphill, guns should not be posted in the same alignment as the infantry firing line in defence.'

He then quotes the 'Artillery Drill Book,' which lays it down that the guns should be about 500 yards behind it,

' the infantry firing line in short re-entrants, from whence they can flank the salients, or on the crests of hills with the infantry entrenched a short distance down the slopes.'

Prince Kraft also dwells on the necessity of pushing forward infantry some 500 yards in front of artillery in order to keep the enemy's skirmishers at a distance. There is no doubt that a few infantry creeping up to within, say, 1,000 yards of artillery engaged with the enemy's guns could harass the gunners greatly.

Means, therefore, must be found of keeping them at a distance, but it does not necessarily follow that the defenders' infantry should for this purpose be pushed down the hill. The sharpshooters in question would probably be few in number; a handful, therefore, of the defenders' infantry distributed in the intervals of batteries would suffice, for they would know the range, which their adversaries would not. A stronger body might be placed on the flanks of the guns, whence, even in the case of a line of eight batteries, they could bring an effective oblique fire to bear on the enemy's riflemen. Again, small enclosures or depressions in advance might be occupied with the same purpose. Under no circumstances, however, should there be more than a very thin skirmishing line pushed down the slope, and this should not be reinforced. The defenders' guns being withdrawn or silenced, his infantry should from the rear march up to the crest of the position, the skirmishers falling back

on them. Supposing that the guns were only partially silenced, and that yet the assailants' infantry advanced to the storm, the thin skirmishing line should run back by twos and threes through the intervals between batteries. As to what Captain Maude says about the supports being placed 600 yards in rear of the guns, it is quite possible that the fall of the ground may permit of their being placed with safety much nearer. At all events the entire line of the position would not be occupied by artillery. We maintain, therefore, that his endeavour to magnify the offensive at the expense of the defensive has failed. Of course, the offensive-defensive is the best plan of battle, and under any circumstances a portion of an attacking force almost invariably remains on the defensive, at all events for a time. It is, to us who will generally be inferior in numbers to our opponent, encouraging to realise that modern inventions favour the defensive; for not only shall we in most cases be the weaker army, but the national characteristics are such that British soldiers, while daring and impetuous in delivering an assault, are especially resolute in receiving one. This is Lord Wolseley's opinion, and he has not only read much military history but greatly practised war.

There is an invention, not yet fully developed, which is likely to play an important part in war, and that is the balloon. We dismiss the idea of the balloon employed to carry powerful projectiles and to drop them over an army, a fort, or a town; for, in the first place, we have not secured a navigable balloon which can select its own course; and, in the second place, such shells could just as accurately, and more easily, be fired from a mortar or howitzer. The captive balloon is a realised invention, and could render great service by ascertaining the position of the enemy's second line and reserves, and by notifying the approach behind a rise of the enemy's artillery. Also, wide turning movements could be discerned and announced by it.

Another invention—i.e. the quick-firing field gun—threatens to be largely adopted on the Continent. The advantage of this gun is that, as there is scarcely any recoil, the men will be saved much of the enormous fatigue of running up and relaying guns after each shot. This fatigue becomes excessive when, for the sake of getting the protection of a crest, the trail of the gun is downhill. Before quitting the subject of artillery, we would observe that fixed ammunition in cases not only facilitates loading, but also tends to preserve the powder from deterioration. Attention cannot be

too strongly directed by our authorities, not only to this point but to the protecting powder from deterioration.

Another point which will increase the power of all arms is the question of vision. The experience of those who have made ocean voyages is that sailors can, owing to constant practice, not only discover ships which are invisible to landmen until the whereabouts is pointed out, but even describe them. There is no doubt that the power of perceiving troops at a distance can be largely increased by practice. On the other hand, in order to baffle long vision it is probable that most armies will, in time, reduce the amount of glittering metal as much as possible.

As to modification in the formation of infantry, the consideration of this important subject would require more space than we can here afford. We may, however, be permitted to say that everything points in the direction of a partial reverting to our old battle tactics. For the assaulting infantry to halt from time to time in order to fire will be proved, we think, in future to be a faulty proceeding. Troops acting in that manner would be at a terrible disadvantage as compared with the defenders' infantry, as we have shown previously, and the great object is to remain exposed to fire as short a time as possible. Hence they will not incur delay by halting periodically to fire at small objects at uncertain ranges, but hasten steadily, but quickly, on till at, say, 200 yards' distance, they halt, discharge all the shots in the magazines, and then charge. To get them to advance without firing, it will be necessary to subject them, in time of peace, to the strictest discipline, the most rigid drill, and on the battlefield to move them when attacking in single rank, with only such small intervals as will serve to give them freedom of motion. This formation will be found to produce little more loss than the present rushes interrupted by halts to fire, will give them the encouragement afforded by the contact of comrades, and will enable the commanders to retain their hold of their men. The fire action in the attack must devolve on the artillery and on infantry on the flanks, told off for that purpose only, and not intended to take part in the actual assault.

Cavalry will not be greatly affected on the field of battle by modern changes. It is true that the magazine rifle will enable infantry to pour, within a minute, a large number of bullets into a mass of charging horsemen, and the absence of smoke will deprive the cavalry of a screen which heretofore has frequently enabled them to approach infantry

and artillery unseen. At the same time there will frequently be, as hitherto, mist, folds of the ground, copses, &c., which will enable cavalry to steal up close to their opponents before they are discovered. Another fact should be borne in mind, viz. that the intensity of battle will be much increased, and that the attention of men actually engaged will be more than ever absorbed by the contest with the foe in their immediate front. This absorption of mind will frequently enable cavalry to draw quite close to the flank of a firing line without attracting attention. When rifles were first adopted there was in England almost a consensus of opinion that the day of cavalry on the field of battle had come to an end. On the introduction of breechloaders that verdict was emphasised. The Germans, however, never held that view, and a reaction has during the last ten years set in, even in this country. In theory cavalry have only to appear on the battlefield to be wiped out of existence. In practice it is found that under certain conditions cavalry in large bodies, and still more frequently in small bodies, will be able to act with effect against infantry taken by surprise or previously shaken. Against resolute infantry not taken by surprise, cavalry have at no time during the last century and a half been able to effect much, and now any attempt would be hopeless. Against the deadly effect of infantry fire, however, must be set the extraordinary moral effect of a cavalry charge. How great that moral effect is may be ascertained even at peace manœuvres.

The effect of modern improvements in the appliances of war on the power of permanent fortifications to make a prolonged resistance will, we believe, be considerable. During the last forty years the old method, based on the system of Cormontaigne, and what was called the 'Modern system,' has been gradually abandoned, and is now completely replaced by the system of detached forts. The leading features of these are simplicity of construction, an almost entire absence of flanking fire, save for hindering the passage of the ditch, a large supply of traverses for the localisation of the effects of shells, and an ample provision of overhead cover and bomb-proof shelter. The parapets also have of late been strengthened by iron plates and revolving iron turrets of the Grüsson and similar types. Against direct fire these last would, no doubt, do well, but must in the end succumb to a persistent rain of heavy projectiles. Also it is conceivable that good overhead cover could be

provided, but a garrison, however completely under cover, is in a position of the most passive resistance if infantry cannot be brought out to resist an assault. Let us imagine a chain of forts, well provided with head-cover for both guns and the infantry lining the parapets, as well as complete protection for the reliefs and reserves. Unless the ground were specially favourable to the besiegers—and we may assume that the planners of the works would take care that such was not the case—regular parallels and approaches after the old fashion would not be attempted. The reason is obvious. No men could live while constructing, or, rather, attempting to construct, the first parallel at anything like a moderate distance—say 500 yards. The distance of every spot would be known to a yard by the garrison, and the incessant rain of bullets from rifles and machine guns would soon kill all the workmen. Even the adoption of a cuirass such as Herr Döwe's, or some other, would only slightly reduce the slaughter. The cover of darkness would be of slight protection on account of the electric light. On the other hand, it would be possible for the besiegers to take up an enveloping position at, say, 3,000 yards, the guns being placed under existing or artificial cover, and fired by indirect laying. The distances of the guns from the particular fort selected for attack might vary so as to baffle the besiegers, and still further to accomplish that object, as well as to minimise loss, the guns might be placed at wide intervals. In these intervals the infantry might be drawn up, masked as far as possible either by existing hedges, banks, or folds in the ground, or by bushes placed in as natural a way as possible. Considering also the distance, small bodies of infantry might here and there be posted at much closer ranges, the main line firing over their heads. The guns, if the ground under their muzzles were kept moist, would stir up no dust, and the only indication of their position would be the flash, but that would be an uncertain indication for return fire. A fort which, roughly speaking, was 300 yards long by 100 yards deep, would offer a large target which could not be missed, and the effect of the constant fire of the attacking artillery on the interior space can be imagined. Assume that the guns of three army corps—say 360 guns—reinforced by a light siege train comprising howitzers and mortars, fired at the rate of two shells a second, and 30,000 infantry, allowing for reliefs, fired 400 rifle shots per second, plus a score of machine guns to give occasional intensity, and the result can be realised.

Of course the duel between besiegers and besieged would not be quite one-sided. In the one case, however, there would be one plainly visible, compact, large target. In the other, there would be an infinite number of small targets, some invisible, others scarcely visible, and the range of which it would be difficult to get. Every bullet and shell from the besiegers would be almost certain to do some damage, whereas the missiles of the garrison passing over a gun or a section of infantry would, in all likelihood, prove innocuous. Of course the adjoining forts would be able in theory to assist in the defence, but being further off than the fort singled out for attack, would do little mischief. Besides troops would be, no doubt, told off to keep the adjacent forts in check. Supplementary works and shelter trenches would be used as supports by the garrison, but they, being field works, would soon be disposed of. It is no rash assumption, therefore, that after serving for twelve hours as a focus for between three and four hundred guns, 30,000 rifles, plus, perhaps, a score or two of machine guns, the best modern fort would become untenable. Almost all the armies of the world are supplied with high explosives, to be used with shells, and some sad accidents have shown us that the gases of those explosives, which have, like gun-cotton, nitrous compounds for a base, are most poisonous. Not long ago in Germany an officer and six engineer soldiers rushed forward to ascertain what the effect of an exploded mine had been. As soon as they reached the crater they fell dead at once. They were promptly dragged out, but it was found that they were corpses. In 'The Great War of 189-,' in the relation of a supposed attack by the Germans on the forts round Rheims, occurs the following suggestive passage:—

'At daybreak on the 12th we moved forward to the attack of the intermediate positions—not against the forts themselves, for these were mud heaps, so saturated with the carbonic oxide due to the explosion of our gun-cotton shells that they were equally untenable by friend or foe.'

Again, relating the capture of a portion of the chain of forts round Paris, occurs the following passage:—

'At daybreak this morning, after preliminary bombardment of twenty-four hours, the position between the forts of Vanjours and Chelles was stormed. The effect of the bombardment was just what it had been before Rheims, and we left the forts untouched. The garrisons had taken shelter in the bomb-proofs, and at first refused to come out; but seeing themselves completely surrounded, and as the

deadly fumes of our bursting shells began to penetrate into their retreat, they at last came out and laid down their arms, seeing the impossibility of further resistance.'

It is conceivable that covered corridors, lining the outer parapet, might be rendered proof not only against splinters, but against the impact of a large shell fired from a mortar or howitzer, followed by the explosion. The work would cost money, but money is not much taken into consideration when forts are concerned. It is also conceivable that similar cover might be provided for reliefs and supports. There must, as to the corridor, however, be openings to the front to fire through, and in the roof or rear wall for ventilation. Through the first set of openings it is inconceivable that, with the present accuracy of guns and rifles, some missile should not from time to time enter out of the thousands fired every hour. Should one of those missiles be a shell, the fumes would destroy every occupant of the compartment. Even the bursting of a shell, charged with a high explosive, close to a loophole or embrasure would cause fumes to enter the corridor. The fumes would also penetrate by the ventilating holes in the roof and back wall. The supports and reliefs would similarly be reached by the fumes of bursting shells, and as to coming out into the open interior of the work to relieve their comrades or to help to resist an attack the best troops could hardly be induced to make the attempt. To enable them, moreover, to quit the central bomb-proofs and enter the corridors, doors must be opened in both. These doors would be either large to enable men to pass out and in quickly, or they would be narrow, in which case the passing through them would occupy a long time. During this long time it would be strange indeed that a shell did not burst close to the door. It is possible that science may succeed in devising a means of applying a gas to neutralise the lethal effects of the carbonic oxide generated by the high explosive shells. Up to the present moment, however, no attempt in that direction has been made.

On duly considering what we have written above, we are disposed to arrive at the conviction that sieges in form will be impossible—a repetition of the successful siege of Strasbourg in 1870 will not be attempted. A blockade, such as that of Metz, will rarely be tried, for, owing to the increased effective range, the radius of the surrounding circle will be so long that it is scarcely conceivable that a sufficient number of troops would be available for the operation. Besides, the history of the blockade of Metz shows that it

ought to have failed had Bazaine acted loyally and energetically from the first. Everything, however, tends to the belief that a vigorous concentrated bombardment, in which the artillery fire would be supported by that of infantry and machine guns, would reduce the large majority of strong forts in from twelve to thirty-six hours. Of what use, then, are forts?—speaking only of inland fighting—we may be asked. Well, to tell the truth, with regard to permanent fortification forts are of little use, and the money and men absorbed by them can be turned to better purpose. Field works will, no doubt, prove useful to protect a bridge, railway junction, or a defile against the attacks of small bodies of troops. They cannot hold out long, it is true, against modern means of attack by a large force; but neither can permanent forts, and the increased time during which the latter can hold out would be too dearly purchased by the amount of money spent on them and the garrisons which they would require. Besides, troops holding a position garnished with field works would have for their object merely to check the assailant, and the defenders' intention would be to avoid capture by retreating as soon as they saw the enemy closing round them. Of course, the condition of the ground sometimes is such as to enable a fort to hold out, as in the old days, for several weeks, but we shall rarely find a fort so favourably situated. In future, therefore, we shall, in our opinion, confine ourselves to works calculated only to baffle a *coup de main* by a small force, and to check, not stop, a large force. After all, the military history of the past teaches us that, once the field army of the defenders is crushed, its so-called strong places soon fall, like over-ripe fruit, almost without any efforts on the part of the invaders.

The difficulty of forecasting the future is in the case of the art of war very great, for no sooner does one inventor produce an improvement in either an offensive or defensive direction than another inventor supplies an antidote. There is therefore a continual swing of the pendulum between offensive effects and means adopted to render them nugatory. However, one factor in war remains constant, and that is the nature of the ground. To utilise this to the fullest extent will be one of the chief objects of all who hold command, from the corporal with his squad to the general with his army, and the commander who has the best eye for country and understands how best to utilise it will have many chances in his favour when opposed to an adversary

less gifted and less trained in that respect. In conclusion we may observe that though the war of the future may be more dramatically dreadful, because locally more intense, it will not, as regards the entire body of combatants in the field, be more destructive than formerly. Probably indeed the proportion of killed and wounded will be smaller than it has been since the adoption of rifled artillery and small arms for reasons which we have given before. Greater perfection in the machinery and skill of the medical department will diminish the percentage of deaths among the severely wounded. Another circumstance tending in the direction of humanity will be the shortness of campaigns. Their duration has been greatly diminished of late years, and we believe that in future it will be still more reduced. It is true that enormous masses of men are now brought into the field, and that such masses are necessarily slower in movement than small armies. On the other hand every ten years there is on the Continent of Europe an enormous improvement in the means of locomotion and transport. The ordinary roads generally become better, single lines of railroad are converted into double lines and fresh railways are constructed. Owing also to the thick network of electric wires to be found in every country, there will be little waiting for orders or information. For these reasons the campaigns of the future will probably be shortened, and the shortening of campaigns means an enormous diminution of sickness and death by disease. It is not so much the weapons of the enemy as disease by which graves and hospitals are filled. As an example we give the following abstract of the losses in the 3rd battalion Grenadier Guards during the Crimean campaign. Of non-commissioned officers and men, 111 were killed in action, 33 died of wounds, 650 died of disease, 442 were invalided (not included in the above), while 2 were missing. Of the wounded and invalided 96 were discharged and 851 returned to duty. Thus, if even the number of killed be increased by 50 per cent., a diminution to a like extent in the deaths from disease would, judging from the above sample, leave a large balance on the side of humanity.

- ART. X.—1. *Speech delivered by the Hon. Lyulph Stanley at the Meeting of the School Board for London, January 25, 1894.*
2. *Religious Teaching in London Board Schools. A Letter to the Times, May 4, 1893.* By Dr. MARTINEAU.
3. *Religious Teaching in Board Schools. Being an account of the Great Religious Controversy on the London School Board in 1893.* By ATHELSTAN RILEY, M.A. London.
4. *The Importance of Religious Instruction in Public Elementary Schools as illustrated by the case of France.* By the Rev. T. HOWARD GILL, M.A., Vicar of Tonbridge, Kent, and late Chaplain in Paris. London: 1893.
5. *Final Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Elementary Education Acts: England and Wales.* London: 1888.

Few reflecting observers will doubt the critical importance of the School Board elections which will shortly take place in London. The stormy procedure of the outgoing Board has not only exasperated partisanship beyond all recent precedent, but also has brought into play forces which will with extreme difficulty be soothed again into any degree of repose. The issue presented to the electors is of crucial importance; yet it is presented with such violence of language and distortions of fact that the chances are great that its real character will not be grasped by the majority of those who will record their votes in November.

We propose to consider the issue from no partisan standpoint. Our concern with the controversy arises solely from the magnitude of the interests it menaces. It is precisely that aspect which is likely to escape the attention of the actual combatants. The present controversy has come very suddenly upon us. No one, indeed, supposed that the School Board system had outlived the suspicions and animosities which clustered so thickly round its birth. We may allow that there are many reasons why its relations with the older voluntary system should now be specially strained; but few people suspected that the religious question would have been reopened, and so fierce a controversy waged in the very stronghold of School Board orthodoxy.

For it must be remembered that this conflict has arisen, not in Birmingham, but in London, which has for nearly a quarter of a century figured as the model upon which the

provincial School Boards might construct their religious provision. The London School Board had certainly taken considerable pains over the religious teaching which should be provided in its schools. Not only was a careful scheme of biblical teaching elaborated, but arrangements for regular inspection of the work were made. Private exertions assisted the public action, and it does not admit of doubt that until the outbreak of the present conflict the religious teaching of the London Board Schools was in the main regarded with confidence by the mass of religious people of all Christian denominations. It was known that most of the teachers had received their training in Church colleges; that many clergymen and laity of undoubted orthodoxy were numbered among the school managers; that the annual reports of the Board's inspectors were, as a rule, favourable; that a large, and, as it seemed, increasing volume of interest was being attracted to the work. The 'compromise' of 1871 was regarded with general satisfaction as an excellent example of that practical sound sense with which Englishmen are supposed to solve problems elsewhere found to be incapable of solution. A few months witnessed a sudden and sinister change. The 'compromise' which had been designed and maintained as a treaty of peace, became the subject of prolonged and acrimonious controversy.

The meetings of the Board became scenes of excitement and recrimination in which business was neglected, dignity forgotten, and the most solemn subjects bandied about by reckless and angry disputants. The result has been deplorable. All the old animosities which had seemed to be losing their strength, under the beneficent influence of the 'compromise,' suddenly regained their former vigour. The conflict passed from the Board room to the press and the public meeting. An active agitation was inaugurated; the dogs of theological warfare were unloosed; and now an election is to be fought under the worst educational conditions that have obtained since the passing of the Education Act. It may not be disputed that an extremely grave responsibility rests with the originators of this unhappy disturbance, whoever may be adjudged to merit that distinction. Nothing short of the clearest public duty could justify their action; nothing less than the most considerable public benefits could compensate for the mischiefs they have brought about. Mr. Athelstan Riley, who more than any other individual must be held responsible for the present

crisis, would certainly not dispute the truth of this, but he would argue that the issues at stake were too serious to admit of continued acquiescence in a condition of affairs which was profoundly and perilously delusive, that higher interests than those of tranquillity demanded his action, and that the very violence of the present storm revealed the deceptive character of the preceding calm. It has been unfortunate for the cause which Mr. Athelstan Riley champions that he himself should be known to be an ardent and aggressive Anglo-Catholic. Many persons found it impossible to believe in the *bona fides* of a movement which, professedly undenominational in the Christian sense of the phrase, was championed by an extreme denominationalist.

We are not concerned to approve or condemn a suspicion which, however ill-founded, cannot be regarded, under the circumstances, as unnatural. To a large extent, Mr. Riley's manifest sincerity and courage have overcome the difficulties which owed their existence to the strength of his own unpopular convictions.

His own account of the reasons which induced his attack on the existing system is as follows:—

'In July, 1892, a remark made in the course of debate by an old member of the Board, Mr. Sharp, an associate of the late Lord Shaftesbury in many a good work, that he knew of instances of boys coming from the Board Schools who had passed the fifth and sixth standards, *but had never heard of Jesus Christ*, aroused my suspicions, and an accidental visit to a Board School during a religious examination in November, 1892, prompted me to make investigation, with the following results: I found (a) teachers who thought that under the Board Rules they could teach no doctrines at all; (b) teachers who thought the doctrine of the Holy Trinity was excluded as being "denominational;" (c) teachers who gave to the children Unitarian explanations of that doctrine; and (d) teachers who, when giving instruction, maintained an attitude of neutrality, or even of hostility, towards the doctrine of the Divinity of our Lord. Meanwhile, the Rev. J. J. Coxhead, the Chairman of the Board's Scripture sub-committee, had made public through the columns of the "Guardian" an instance of Unitarian teaching which he had come across in a school in his district of London, and other evidences of anti-Christian instruction followed one upon another. We found that in some schools the children were obliged by the teacher to stop short of the doxology at the end of the hymns, and in at least one case this practice had been forced upon unwilling assistants by an "undenominational" head-teacher. My duty was now plain: the interests of Christian parents, of Christian teachers, and, above all, of Christian children, demanded prompt and stern action.'

* 'Religious Teaching in Board Schools,' by A. Riley, M.A., p. 5.

The facts to which Mr. Riley refers were at first hotly disputed, but they do not admit of serious question, and are, indeed, for the most part now admitted. It is argued, however, that they are not representative, and that it is perilously unwise to risk the destruction of a system which, on the whole, has worked well because of faults which might be found in any system, and which are comparatively few and exceptional.

Even this, however, can scarcely any longer be urged since the action of the Metropolitan Teachers' Association. When more than 3,000 teachers, not far short of half the total number employed in the London Board Schools, declare that to teach the doctrine of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation would 'give a sectarian bias to their teaching,' it is hardly possible to deny that Mr. Athelstan Riley has, from his own standpoint, sufficient ground for his accusation against the working of the compromise. But is his standpoint permissible? Did the compromise of 1871 take Christianity for granted? Mr. Lyulph Stanley, whose great services to the cause of education give special weight to his words, argues with considerable force that this was not the case. He quotes Mr. Huxley in support of his view, and so far we may accept it, but we cannot doubt that the general belief was that which Mr. Stanley repudiates, viz. :—

'that the settlement of 1871 was a compromise between Christians in which all expected and intended that the leading doctrines common to the great majority of Christians should be taught.' (Speech by Hon. L. Stanley, p. 2.)

The matter, however, is of slight practical importance, for Mr. Stanley admits that the compromise had been worked on Christian lines :—

'I quite admit that in the course of years our Biblical teaching has drifted in a direction much more theological and dogmatic.

'The character of the questions set in the annual examination for Mr. Peek's prizes has given the tone to much of the teaching, and has encouraged lessons of a distinctly theological tendency.' (Ibid.)

The compromise of 1871 was an attempt to apply the famous Cowper-Temple clause of the Education Act of the preceding year, and Mr. Forster made it very clear that he had no intention of admitting into the schools, under cover of that clause, anything but the Christian religion. Lord Selborne has recently spoken with great positiveness to this effect, and his words are specially noteworthy in view of the fact that he was himself a prominent supporter of the

Government which introduced the Education Act to Parliament. He declares that his own support of the Act would not have been possible if any doubt had existed as to its distinctive Christian character:—

‘If the principles of that Act, and the declarations made by the Ministers of the Crown, who introduced it in 1870, had not been understood as they were, I and many others certainly would not have been able to give it the support which we did. . . . It was universally recognised that it (sc. religion) would be most desirable, wherever it could be obtained, and that, not in some vague, intangible sense of the world “religion,” but in the sense of the Christian religion, as was assumed and stated over and over again in the course of those debates, and Christian religion with as much definiteness as was necessary for the life and power of the teaching to be given. Those were the principles as I and no small part of the majority which passed that Bill maintained’ (The ‘Guardian,’ August 2, 1894.)

Lord Selborne adduces in proof of his statement the irrefragable evidences of the speeches of the Ministers and the votes in Parliament. In view of recent events, a special interest attaches to the following observations:—

‘Mr. Forster, I see, is sometimes referred to as having spoken of the theological capacities of young children as very limited, and therefore of the theological or dogmatic instruction which would be proper for them having a corresponding limitation; and he is said to have spoken of practical religion as being the main thing to be aimed at in any instruction to be given in those schools. He was not the only man who said so. I might myself have been quoted as having said exactly the same thing, and *I am quite sure that neither Mr. Forster, nor myself, nor any others who may have used similar language, had the least idea of its involving the consequence that no doctrine was to be taught in these schools.* In truth, it is quite impossible to teach religion without teaching its foundations. In religion, as in everything else, there are fundamental truths which are, and must be, the groundwork of practice, and you can get no religious practice without them. You cannot teach an abstract practical religion unless there are those truths upon which it is built up. Those truths which are needed for that part of the teaching in schools where the children are very young may not be very numerous; but numerous or not, those which are truly fundamental are indispensable, and those who believe in them cannot teach religion except as depending on those truths.’

It should be remembered that the ‘compromise’ of 1871 not only affected ‘Bible instruction,’ but also ‘religious observances,’ and we do not think that it will be seriously argued in any quarter that these last were designed to be other than Christian in the generally accepted sense of the word. We say the ‘generally accepted sense,’ for it is necessary to guard against the novel sense which has come

to the front during the recent debates on the London School Board, and which goes far to justify the luckless circular.

To a very large extent the controversy seems to have arisen from mutual misunderstanding. Mr. Lyulph Stanley's objection lies not against a Christian interpretation of the compromise, in which he has expressly declared his acquiescence, but against the regular and systematic *inculcation* of theological dogmas, even the most important. He asserts—and few will disagree with him—that the Bible teaching in the schools, if it is to have any value, 'must be the result of the free working of the mind of the teacher.' For the Board to 'step in and dictate doctrines' would 'destroy any living force there might be in his utterances.' No exception can be taken against this contention in itself, but it certainly does not appreciate the position of the other side. It is asserted, and the Royal Commission of 1888 justifies the assertion, that the idea is abroad, perhaps even prevalent among School Board teachers, that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity are prohibited by the system which controls their religious teaching. The idea is, as we have shown, unwarranted by the facts, but it exists, and its existence prompts the action of the majority of the London School Board. There is no question of dictating doctrines, but of removing a misconception, which gravely offends many consciences. The circular assumes, and the vast majority of professed Christians will allow the assumption, that the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation are not sectarian—that is, legitimately subject to the free play of Christian opinion, but integral to Christianity itself. It is more truly an enfranchisement of the teachers than an oppression. It relieves the Christians, who, we are assured, constitute the majority of the teaching body, from a painful perplexity. It does not impose new doctrines, but it authorises the old doctrines to enter freely into the teaching. The 'free working of the mind of the teacher,' which Mr. Stanley so justly values, demands, in the case of Christian teachers, nothing less than this. Assuming, as we are bound to assume, the reality of the alleged doubt as to the exact drift of the 'compromise,' we think it difficult to sustain any serious objection to the substance of the following statement, however impolitic under the circumstances its issue as a circular may have been:—

'The Board have never intended their teachers to diverge from the presentation of the Christian religion which is revealed in the

Bible. While following the syllabus, which is suggested to you yearly, you are at liberty to refer to other parts of the Bible by which the principles of the Christian religion may be elucidated and enforced. But in the course of the lessons, as opportunity occurs, you will impress upon the children the relation in which they stand to God the Father as their Creator, to God the Son as their Redeemer, and to God the Holy Ghost as their Sanctifier. The Board cannot approve of any teaching which denies either the divine or the human nature of the Lord Jesus Christ, or which leaves on the minds of the children any other impression than that they are bound to trust and serve Him as their God and Lord.

‘A question having arisen as to whether, under the heading of religious observances, the Board permit the use of hymns, concluding with the Doxology, or prayers other than the Lord’s Prayer, I am directed to inform you that no restriction is placed upon your liberty of choice in this respect.

‘These suggestions are made by the Board in no spirit of distrust or want of confidence in your good intentions to make the Bible lesson as useful as possible, but in order to avoid any misconceptions which may exist as to the meaning and intention of the Board’s rules with reference to a portion of their work upon which they lay the greatest stress. If there are those among you who cannot conscientiously impart Bible instruction in this spirit, means will be taken, without prejudice to their position under the Board, to release them from the duty of giving the Bible lesson.’

We repeat that in our judgement all this is in itself unexceptionable, but the policy of its form and issue as a circular was lamentably unwise. From their own point of view the majority would have been better advised if, instead of laying their ‘prentice hands’ to the task of drafting a confession of faith, they had adopted the Apostles’ Creed, which is familiar, generally accepted, held in high regard by nearly all denominations of Christians, and has the additional recommendation of being recognised as permissible by the Education Department. We understand that Mr. Athelstan Riley himself was of this opinion, and only abandoned the attempt to utilise the Apostles’ Creed in deference to the strenuous opposition of his colleagues.

The Royal Commissioners of 1888 pointed out two dangers which threatened the efficiency of the School Board system. On the one hand,* ‘School Board elections are ‘frequently fought through political organisations;’ on the other hand, ‘Board School teachers interfere in the election ‘of a new Board.’† Both these dangers have been gravely increased by the recent controversy. We observe that the

* Final Report, p. 124.

† Ibid. p. 202.

ordinary party machinery is openly used, at least by one side, and the analogy of the County Council elections leaves little doubt that the 'Progressives' of the School Board will be identical with the stalwarts of Metropolitan Radicalism. That this is the case might be safely concluded from the leadership of Mr. John Burns, M.P. The development of electoral activity among the teachers is, however, a still more regrettable fact, and cannot fail to affect disastrously the best interests of education.

It is well known that the prevailing fashion has been followed by the teachers in the London schools. They are organised in an association for the advancement of their professional interests. Openly encouraged by some members of the School Board, the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association has offered a strenuous opposition to the policy of the Board, and, as matters now stand, it seems probable that this opposition will be ultimately successful. Whatever opinion may be held as to the merits or prudence of the circular, no friend of education will contemplate this result without deep regret. The disposition to interfere in the elections will be greatly strengthened by success, and the efficiency of the control exercised by the Board will be proportionately diminished.

In the Australian colonies the influence of the teachers is said to constitute a fact of great importance, and the effect on the quality and independence of the school management is reported to be disastrous. A recent writer thus describes the position in Victoria:—

'In a limited electorate such as that of Victoria, the State School Teachers' Vote is a serious consideration. Although they have been, since 1885, under the Public Service Act, which was supposed to do away with political patronage, they have formed a powerful Trade Union, which meets regularly in conference, like the railway servants or any other labour junta in the Colony, and threatens ministers and legislators.

'The principle that political influence should be used to extort money and other benefits for themselves from the Treasury is as frankly accepted and acted upon by these Victorian public servants as it was by Irish borough-mongers and Scottish "controulers" at the close of the last century.' (*A Plea for Liberty*, p. 179.)

The School Board teachers of London exceed 8,000 in number. They are capable, when organised and ably directed, of bringing considerable pressure to bear upon the School Board candidates. Neither the authority of the Board nor the pockets of the ratepayers will benefit from the electoral exertions of the Teachers' Union. Certainly

the position claimed for the teachers by the minority of the present Board is not easily compatible either with efficient school management or with the elementary rights of parents. That school teachers should not be required to teach against their consciences is a formula which is capable of more than one application. Christians may argue with considerable force that a school teacher who declines to accept the Christian interpretation of the compromise may be fairly suspected of securing the liberty of his own conscience at the expense of the legitimate claim of Christian parents and of the consciences of Christian children. After all, these last ought in equity to be the determining factors of the teaching which the parents are compelled to pay for and their children to receive. Even Mr. Lyulph Stanley is not wholly unconscious of this.

'We owe,' he says, 'a duty of reserve in many cases to the mistaken notions of parents. Parents have not a right to ask us to teach their children what they (the parents) believe. They have, I think, a right to ask us not to undermine in the school the religious convictions of the home.' (Speech, p. 3.)

The London School Board itself, with the complete approbation of Mr. Stanley, went further than this in the case of the Jews, for whom it provided, not a mere negative security, but an ample provision of positive dogmatic teaching. Mr. Athelstan Riley is abundantly justified in pressing home the inconsistency of those who, while approving definite Jewish teaching for Jewish children, denounce as a kind of educational blasphemy the claim that definite Christian teaching should be secured for Christian children.

It is interesting to remember that the Royal Commissioners of 1888 set on record their conviction -

'That inasmuch as parents are compelled to send their children to school, it is just and desirable that, as far as possible, they should be enabled to send them to a school suitable to their religious convictions or preferences.' (Report, p. 127.)

If the School Board system is found patient of such justice in the case of the Jewish minority, 'why,' Mr. Riley demands, 'should it not be so in the case of the Christian majority?' The opponents of the circular now habitually claim a kind of divine right in the teachers to determine the character as well as the method of the religious teaching they give. This is not neutrality, but the most irrational, because the most capricious, of dogmatic systems.

The result of the impending election must, we think, be

unfortunate. If Mr. Diggle is again returned to power, he will find himself confronted by insuperable difficulties.

The powerful minority of the Board will be as strenuous and bitter in their opposition as before. The teachers will, as we have seen, be finally committed to a policy of resistance. It is difficult to see how any advantage to the cause of definite religious instruction can result from the practical extinction of all religious instruction in half the schools. Beyond a significant affirmation by the ratepayers of their preference for definitely Christian schools, nothing will have been gained by the victory of the clerical party. On the other hand, if Mr. Lyulph Stanley wins the day the result can scarcely be other than the exclusion, after a longer or shorter interval, of all religious instruction from the schools. He himself significantly warns us of this.

‘Your policy stakes the whole of what you believe to be a great humanising, civilising, moralising force, for the sake of a small apparent gain in the direction of more universal dogmatic teaching. If you lose the coming fight next autumn, you lose your sacred ark in the battle, *for inevitably the Board, if it refuses to order dogmatic teaching, will take steps to make the teaching less dogmatic than it is now, and the teachers will inevitably modify the tone of their instruction.*

‘If you win, you win for a time only, and you gain formal obedience which will throw a doubt on the sincerity of all the teaching.’ (Speech, p. 7.)

Mr. Athelstan Riley and his friends have made in our judgment two considerable blunders. On the one hand, they have not sufficiently realised the conditions under which religious instruction in Board Schools must be given; on the other hand, they appear to be unconscious of the grave disadvantages attaching to the discussion of religious questions by popularly elected bodies, representing many varieties of religious and non-religious opinion. Let it be conceded that when in 1870 the State abandoned the attitude which it had hitherto maintained towards religion in schools, it forsook the only logical and permanent policy in religious education—that denominationalism mitigated by an efficient and operative conscience clause best corresponds to the aspect of English religion and the character of historic Christianity—it yet remains true that a quarter of a century has elapsed since the undenominational method was adopted into the system of State education, and that, on the whole, however irrational in itself, it has secured the acceptance of the general body of the nation, as expressing with tolerable fidelity its indefinite yet tenacious Christianity. Mr. Athelstan

Riley and his followers have obtained an easy dialectical triumph over the apologists of undenominationalism, but they have forgotten that multitudes are not governed by logic, and that they themselves can scarcely claim the confidence of the public. The attack on the 'compromise' of 1871 has unquestionably proceeded from men whose avowed convictions are hostile to any compromise, yet it is clear to everybody except themselves that the continuance of religious teaching in Board schools depends upon the fact whether or not a working compromise can be devised. To accompany criticisms of the arrangements of 1871 by denunciations of compromise as such, is to proclaim that the religious problem is insoluble, and to destroy in advance the validity of the criticisms. Probably neither Mr. Athelstan Riley nor his friends suspected the latent perils of their procedure. The most serious opposition they will have to encounter is not that which they have closed on the Board. Such violences never fail to provoke reactions. The scandal of the Board meetings has brought together in a real though unconscious alliance the advocates of efficient education and the friends of religion. Mr. Lyulph Stanley's indignant words will find an echo in many quarters where his religious opinions are far from securing acceptance:—

'For myself I can only say that I hate and detest the prospect of a fight renewed from year to year, from election to election, upon a matter which the School Board and the electors are equally unfit to decide—the truth or falsehood of theological propositions, and the measure of theology which we shall mete out to these young children.' (Speech, p. 8.)

While, then, it is impossible to acquit the majority of the Board of grave faults, it is equally impossible to minimise the formidable perils which attach to the position of their opponents. The lamentable discussions of 1893 have come upon many people as a painful revelation. If Mr. Riley's Anglo-Catholicism is distasteful to the mass of Englishmen, assuredly the neo-Christianity of his antagonists is not less so. The great doctrines which Mr. Lyulph Stanley sweeps on one side as 'the defining dogmatism of a later century,' 'the speculations and controversies in which the Christian Church has been involved throughout its history,' are none the less the practically unquestioned assumptions of English Christianity, as they assuredly have been of all Christianity since the time of St. Paul and St. John. Even the protagonists of the 'compromise' protest for the most part

their entire devotion to these doctrines, and the remarkable agreement of all sections of the Church in following Mr. Riley's lead is a significant evidence of the strength of the general conviction. Mr. Gladstone's conclusion in a remarkable article which has recently appeared will be endorsed by the great majority of English Christians, whatever their denomination. The doctrines of the Holy Trinity and of the Incarnation of our Lord * are 'the great central tenets' of Christianity, 'the very kernel of the whole Gospel.' To interpret the Bible apart from the legitimate bias of those fundamental dogmas is to give religious instruction which no Christian man can be rightly required or expected to accept for his children. The direct inculcation of those supreme truths is of comparatively slight importance so long as it is made clear that they give tone and colour to the Biblical interpretation. It ought ever to be remembered that the Church of England reserves the *inculcation* of religious dogma to the comparatively advanced age when children are to be prepared for confirmation, holding their consciences to be sufficiently protected by the dogmatic profession required from their sponsors at baptism. On those of tender years she enjoins the knowledge of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed.

The compromise has worked for a quarter of a century, because it was assumed that its Biblical interpretations were governed by these cardinal doctrines. 'This assumption can no longer be made. It is definitely repudiated by a large section of the London School Board, and by nearly half the teachers. It has beyond dispute been practically repudiated in many Board schools for some time. The continued working of the 'compromise' cannot, in our judgement, be reasonably expected. The urgent question is, What shall be the plan of the future? Four possible arrangements occur to us—the policy of the circular, a new compromise, secularism modified by facilities for voluntary religious effort, or secularism wholly unrelieved by any mitigations.

To the last plan we declare ourselves invincibly opposed. We believe that Mr. Matthew Arnold's experience witnesses to a connexion between religion and morals which is enduring and essential. Of that eminent man it may certainly be said that no excessive affection for religious

* Nineteenth Century, August 1894, p. 178.

dogma biassed his judgement, and that his zeal for education was above question. He assured the Royal Commissioners that 'he had seen no successful teaching yet in which the 'teaching of morals was separated from the usual religious 'sanctions.' We may add the judgement of a distinguished Frenchman, as quoted by Mr. Howard Gill:—

'In a letter which I received in October last, from M. Gustave Tarde, probably the greatest living criminologist, and a man of European reputation as a student of sociological problems, he says, in reply to my question—

'Can religious instruction be banished from the primary school without risk to society?—

"I may, I think, say without hesitation, that in our Europe, at the present time even (or perhaps, especially at the present time), every attempt to take Christianity from the child is equivalent, in the great majority of cases, to taking away his morality." ('The Importance of Religious Instruction in Public Elementary Schools,' p. 11.)

Unmitigated secularism, we believe, would be regarded with abhorrence by the majority of English parents. It will be accepted, if it ever is accepted, as the expression of educational despair, not as the free choice of the nation. Secularism modified by facilities for voluntary religious effort stands on a different footing, and undoubtedly commends itself to a large and, we are disposed to think, an increasing section of the electorate.

Its chances of general acceptance will not be injured by the fact that it is already the established system in Birmingham. The Board school is limited to secular teaching, except for the reading of the Bible by the head teacher, without note or comment, for a quarter of an hour daily; but on Tuesdays and Fridays volunteers, who must fulfil certain conditions designed to secure their representative character, are permitted, on payment of rent, to enter the schools and give religious instruction to the children. A committee of the House of Laymen for the Province of Canterbury has recently investigated the working of this system, and their *ad interim* report is interesting, and, in the main, favourable.

The committee declare:—

(1) 'That the Birmingham system as it exists is far better than a total absence of religious instruction; and the promoters of these schemes, both the Nonconformists who initiated the system, and Churchmen who are now working on similar lines, deserve the highest credit for their efforts on behalf of the Christian training of children in Birmingham.

(2) 'That for completeness and thoroughness the instruction thus

given cannot be compared with that provided in a good national school.

(3) 'That, if a School Board would permit their teachers to take part in such religious instruction and to work in concert with the Ministers of the various denominations, the Birmingham scheme might be developed into a workable system.

(4) 'That failing this, such a result could only be achieved in rural Board schools, where the clergy might prove sufficient for the number of Church children under instruction, or, in urban Board schools in districts where the mass of the elementary education is in the hands of the voluntary schools, and the Board school children requiring religious instruction are comparatively few.

(5) 'That it is essential, both in justice to the religious convictions of the parent, and in order to secure definiteness in the character of the instruction, that such a register should be kept as will enable the parent to indicate the particular form of religious instruction which he desires for his child, so that it may be provided accordingly.

(6) 'That, if the regular teachers cannot be so employed, ministers of religion are, generally speaking, the fittest persons to give the instruction under such a voluntary system, both because they are the most competent for the work, and because, from their office, they interfere less with the position of the secular teacher in the estimation of the children.' (The 'Times,' July 5, 1894.)

The fatal objection to all such voluntary arrangements is the impossibility of securing the attendance of the poorest and most neglected children.

The policy of the circular, we think, is doomed to failure. The intolerable prospect of religious discussions, such as those of which we have been reluctant witnesses, combined with the determined opposition of the teachers, are alone sufficient to secure the rejection of that policy. Whatever may be said about the present state of affairs, nothing could be worse than the introduction of sectarian conflicts as a normal element into the conduct of popular education.

There remains the policy of a new compromise. This has the advantage of the support of Dr. James Martineau, which fact alone is enough to relieve it from many suspicions. Dr. Martineau wrote a remarkable letter to the 'Times' of May 4, 1893, in which he made suggestions which, though perhaps not themselves practical, are yet capable in our judgement of forming the basis of a new and more durable settlement of the religious question.

After stating his own understanding of the compromise of 1871, and eulogising it as 'a large-hearted experiment to reserve for private use the beliefs that divide us, and to spread beneath our national life a broad base of common Christian ethics and religion,' Dr. Martineau makes the

important admission that the experiment was premature, and therefore inequitable :—

‘It is plain that we are not ready for it, and that to push its neutral method through against the dogmatic conscience that rebels against it would be to secure its failure and introduce a wrong.’

After showing that Mr. Riley’s dogmatic scheme would relieve one hardship by creating another, he thus proceeds :—

‘The error of the past, then, has been the attempt to fit one uniform system of religious instruction to the wants of so variegated a whole as the population of a London school district. If you satisfy the ecclesiastical standard you wrong the miscellaneous host of unattached yet not irreligious people. *If you insist on the latitude necessary to make the best of their religious proclivities you disappoint the genuine Church disciples of the indispensable nurture of their piety.* The simple remedy is to recognise the different requirements of their consciences and make distinct provision for each. *In any school already worked under the 1871 rule this may be done by adding a department to the religious teaching conformed to Mr. Athelstan Riley’s restrictive condition, without prejudice to the freedom established elsewhere.* I do not see why he and his friends should not have all that they desire, provided they are content with the consideration justly due to their own consciences, and refrain from all unfriendly attitude towards the different ideas and usage of their co-partners. If, in deference to the special requirements of the Jews, arrangements of different type have been thought admissible in different schools, *there seems nothing to forbid the co-existence of similar, though minor, varieties within the same school.* It would imply, of course, the presence of a more or less mixed staff of teachers in order to conduct with intelligence, sympathy, and sincerity both the dogmatic and the undogmatic instruction. But, at all events in the large London Board Schools, I do not think this would occasion any difficulty.’

Dr. Martineau’s suggestion is a real compromise. He proposes that both the rival versions of the compromise of 1871 shall be recognised in the Board schools, but it is not quite clear that he has realised the practical difficulties of his proposal.

The case of the Jews to which he refers hardly forms a parallel, for the Jews live together in a few districts of Whitechapel and Aldgate, and enjoy a monopoly of the schools they use. They are so different from the rest of the community that the provision of separate treatment is scarcely a matter of choice. In the case of other schools, however, the dual system would require very careful administration. Dr. Martineau apparently supposes that the number of children likely to claim the definitely Christian Bible teaching would be comparatively insignificant, and

that consequently the acceptance of his proposal would but slightly disturb the existing system. We cannot share his opinion. It may be true, as Mr. Lyulph Stanley urges, that the parents have as yet shown few, if any, signs of discontent with the existing system; but their acquiescence may be plausibly attributed to their mistaken belief in the essential Christianity of the compromise, and in any case does not prove much. Mr. Stanley himself discounted the value of the general acquiescence of parents when as the leader of the minority of the Royal Commission of 1888 he had to explain the practical disuse of the conscience clause.

Most parents are completely indifferent to the conduct of the schools, and certainly quite unable to criticise it. It is, indeed, one of the misfortunes of modern democracy that its political theory thrusts itself almost inevitably into every sphere of government; the parents are supposed to determine the education they control by their votes. As a matter of fact, they are helpless in the hands of the few who either care for education for its own sake or desire to utilise the elections for the exercise and development of their political organisation. It may plausibly be surmised that the extraordinary apathy of the electors in School Board contests really arises from the secret consciousness that in voting on educational matters they are voting in the dark. It may from this point of view be regarded as creditable electoral modesty rather than blameworthy indifference to civic duty. We incline, therefore, to pay but little heed to the alleged acquiescence of the parents. It must further be remembered that there are many evidences to justify the belief that the great majority of the parents have a real, though vague, preference for Christian teaching, and if they once could be thoroughly moved to suspect the existing system, it is very probable that they would avail themselves largely of the liberty which Dr. Martineau's proposal would permit. The entire force of the parochial organisations is now directed to this end, and it is no rash supposition that this circumstance will not be altogether barren of result. In any case there would be two sets of teachers and two types of teaching. It is probable that the tendencies which are now threatening to dechristianise the Biblical instruction would receive a great impetus from an arrangement which would definitely stamp the present nebulous teaching as unorthodox. The co-existence of a higher and a lower standard of doctrine in the same school might be expected to have an ill effect on the

harmony and discipline; difficulties might easily arise in connexion with the religious observances. How, for instance, would Dr. Martineau's proposal affect such a case as that vouched for by the Rector of Stepney, in which a head mistress forbade the children to sing the familiar Doxology on the specific ground that so open a declaration of Trinitarian faith would be a breach of the compromise? Which version of the compromise would be held to have priority? Such considerations induce us with great reluctance to decide against Dr. Martineau's suggestion as being impracticable. This decision causes us the more regret since we observe that Mr. Athelstan Riley has given a provisional welcome to the proposal of his venerable antagonist. In spite of what we must regard as its impracticable character, we think that proposal is distinctly valuable as recognising two points of primary importance: (1) That the existing system does press hardly upon the consciences of Christians, and ought in equity to be amended; (2) That the religious teaching must be in the main imparted by the school teachers. This last point, it will be remembered, was very emphatically asserted by the majority of the Royal Commission of 1888:—

‘We are also of opinion that it is of the highest importance that the teachers who are charged with the moral training of the scholars should continue to take part in the religious instruction. We should regard any separation of the teacher from the religious teaching of the school as injurious to the morals and secular training of the scholars. (Final Report, p. 127.)••

We think that a way of escape from the present difficulty may possibly be found in a devolution of the religious question to the school managers, who are on all hands allowed to be doing excellent work, and who, as we shall immediately show, possess particular qualifications for the new functions with which we would entrust them. Let the unhappy circular be withdrawn; and, further, revision of the by-laws abandoned. Everybody admits the excellence of the Bible syllabus; the controversy has raged over other points. Let the Board confine its attention to the secular work of the school, and commit to the local managers the control of the religious instruction. They know the local conditions; they could bring to bear upon difficulties as they arise the healing influence of personal acquaintance. They would be sufficiently limited in their action by the Education Acts, the by-laws of the Board, the annual inspection of the schools by the Board's inspectors, and the appeal which in all cases would lie from them to the Board. If this plan

were adopted the managers would substantially hold the same position in Board schools as that now held by the clergy in Church schools. The Board in the one case would correspond to the Department in the other. The advantages of this arrangement would be many. The more the specific cases of alleged unorthodox interpretation are examined, the more unfortunate it seems that there should have been no means of dealing with them on the spot, instead of having them brought up for acrimonious discussion by the members of a large Board, most of whom were necessarily ignorant of the circumstances. In the case to which we have referred, the head mistress would have been advised by a friendly and competent authority that her understanding of the 'compromise' was unwarranted; the Doxology would have been sung according to the almost invariable practice in the London Board schools; and a grievance which has loomed large in the smoke of controversy would have been strangled in its birth. We believe that the majority of the teachers would welcome the substitution of the easily accessible, familiarly known managers for the strange and distant Board, as the authority to which, so far as the religious teaching was concerned, they would be immediately responsible. The managers are a comparatively permanent body; they do not fulfil their duties shackled by election pledges, and calculating election prospects; they represent the best local conscience; they command the confidence of the parents. We believe that the delegation of the religious question to them would attract to the work more personal interest, with the happiest results both for teachers and children. This proposal recognises as frankly as Dr. Martineau's the variety which may fairly characterise the religious teaching given in the Board schools of London, but it also provides a method by which that variety may be secured which would combine fidelity to local requirements with a jealous regard for the disciplinary interests of the schools. The teachers would be released from the false position into which they have been forced. They would no longer be required to interpret the intentions of the compromise; they certainly would not be expected to reflect the varying doctrinal standards of successive Boards. The managers, who at present 'practically nominate the teaching staff,' would know the teachers individually, understand their personal attitude towards the Bible, which they might be required to interpret, distribute the task of teaching according to their known convictions. It might reasonably

be expected that a process of 'natural selection' would attract the right teachers to the right districts. With ordinary tact and considerateness the practical difficulties might be overcome; the mere silencing of the controversy on the Board would itself be no slight contribution to the successful solution of the problem; and if only the leaders of the rival sections could be induced to acquiesce in this arrangement, there seems no reason why peace should not be again restored, and the inestimable boon of religious teaching permanently secured to the nation. We may add that in extending the powers of the local managers the Board would be developing a policy to which it has already given its assent, and which has worked very successfully.

If it be urged that the principal cause of the present conflict will continue to operate whether the managers or the Board administer the compromise, we answer that the evidence tends to show that the real origin of trouble has not been the beliefs or disbeliefs of the teachers, but their conviction that undenominationalism exacts from them a measure of reserve in the religious teaching which is certainly both unwarranted by the facts and highly offensive to the Christian conscience. It is significant that, with few exceptions, the opponents are agreed in strenuously repudiating for themselves any disloyalty to the great Christian dogmas the statement of which in the circular moves their implacable resentment. We leave on one side the Unitarians and Secularists; they are certainly too few to justify the levelling down of the general system to meet their requirements; their consciences are protected by the conscience clause, and neither democracy can claim nor orthodoxy yield anything more, so far as the general teaching is concerned. Mr. Lyulph Stanley has, indeed, professed himself willing to make special arrangements for those whose denominational convictions cannot tolerate undenominational teaching. We are aware that his profession was dictated by his desire to extinguish denominational schools, but its equity is independent of the political applications contemplated by its author. We would extend Mr. Stanley's tolerance to cover the case of the Unitarian and Secularist minority. Let facilities be given for the separate provision of such teaching as they require, without prejudice to the rights of the great majority, who, whatever else they may be, are certainly neither Unitarians nor Secularists. That the 'compromise' prohibits definite Christian teaching is, as we have seen, a delusion of some

of the teachers. The most that can be claimed by the opponents of a definitely Christian interpretation of the compromise is that another and laxer interpretation is permissible. We are proposing the recognition of both interpretations, only requiring that the areas of their respective adoption shall be defined by local preference, expressed by the local managers. Mr. Athelstan Riley may continue to heap scorn on the 'compromise,' but the ground of his appeal to equity will have been cut away. Mr. Lyulph Stanley may continue to lament the incorrigible metaphysics of orthodox Christianity, but no room will remain for his charge of dogmatic intolerance and iniquitous interference with the liberty of the teachers. The elasticity of the 'compromise' will be asserted, and a machinery provided for using it to satisfy the varieties of local need.

No doubt, the adoption of our proposal, as, indeed, of any proposal which attempts to find a way of escape out of the disastrous position to which the reckless zeal of controversialists has led us, will demand a large measure of self-suppression on both sides. In spite of the numerous evidences of a contrary temper, we cherish the hope that such self-suppression will not be refused. We cannot believe that such sincere and able advocates of efficient education as Mr. Lyulph Stanley will not be found ready, even at some cost of personal sacrifice, to avert the deplorable mischiefs which must follow the introduction of fierce sectarian rivalries as a permanent element in the conduct of School Board business; nor can we think that so eager and devoted a champion of orthodoxy as Mr. Athelstan Riley will be found less ready to shield the sacred interests he has at heart from the formidable perils to which they are exposed by the scandalous violence of the discussions which he has inaugurated. We are proposing a genuine compromise, the acceptance of which must involve the surrender of something by both parties. Both must retire from the extreme positions which, in the recklessness of conflict, they have been led to occupy; an act of mutual oblivion must be agreed upon; and the exasperating memories of two melancholy years precluded, as far as possible, from working further evils in the future. The zeal of orthodoxy may be better bestowed in maintaining and improving the denominational schools than in wrecking the religious teaching of the Board schools, which by the necessary conditions of its provision can never really satisfy denominational requirements.

Our principal anxiety is for the future of religious teaching in our schools. In the disgust with which they have witnessed the recent controversy, many moderate men have come to regard with perilous complacency the notion of secular schools. We think Mr. Athelstan Riley and his friends do not sufficiently appreciate this danger. The minority Report of the Royal Commissioners of 1888 foretold the ill result on religious education which would come from any attempt to disturb the settlement of 1870; their forecast is likely to be justified by events. It must be remembered that strong tendencies are making for the secular system. Politics in England are greatly influenced by politics in America and 'Greater Britain,' and there the secular system is supreme. Only with very considerable reservations can a just parallel be instituted between this country and the great kindred communities in other lands. Those young nations have to work out their destinies under conditions which do not obtain in an ancient Christian country; and it is rarely wise to propose them as models, and often unreasonable to suggest them as warnings to the English people. Yet it is impossible to forget that many and weighty protests are raised against the secularism of the schools in America and the Colonies. It is significant that the most uncompromising advocates of denominational schools are precisely those who—as Dr. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester, have had personal experience of the secular system. The case of France is notorious, and at our doors; and though large allowances must be made for the difference in temperament and history of the two nations, yet we should be fatuous not to observe and weigh our neighbour's experience. The late English Chaplain at Paris, Mr. Howard Gill, has recently published a pamphlet, in which that experience is lucidly and impressively described. We are reminded that the State Schools of France have been completely secular since the year 1882. Twelve years is a short time in which to test the working of a national system, but already most significant evidences of moral failure have accumulated. The total breakdown of the vaunted 'neutrality' of the system is too plain to be denied. 'The 'slippery balance of religious impartiality' is rarely maintained, and it is always from the anti-Christian side that the disturbance proceeds. The special conditions of France make any attempt to use the experiences of that country as a guide to English procedure as a rule extremely dubious; but it is clear that in the case before us the results come

from causes which operate in England not less than in France, though the happier circumstances of the former may retard and mitigate the process. Mr. Howard Gill's method has been to collect the opinions of distinguished Frenchmen, who are not members of the Roman Catholic Church. It would, of course, have been an easy task to obtain from the French hierarchy the strongest denunciations of the established system; but he has preferred to draw his materials from less biased sources. Even so the result is sufficiently impressive:—

‘When we find Protestants who, naturally enough, exulted at first over the priests’ downfall, and theists, agnostics, moral and political philosophers, who have sympathy neither with clericalism of any kind nor with any Christian dogma, unanimous in deploring the secularisation of the schools, and in considering religion as the sole practicable channel for instilling morality into children, we may rest easy in the possession of evidence that can as little be suspected as ignored.’ (*Importance of Religious Instruction in Public Elementary Schools*, p. 3.).

It is difficult to escape from the conviction that the secular system, judged by its effects in France, is incompatible with the true idea of education. M. Lichtenberger, Dean of the Protestant Faculty of Theology of Paris, to whom the French Government intrusted the task of analysing the results of an inquiry into the working of the schools after the secular system had continued for seven years, concludes a careful and discouraging analysis with the expression of his own conviction that ‘the religious sentiment is inseparable from morality,’ and that ‘moral teaching cannot be effectively given without its aid.’ A writer in the ‘*Revue des deux Mondes*’ commented on the Dean’s extracts from the reports in these terms:—

‘The majority, in terms that are sometimes startling, reveal the fact that with religious instruction all teaching of morality has disappeared; almost everywhere moral education is either dying out or altogether non-existent.’ (*Ibid.* p. 15.)

Important public officials denounce the results of the secular system with a positiveness which the clergy hardly surpass:—

‘M. Guillot, one of the best known French judges, called public attention in 1889 to the fact that the increase of juvenile crime was, beyond doubt, coincident with the changes introduced into the public instruction. M. Gustave Macé, late head of the police force in Paris, speaks of the secularisation law as a “reform that was conceived wrongly, and carried out in a practically inapplicable way;” and of the “young criminals, who spring up like weeds between the cracks

of the pavement," as the natural fruits of it. "An immense risk is run," he says, "when, without any preparation, without even having chosen a substitute for the proscribed instruction, all fear (he is referring to religious fear) is removed from the children;" and he adds: "Notwithstanding their desire to please their contemporaries and themselves, the philosophers must, if they are conscientious, confess that our modern education has not been without disastrous effects on the masses. The materialistic school is rapidly gaining ground, and the intelligence, cultivated at the expense of the heart, is producing startling results." (Ibid. p. 17.)

We have said that the continuance of the religious element in our national education is at stake; surely the magnitude of that issue ought to sober the ardour of controversy, and quicken the anxieties of patriotism. The words of St. Paul have a legitimate application to secular politics: 'The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.' The auguries of the future are such as may well cause the most thoughtless to reflect. The comment of contemporary experience on de-Christianised morals is anarchism. We do not desire to ascribe undue importance to particular cases. Our argument is unaffected whether a Vaillant, or a Ravachol, or a Caserio were trained under clerical or secular auspices, for the deadly social mischief they express springs from a deeper cause than the accidents of personal history. The moral atmosphere of life is lowered by secular schools; duty is deprived of the only sanctions which the general experience authenticates and the general conscience respects. The roots of responsibility are cut when religion is rejected from the scheme of life, and this practically is the case with a nation which rejects religious teaching from its elementary schools. It is a delusion to suppose that the defect of the schools can be remedied from other sources. The idea of education is renounced in favour of mere intellectual training. For thousands of children—and they the least secured against the evils of a defective system by kindly home conditions—are totally dependent for their moral provision upon the schools, which they are compelled to attend. This was asserted by the Royal Commissioners of 1888, and cannot be denied. The same causes which starve their minds starve also their consciences. Apart from compulsion they will not attend Sunday schools; if it were not so, the necessary conditions under which such schools are carried on provide a poor substitute for the trained teaching, systematic work, and sound discipline of the day schools. It is a deplorable thing that the very excellence of Sunday schools for some purposes and among

some sections of the population should be used as a reason for depending upon them for other purposes and for other sections. We venture to urge upon all who regard with anxiety the desperate political recklessness which threatens modern society to reflect on the miserable conditions under which a great part of the citizens are growing up. Let them, in view of this solemn and terrible fact, determine whether or not any lesser considerations shall be permitted to withdraw from the national life the principal, and indeed the only, regenerative influence. We address our appeal with manifold misgivings, yet not without a measure of hope, to all who, in the distraction of partisan strife, can still remember the duties of patriotism, and even amid the wrangling of sects can remain true to the high service of religion.

ART. XI.—*Reports from the Seat of War in the 'Times' of September 28, 1894.*

IN the infancy of ironclad ships and rifled guns there were many who taught that the new order of things had completely wiped out all the experience of the past; that, alike in naval strategy and naval tactics, we were utterly in the dark as to the possibilities of the future. It would almost seem that such was the belief of the luckless Persano, who attempted to conduct a territorial attack by evading the enemy's fleet instead of crushing or masking it; and when the evasion proved unsuccessful or imperfect, attempted to fight the enemy in the loosest and most straggling of formations, as though to give effect to the fancy that a battle was to be merely a succession of single combats. When Tegetthoff, with a crash as of a hurricane, broke in on the Italian fleet, he but enforced the arguments of those who had asserted the immutability of principles; that details may change in every possible way, but that each change tends only to perfect the practical application of scientific theory.

It would, indeed, have been strange had it proved otherwise; had the greater mobility of a fleet not rendered its presence at the strategic point more certain; had the greater efficiency of the weapons not rendered the tactical blow more overwhelming. When Bonaparte took his fleet to Egypt, Nelson scoured the Levant for six weeks before he could find it. When Villeneuve went to the West Indies, it was seventeen days before Nelson could learn that he had gone westwards, and three weeks more before he could reach Gibraltar. Telegraphs and despatch boats and steam power have done away with these difficulties. Tegetthoff, at Pola, knew of the Italian attack on Lissa almost as soon as the garrison of San Giorgio, and was there to relieve it within forty-eight hours. When Tromp, in the battle of Portland, brought a theoretically overpowering force against the 'Triumph,' when Suffren at Sadras brought three or four ships against the little 'Exeter,' the imperfect nature of their weapons rendered the attack inconclusive; pluck and endurance had their opportunity, and gave time for support to arrive or the wind to change. When Tegetthoff at Lissa brought seven ships

against three, the 'Palestro' was in flames and the 'Re d'Italia' under water before pluck and endurance had a chance of interfering. It was considerations such as these that gave the battle of Lissa its extreme importance in the eyes of students of naval science, and enabled them with fuller confidence to maintain that the modern developements of ships and arms, far from doing away with the teachings of history, confirmed and enforced them. Other lessons there were from Lissa, addressed to the gunner, the engineer, and the naval architect. The almost instantaneous sinking of the 'Re d'Italia' pointed out the necessity of greater strength of frame, and led to the adoption and developement of the alveolar type of construction. But this and other suggestions of detail, important as they were, differed in kind from the inculcation of the first principles of naval defence.

But since Lissa was fought nearly thirty years have passed away, and some of its teaching has faded from memory. There is a certain constitution of mind which seems unable to carry the plainest truths, unless they are continually repeated, both by precept and practice. To the owners of such minds the lessons of the past are as though they were not: 'ancient history' is another way of saying 'old wives' 'fables'; nothing is true that is not recent. And thus in this country, during the long peace of this century, there has sprung up a school which, ignoring our own experience and our own peculiar conditions, insists on our trusting to and modelling our actions by the experience and practice of others, under conditions of an altogether different nature. France, for instance, Germany, Russia, Austria, all have land frontiers marching with the territories of possible and not improbable enemies. If war between these nations should arise, the first and most important developement of it is by land, as was abundantly manifested in the Napoleonic wars, and more recently in the Franco-German War of 1870-71.

That such experiences should have ground themselves into the memories of the Continental people and their Governments is not to be wondered at. To them the strength of the army is the all-important factor of their national existence; to it they devote their energy; on it they base their finance. The recollection is contagious; so that in this country even men of distinguished ability seem to lose all sense of proportion, and to argue that because vast armies, vast fortifications, a nation in arms, are necessary for others, they are necessary for us. They appear to be unable to distinguish between the very different

conditions, and to deduce rules for our own guidance from our own experience, although it has been neither small nor insignificant. French soldiers, they argue, under the First Napoleon overran Germany, Austria and Italy: therefore our army should be strengthened and our coast fortified. Under the Third Napoleon France was overrun by German troops; therefore our coast should be fortified and our army strengthened. They are incapable of the more natural deduction. Napoleon, as his predecessors on the throne of France for more than a hundred years, tried to land his troops on our shores, but could not; therefore the strength of the navy should be maintained. They are incapable of realising that in no one instance has invasion of this country been possible unless the navy was powerless, as in 1485, or disaffected, as in 1688, when the invading army sailed under the English flag and under the command of an English admiral.

It is therefore well that whilst, on the one hand, we have had during recent years the admirable essays of Captain Mahan to emphasise and illustrate the importance and the sufficiency of sea power, we should be able also to refer to modern instances as proving that what was true in the time of Hannibal and galleys, or of Napoleon and two-deckers, is equally true now in the age of ironclads and protected cruisers and torpedo boats. And such instances now come to us from the Far East.

Into the causes of the war now raging and its political aspect we do not here enter. It is sufficient for our present purpose to mention that between the empires of China and Japan a dispute arose as to the sovereignty or suzerainty of the one or the other over the peninsula of Corea, and that, negotiation proving ineffectual, they have appealed to arms. For many years past both countries have, according to their national characteristics, been endeavouring to form military and naval establishments on occidental lines. Both have had the advice and assistance of competent European officers; both have officers educated and trained in Europe; both have obtained ships and armaments from Europe, and have had European superintendents in their arsenals. On paper the Chinese navy was more than respectable. It consisted of five armoured ships of modern construction, small indeed and weak in comparison with those of the great European Powers, but, in name at least, more powerful than anything in Japan. They were:—

Name	Launched	Dis- place- ment	Extreme armouring in inches	Armament	Nomi- nal speed
Ting-Yuen	1881	Tons 7,430	14	{ Four 12-in. Krupp two 6-in. " }	Knots 14.5
Chen-Yuen	1882	7,430	14	{ Four 12-in. " " two 6-in. " }	14.5
King-Yuen	1887	2,850	9½	{ Two 8½-in., two 6-in. }	16.5
Lai-Yuen .	1887	2,850	9½	{ Two 8½-in., two 6-in. }	16.5
Ping-Yuen	1890	2,850	8	{ One 10½-in. Krupp two 6-in., eight Q.-F. }	10.35

Of these, the first four were built at Stettin. They are barbette ships with a secondary armament of machine-guns. And beside the battleships there are nine protected cruisers, namely:—

Name	Launched	Dis- place- ment	Armament	Nominal speed
Chao-Yung .	1881	Tons 1,350	{ Two 10-in. Armstrong, four 4.7-in. Q.-F. }	Knots 16.8
Yang-Wei .	1881	1,350	{ Two 10-in. Armstrong, four 4.7-in. Q.-F. }	16
Tsi-Yuen .	1883	2,355	Two 8-in., one 6-in.	15
Chih-Yuen .	1886	2,300	{ Three 8-in., two 6-in., 17 Q.-F. }	18
Ching-Yuen .	1886	2,300	{ Three 8-in., two 6-in., 17 Q.-F. }	18
Foo-Ching .	1890	2,500	Three 8-in., seven 4½-in.	15
Kwang-Ting	1890	1,030	Three 4½-in.	16.5
Kwang-Kai .	1891	1,030	Three 4½-in.	16.5
Kwang-King	1891	1,030	Three 4½-in.	16.5

The last three were built at Foo-chow, the others in England; the 'Chih-Yuen' and 'Ching-Yuen' by Armstrong. There are also some ten or twelve efficient unprotected cruisers, as many gunboats of about 400 tons displacement, and about 30 torpedo-boats of the first class. According to Captain Lang, who was for many years the Chinese naval adviser, 'their vessels are kept in good order and are beautifully clean. The guns are also in

‘excellent order; they are Krupps and Armstrongs, but principally Krupps. Four years ago their navy was very strong, and it ought now to be in an unsurpassed condition.’

There are, however, many defects which go far to neutralise the very good *matériel* of the Chinese navy. The Chinese can apparently be taught to keep their ships clean and in good order; they can be taught to work their guns in a creditable manner; but they cannot be provided with good and efficient officers. The lower-class Chinaman is by Nature curiously unwarlike. It is not that he is a coward: no man can meet torture or death with greater unconcern; but he wants the fighting instinct; and though, when well led, he has at different times behaved well in action, his conduct depends entirely on his officers. And the pacific instinct pervades all the institutions of the country. Everywhere the military mandarins are, officially and socially, inferior to the civil. The standard of honour among them is said to be low; they are not born to command, and have seldom any acquired aptitude; they have no prestige; they are lightly esteemed by the public, and frequently, it is said, compensate themselves by speculation or robbery.

Since the war with France the Government has exerted itself to render the navy effective, but seems to have been unable to hoist the administration out of the groove of vested interests. A capable English officer, Captain Lang, was invited to take charge of the reorganisation, but his efforts broke down on exactly the same point which had, many years before, ruined the similar appointment of Sherard Osborn. The central authority of the Imperial Admiralty was ignored or set aside by the provincial governors, and the command of mandarins attentive only to their own and local interests was incompatible with the duties of an imperial officer. It is nearly four years since Captain Lang was virtually driven out of the country, and since then the position remains unchanged. The fleet is not one, but four, the several squadrons yielding only a secondary obedience to the Admiralty, their primary obedience being rendered to the local authority; and thus, it is said, when war with Japan was imminent, there was great difficulty in concentrating the fleet, each province, anxious for its own safety, being unwilling to allow its squadron to leave its immediate neighbourhood.

On paper, the Japanese navy would, at first sight, appear inferior to the Chinese. It includes four vessels which have been described as battleships, but may more properly be called

armoured cruisers; they are now old, are slow, and, though serviceable on a pinch, are quasi-obsolete. They are:—

Name	Launched	Dis- place- ment	Armament	Nominal speed
Rio-jo . .	1864	Tons 1,459	{ Two 6·7-in. Krupp, six 70-pounder Vavasseur }	Knots 9
Fu-su . .	1877	3,718	{ Four 9·5-in. Krupp, two 6·7-in. Vavasseur }	13·2
Kin-go . .	1877	2,200	{ Three 6·7-in. Krupp, six 6-in. Vavasseur }	13·7
Hi-yei . .	1878	2,200	{ Three 6·7-in. Krupp, six 6-in. Vavasseur }	13

Of later years the Japanese have thrown all their energy into providing a squadron of powerful and efficient cruisers, and have got together eight vessels of 3,000 tons displacement and upwards, which will stand comparison with any ships of their size now afloat. They are as follows:—

Name	Launched	Dis- place- ment	Armament	Nominal speed
Naniwa . .	1885	Tons 3,650	{ Two 28-ton Armstrong, six 5-ton Krupp, two Q.-F. }	Knots 18·7
Takachibo .	1885	3,650	{ Two 28-ton Armstrong, six 5-ton Krupp, two Q.-F. }	18·7
Chiyoda . .	1890	2,450	Ten 4·7-in. Q.-F.	19
Itsukushima.	1890	4,277	{ One 12·5-in. Canet, twelve 4·7-in. Q.-F., five 6-pounders, eleven 3-pounders Q.-F. }	17·5
Hashidate .	1891	4,277	{ One 12·5-in. Canet, eleven 4·5-in. Q.-F. }	17·5
Matsushima .	1891	4,277	{ One 12·5-in. Canet, eleven 4·7-in. Q.-F., five 6-pounders, eleven 3-pounders Q.-F. }	17·5
Akitsushima	1892	3,150	{ One 12·5-in. Krupp, twelve 4·7 Q.-F. }	19
Yoshino . .	1892	4,150	{ Four 6-in. Q.-F., eight 4·7-in. Q.-F., twenty- two 3-pounders Q.-F. }	23

Two of these—the ‘Hashidate’ and the ‘Akitsushima’—were built at Yokosuka; two others—the ‘Itsukushima’ and the ‘Matsushima’—were built at La Seyne; the remaining four in this country; the ‘Chiyoda,’ which has a partial 4½-inch belt, on the Clyde; the ‘Yoshino,’ at Elswick. There are also some ten or twelve new, fast, and thoroughly efficient cruisers of from about 1,500 tons displacement, well armed, but without protection; a few small gunboats, and about 40 torpedo boats.

In speed and size some of the Japanese cruisers are superior to those of the Chinese, but nothing in the Japanese navy could—from the *matériel* point of view—be considered equal to the ‘Ting-Yuen’ and ‘Chen-Yuen,’ or even the smaller ironclads, whose armour seemed to give them a decisive superiority. On the other hand, the Japanese had, and have, advantages far beyond any within the reach of the Chinese. They are, to begin with, a fighting race. The men are small, but robust. The struggle for existence and a natural delicacy of finger have led the inhabitants of the towns to excellence in many sedentary trades, but these are only a fraction of the population, and no better ‘raw material’ for an army by land or sea is to be found than the Japanese of the country districts. On the sea coast they are seamen by the same instinct that made their forefathers, centuries ago, the Vikings of the Western Pacific, pirates and sea rovers, and fierce warriors, as were our own Norse ancestors. They have, too, an hereditary aristocracy, men trained from infancy in habits of command and self-control; men of the same fighting instincts as their social inferiors, and nurtured in the traditions of the past—traditions of glory, honour, chivalrous feeling, measured, it may be, by a different standard, but in its essence the same as that which has formed the base of Western civilisation. The social customs of the country provide their armies—afloat or ashore—with the gradations of rank, which everyone understands and accepts even without the aid of discipline. That an admiral should be found sitting on the deck playing pitch-and-toss with the sentry at the cabin door may perhaps be a true story when told as a Chinese experience; it would be utterly incredible if related of Japan. And as the men, so is the Government. Self-respecting, intelligent, recognising their ignorance of many things, eager to learn, with a marvellous faculty for imitation and assimilation, they have had none of that false pride which has prevented the Chinese from trusting those foreign officers whom they have invited to

their assistance. In their navy, too, they have been peculiarly fortunate, and for many years have been instructed and advised by a captain of the highest scientific reputation, who has now returned to England to be appointed Superintendent of the Gun Factory at Woolwich.

It was thus that, with a nominally inferior navy, but with unity of purpose and a disciplined organisation, the Japanese were able, from the outset, to assume the command of the sea, to throw their troops into Corea at such points of the coast as seemed best suited to their purpose, and to compel the Chinese to send their reinforcements by land. This necessity the Chinese endeavoured to avoid by the use of foreign bottoms. It seemed, no doubt, a master-stroke of policy to ship their troops in an English steamer. The details have been told and retold, asserted and denied in a dozen different ways, but out of the confused mass of contradiction, it stands out clearly that the British steamer 'Kowsing,' with some 1,500 Chinese soldiers on board, was met on July 25, on her passage from Taku to Corea, by the Japanese cruiser 'Naniwa'; was ordered to follow the 'Naniwa,' and, on refusing to do so, was fired into and sunk either by shell or torpedo. War had not then been declared, and it has been loudly asserted that the firing on a vessel under the British flag, engaged in a traffic which in time of peace is perfectly lawful, was a gross outrage, calling for immediate action on the part of the British Government. Common sense, however, even without the able expositions of Professor Westlake and Professor Holland, recognises that a vessel engaged in such traffic under such circumstances had no neutral rights, and her flying the British flag was a gross impertinence, which it is needless to insist on, as heavy retribution fell on it, though from other hands than ours. For long before the 'Kowsing' sailed from Taku, it was known that war was imminent, and the master of that ship—being of sound mind—was aware that transporting troops in the actual locality and under the existing circumstances was distinctly an operation of war, whether war had been declared or not. If the story is true that the English master wished to surrender, and hailed that he did surrender, but that the Chinese soldiers forcibly prevented the surrender having effect, even the pretence of the ship being English and neutral falls to the ground, for she had been seized by one of the belligerents. It has, of course, been urged that the 'Naniwa' should have made a prize of her and sent her in for adjudication—no such easy matter when the prize

refused to be a prize, and her men outnumbered those of her captor by five or six to one.

Whether other Chinese transports have been more successful than the 'Kowsing' is not known. It is quite possible that they have, but their number cannot be large. It appears certain that after the sinking of the 'Kowsing' the Japanese were left with the practically undisputed command of the sea. Recent events have shown how they availed themselves of it. For many weeks all was dark. Here in England, with a nineteenth-century impatience for something new, people felt aggrieved that the Japanese were still so ignorant of the requirements of civilisation as to forbid the presence of newspaper correspondents or the transmission of news, except by their own authorities. They have not considered that what is telegraphed here from Tokio one day is telegraphed to Peking or Tien-tsin the next, and that the Japanese could adopt no readier mode of informing the Chinese of what they do not want them to know than telegraphing it to London. The Japanese, on the other hand, have proved themselves perfectly sensible of the value of the telegraph for disseminating news, and have persistently used it to inform the Chinese of what they wished them to believe. But meantime their actual movements were veiled in secrecy.

It was not till the early morning of September 16 that the secrecy was broken by the simultaneous attack of three Japanese columns from three different points of the compass on the Chinese position at Ping-Yang. It had, indeed, been reported that the Japanese had landed some troops on the east coast of Corea, at Gensan, near Port Lazaref; but neither the number nor the object was known, and it was understood that the tracks across the mountains between Gensan and Ping-Yang were impassable, except to a flying column. That the difficulties of the route have been exaggerated is probable, though there is no reason to doubt that they were very great; but the hour of attack must have been arranged when the column from the east was almost within striking distance. That its presence was unsuspected by the Chinese seems to throw doubt on the confidently repeated assertion that the Koreans are intensely hostile to the Japanese. If they were, some of them would assuredly have given the Chinese warning of the storm that was about to burst on them. As it was, the Chinese were completely surprised as well as outnumbered. They had taken no precautions to defend the rear of their position, which

remained perfectly open ; so that when the three columns, from the south, the west and the east, broke in on them at 3 o'clock in the morning, they were seized by panic and attempted to fly, almost without resistance. That the Japanese outnumbered them in the proportion of three to one, that of 20,000 Chinese 2,000 were killed or wounded and 14,000 taken prisoners, may very well be exaggerations on one side or the other. Even when there is no wish to deceive, Oriental numbers are rarely to be depended on, and here we are by no means sure that the wish to deceive is absent. In view of further operations, it is more than probable that the Japanese studiously conceal their real force, and it has always been the privilege of the vanquished to minimise their loss.

Meantime the Chinese began to be uneasy about the safety of their army at Ping-Yang. They knew nothing about the movements of the enemy, because nothing was known in England, but such reports as were current here had been transmitted to Tien-tsin, and had convinced them of the necessity of sending reinforcements. To do so by land was a toilsome and lengthy operation, for which time was wanting. The way by sea must be tried. They had succeeded in bring the greater part of their ships of war into the Gulf of Pechili, and now conceived the idea of using them to convey a fleet of transports to the coast of Corea, so as to land their troops within easy distance of Ping-Yang. They assembled at Port Arthur, at the entrance of the Gulf of Pechili. It seems to have consisted of all the armoured or protected vessels named above, with four torpedo-boats and six or eight transports carrying, perhaps, 10,000 troops, mostly infantry. It would probably have sailed direct to Hwang-ju, at the mouth of the Tatong river ; but as it was understood that the Japanese had some ships there, and others lower down the coast, at Chemulpo, it was thought preferable to avoid them by landing further to the north, at the mouth of the Yalu. Of the strength of the Japanese squadron they seem to have had no information when they sailed from Port Arthur on the afternoon of Friday, September 14.

Now no principle in naval war is better established by the teaching of the past than that the convoy of troops, whether for aggression or reinforcement, ought not to be undertaken without first securing the command of the sea, either by destroying or effectually masking the enemy's fleet. To say this, indeed, amounts to tautology, for the command of the

sea is defined to be the power of conducting an expedition across it free from any possible interruption. When we took Belle Isle in 1761, although the French fleet had been decisively defeated in 1759, there were some remains of it at Brest, which, as a preliminary measure, continued during the whole operation, was masked by an overpowering force under Commodore Buckle. When the Allies took Bomarsund in 1854, the Russians had a numerically strong force in the Gulf of Finland, but it was effectively masked by a very superior fleet of screw line-of-battle ships. On the other hand, when Bonaparte, ignoring the presence of Lord St. Vincent off Cadiz, conducted his army to Egypt in 1798, the troops were, indeed, landed, but only to be shut in and forced to capitulate, after the destruction of the fleet which formed their base. It would be easy to accumulate instances of this, but these now adduced are sufficient for our present purpose. It was this operation which all experience has shown to be attended with certain and extreme danger that the Chinese were now attempting. That they did so may be understood if it is true, as has been stated, that the Chinese Admiral received such training as he has had in the arts of war as a cavalry officer, and that he depended principally on the advice of a German military officer, Major von Hanneken. They no doubt considered that in favour of success were the considerations that the number of troops was small, that the landing would take but a short time, and that it was to be made in a friendly country. There would be no opposition or hindrance. Once accomplished, the fleet would be free to look for the enemy. It would be time enough to fight when the reinforcements were safely landed. But all this was on the supposition that the enemy was not to come on the scene before the landing was effected, and the calculations were upset by the refusal of the Japanese to carry out their part of the programme. They went to look for the Chinese, instead of waiting to be looked for.

The Chinese expedition arrived off the mouth of the Yalu on the afternoon of Sunday, September 16, when the transports were sent into the river and ordered to land the troops without delay, the ships of war remaining at anchor ten miles off shore. In the forenoon of Monday, the 17th, distant smoke foretold the arrival of the Japanese fleet, and the Chinese, weighing anchor, steamed forth to meet them. Of what happened afterwards, and indeed before, we have many accounts, differing in every possible particular; they

are full of exaggerations, misrepresentations, misstatements—sometimes from the natural desire of the Japanese or the Chinese to make the best they can of their case; sometimes from the ignorance of truthful witnesses; sometimes from the inability of the correspondent to understand the situation; sometimes, no doubt, from the blunders of the telegraph or the difficulty of expanding a few telegraph words by a reporter ignorant of the subject and the locality. Under other circumstances it would be most prudent to wait till time cleared up the story: the extreme interest which attaches to it as the latest experience of naval war must be our excuse for attempting to select the grains of possible truth from the confused heap of falsehood.

Of the many different accounts that have been published, two seem to be truthful in spirit, and, allowing for natural bias, may be accepted so far as they are compatible with each other, or the opportunities of the witness entitle him to credit. The story which seems in every way the most respectable, probable, and consistent is that given in the notes of the verbal report rendered to the Emperor of Japan by the flag-lieutenant of the Japanese Admiral.* It speaks of very little which the flag-lieutenant was not in a position to know, being principally confined to what the Japanese fleet did or suffered. The other story to which we refer is that telegraphed from Shanghai,† as related by an eye-witness, who may not improbably have been a European engineer on board one of the Chinese ships. If so, his confinement in the engine room would account for his misrepresentation of many details as to which he had no personal knowledge. But when critically examined the differences between his statements and that of the Japanese flag-lieutenant are few, and are either immaterial or can be explained. The two together permit of our forming a probable account of what took place.

According to the Japanese flag-lieutenant:—

‘We had been anchored a few days in the Ping-Yang inlet, acting in concert with the Japanese land forces operating upon the Tatong river, our ships including all the vessels of the Japanese first squadron. On the morning of the 16th word came down that the army had accomplished their work successfully at Ping-Yang, and the fleet then weighed anchor and steamed northward—eleven warships and the steam packet “Saikio Maru,” which had been fitted up with guns as a cruiser. At dawn on the 17th we passed Hai-yungtao and sighted

* ‘Times,’ September 28.

† Ibid. September 27.

Takuohoa Bay, on the Manchurian coast, at about 11 o'clock. There were evidences of shipping in the bay, and when we came up we found the Chinese northern fleet of fourteen warships and six torpedo boats. They steamed out of the bay to meet us, their formation in the open water being that of a crescent, and when about 4,000 mètres from us the Chinese flagship opened fire, her consorts following suit. Our own ships were formed up in single line, the flagship "*Matsushima*" in the centre, and the "*Saikio Maru*" pluckily taking a place in the fighting line. We did not immediately reply to the Chinese guns, fearing at that distance to make bad practice. But when the distance was only 3,000 mètres we returned the fire, and every ship was hotly engaged. The first few rounds were fired in this formation. Then, in accordance with Admiral Ito's signals, the fleet manœuvred so as to bring their guns to bear, first upon one flank, and then upon the other of the Chinese fleet. Then the Chinese fleet altered their formation and came into line, and a hot fire was maintained by both fleets for some time fighting in single line at distances varying from 2,000 to 3,000 mètres. We could see, however, that we were making much better practice than the enemy. Very few of their shots had touched us, but we were continually hitting them most effectively. Nearly all the guns on our ships were new, and they yielded most excellent results. After a time the Chinese Admiral apparently became desperate. His formation was broken, and two or three of his ships advanced against us at full speed. The fighting became furious, but our weight of metal told, and one ship, the "*Lai-Yuen*," was crippled in this venture. When the Chinese resumed their line formation our guns were directed upon the disabled ships, particularly the "*Lai-Yuen*." She had been riddled by shot and shell, and it was evident she was sinking. The Chinese gunners worked their weapons to the last. Finally she went down slowly, stern first. Her bows rose clean out of the water, and she remained in this position for a minute and a half before she disappeared in one last plunge. We had used no torpedoes upon her, but sunk her by fair shot and shell fire.'

All this is strikingly corroborated by the Chinese officer, who says :—

'In the forenoon a fleet of twelve Japanese warships came in sight, and Admiral Ting at once prepared to give them battle. He signalled his ships to clear for action, and then brought them into a V-shaped formation with the flagship at the apex of the angle. The Japanese had at first approached in double line, but when he saw the formation adopted by his opponent, Admiral Ito changed his fleet into single line and so went into action.

'The Japanese manœuvred swiftly throughout the battle, and the Chinese scarcely had a chance from beginning to end. When the Japanese were firing at the starboard section of the Chinese squadron the ships of the port section were practically useless, and could not fire without a risk of hitting their own ships. The Japanese cruisers attacked first one section and then the other. As soon as the Chinese on the port side had brought their guns to bear and had obtained the

range accurately, the Japanese would work round and attack the star-board side. At times as many as five Japanese vessels would bring the whole weight of their armament to bear upon one Chinese ship, their consorts keeping the attention of the other vessels of that line fully engaged, while the ships of the diverging line lay looking on, almost as useless as hulks upon the water. As compared with that of the Japanese, the fire of the Chinese was very feeble and ineffective. The Chinese officers and men fought bravely and cheerfully, considering the circumstances, but at times they appeared perfectly bewildered. After a time, however, Admiral Ting saw his mistake, and altered his formation to single line. The Japanese tactics were simultaneously changed. Passing along the Chinese line the Japanese poured as heavy a fire as they could bring to bear upon each ship in succession, and, while they had sea-room, kept circling round their opponents.'

Both agree that the 'Chih-Yuen' was sunk, though there is some discrepancy as to the manner. The Chinese says:—

'Late in the afternoon the captain of the "Chih-Yuen," who had several times shown a disposition to disregard the Admiral's signals, deliberately steamed out of line and, although again ordered to remain in the place assigned to her, went full speed at a Japanese cruiser. The latter received a slanting blow which ripped her up below the water-line, and she soon foundered. She succeeded, however, in pouring several broadsides into her enemy at close quarters before she sank, and the "Chih-Yuen" was so injured by her fire and by the effects of the collision that she also sank.'

The Japanese merely says that, after the sinking of the *Lai-Yuen*, 'The "Chih-Yuen" was next seen in difficulties, and under a heavy fire she rapidly succumbed and foundered quickly with all hands on board her;' and all Japanese accounts emphatically deny that any one Japanese ship was sunk. In this there appears to be a conflict of evidence. 'All who witnessed the battle,' says our Chinese, 'are most positive that one Japanese vessel was sunk, and they think it is very likely that two others went down.' It will, however, be noticed that he does not say that he witnessed this himself. If he was in the engine room, he could not witness it. On the other hand, the flag-lieutenant says positively, 'There were no Japanese warships lost, and only three were seriously injured.' Every student of naval history knows that similar discrepancies are met with in the accounts of most battles, and that the only certain evidence on the point is either the admission of the fleet to which the ship said to be sunk belonged, or the name of the ship and satisfactory proof that she did not exist afterwards. A striking instance of the necessity of such a criterion is given by the French accounts of the battle of Beachy Head, in

which they claim to have destroyed nine English ships of the line, and twelve more a few days later.* In point of fact, one only was lost, the 'Anne.' Another instance, which may also be mentioned, is the French story that after the battle of Toulon, in 1744, the 'Marlborough' went down, with the loss of all on board, twenty men only excepted; † whereas it was very well known in the English navy that the 'Marlborough,' after refitting at Port Mahon, continued in the Mediterranean during the war, was in commission during the greater part of the Seven Years' War, and—being utterly worn out—foundered in her passage home from the West Indies in 1762.

Failing, then, any attempt on the part of the Chinese to name the ship or ships which they sunk, we are bound to accept the Japanese denial as sufficient and satisfactory. It is, indeed, possible that the 'Saikio Maru' went to the bottom. She is said, by the flag-lieutenant, to have been wrecked by the explosion of a shell, and to have run to the southward at her best speed, and we hear nothing further of her. She was not a warship proper, and the introduction of the term into the denial, as already quoted, may be understood to imply that some vessel, not a warship, was lost. On the other hand, the Chinese loss is admitted. The Japanese says:—

'The "Chao-Yung" was partially disabled, though she still fought on against two of our cruisers, who were closing upon her. The doomed vessel went astern and settled down in shallow water. She was covered, but two-thirds of her masts were visible, and the rigging was soon crowded with scores of Chinese crying loudly to be saved. It was a pitiful sight, but the fighting was too hot to allow us to help them. At the same moment the "Yang-Wei" was reported disabled. She retired slowly from the fighting line, rolling heavily, masses of dense smoke emerging from her.

'Towards the close of the day dense smoke was seen issuing from the warships "Ting-Yuen," "King-Yuen," and "Ping-Yuen," and it was believed by us that all were on fire. Great confusion prevailed on board them, but they did not retire from action. Firing was still kept up intermittently on the Chinese side, though the guns of many of their ships were silenced. At sundown the Chinese squadron was in full retreat. We took a parallel course intending to renew the battle in the morning. The night was dark, the speed was only equal to that of our slowest damaged ship, and we were compelled to keep at some distance from their course on account of their torpedo flotilla, which might have attempted a night attack.

'We lost sight of the enemy during the night. At dawn we

* Troude, 'Batailles Navales de la France,' tom i. p. 205.

† Rivière, 'La Marine Française,' p. 184.

endeavoured to discover their position, but failed. The Chinese squadron must have reached protected shelter.

'Then we returned to the scene of the action, and found that the warship "Yang-Wei," which had been disabled when the battle was half over, had been run ashore. Her crew had abandoned her. We fired one fish torpedo and completed her destruction. This was the only torpedo fired by the Japanese either in the action or after it.'

The Chinese report admits all this, adding that the 'King-Yuen' was sunk, a fact the Japanese was ignorant of, and giving some details of the damage sustained by the two larger battleships:—

'In addition to the "Chih-Yuen," the "King-Yuen" was sunk by the Japanese, and two others, the "Yang-Wei" and the "Chao-Yung," having caught fire, were run ashore and abandoned.

'The damage to the "Ting-Yuen" was considerable, but not sufficient to disable her. Nearly all her woodwork was burned out, and there were 200 shot holes in her sides. Most of these were made by machine guns, and it is said, as the result of a careful examination made at Port Arthur, that not one of them has penetrated her armour more than three inches.

'The other battleship, the "Chen-Yuen," has 120 shot holes in her armour, and she suffered rather more severely than the flagship. As she returned to Port Arthur she leaked considerably, and when she reached harbour she was three feet down by the head. The dockyard officials estimate that the repairs to the Chinese fleet will take about two months to complete, although every available man has been set to work upon the damaged warships.

The Japanese asserts that the loss on their side, though heavy, was not very serious, and in comparison with that of the Chinese was trifling. The flagship 'Matsushima' suffered the most, and the candid acknowledgement of her condition gives increased credibility to the rest of his statement:—

'We had suffered on our side, but not nearly to such an extent. A shell had burst on board the flagship "Matsushima," dismounting the forward quick-firing gun and killing a number of men. The gun, too, was flung violently against the ship, doing considerable damage. The "Matsushima" had received a great part of the Chinese fire throughout, and this last disaster had rendered her useless for further fighting. Her commander and first lieutenant had been killed. One hundred and twenty of her men had been killed or wounded; but the ship still floated. Admiral Ito and his staff were transferred to the "Hashidate," and in a few minutes they were again in the thick of the fight. The "Hiyei" in the meantime had been receiving the fire of two powerful Chinese vessels. She was manœuvred skilfully and returned their fire until a shell bursting within her set the woodwork in flames. A second shell exploded in the sick bay, killing the surgeon and his assistant and some of those who had been wounded earlier. The captain was compelled to run her out of action to extinguish the

flames, and, this having been accomplished, his wounded men were transferred to another ship, and he steamed once more into line.'

The 'Matsushima' had to be sent into port for repairs, and will probably be some time in the hands of the dockyard. The other ships keep the sea, their damages being not more than can be repaired on board, for the time, at any rate.

The strategical lesson of the battle has already been dwelt on. In it there is nothing new, but in its repetition it is enforced by the most modern details. Foremost among the tactical deductions is the great importance of mobility, which here appears as neutralising heavy guns and heavy armour. The Chinese were hampered both by their inferior speed and their proximity to the shore; while the Japanese, with faster ships and plenty of sea room, could take and maintain such a position as they judged suitable. It is as yet impossible to say with any certainty what Admiral Ting's idea was in adopting the V or crescent formation; but it is not improbable that, through the admiral's German adviser, it was a reminiscence of the formation adopted by Tegetthoff at Lissa, though it has never been shown that even at Lissa it was of any advantage. But, however that may be, Tegetthoff was attacking; and clearly, for a fleet compelled by its want of mobility to remain on the defensive, such a formation has the effect of halving its numbers. It is, perhaps, inopportune to ask if the advantage of the Japanese would not have been still more decided had they concentrated their attack on one wing. Our information on points of detail is not sufficiently exact to permit us to speak with certainty; and though from the accounts, as we have them, the attack seems to have been injudiciously weakened by being made first on one wing, then on the other, and so on, alternately, there may have been circumstances, of which as yet we are ignorant, which fully warranted Admiral Ito's proceeding. It is evident, also, that he did not consider it prudent or advisable to close with more heavily armoured, more heavily armed opponents. No vessel in the Japanese squadron was able to contend on equal terms with the 'Ting Yuen' or 'Chen Yuen'; but by keeping at a sufficient distance they were able to overwhelm even these by a ceaseless storm from their smaller and quicker-firing guns.

It is said that the 37-ton guns of the 'Chen Yuen' were disabled early in the action. They are described as mounted, by pairs, in two barbette turrets, close together, in échelon; and Captain Ingles is reported to have said that on seeing the ship he pointed out to the Japanese officers that a single

shot, hitting the cover of one of the barbettes, 'would probably throw the whole of the heavy armament out of action.' It is, however, possible that the Japanese did not feel at all sure that the 'Chen Yuen' was rendered thus impotent; but they were quite sure that, at a distance of a mile or a mile and a half, they were comparatively safe from the heavy, slow-firing guns, and they did not choose to run the risk of closing. But whilst they were safe from the heavy guns of the enemy, the enemy remained safe from theirs; and though the storm of shot from the 4·7-inch quick-firing guns overpowered and beat down the Chinese from a distance, it was, apparently, only when the 'Chen Yuen' came near that the concentrated fire of the big guns proved fatal to her. So far as it is before us, the evidence all tends to confirm the belief that the main strength of a ship of war ought to be in a large number of guns of moderate weight—the 4·7-inch or the 6-inch quick-firing guns—rather than in a few unwieldy guns of great weight, inflicting, indeed, a destructive blow if they hit, but slow in firing, and as apt to miss their aim as any six-pounder afloat.

It is, however, noteworthy that in this action, as at Lissa, no ships were captured. In the days of old, when a ship was dismasted, her guns dismounted, and a large proportion of her men killed or wounded, she struck her flag. Here, there was nothing of the sort. Notwithstanding the great average distance at which the battle was fought, two of the Chinese ships were sunk, though, as it would appear, in closing, or attempting to close. The other ships lost were driven on shore, where one was burnt and the other destroyed by a torpedo. But in no case was a ship so beaten as to force her to strike her flag before she went to the bottom. Off the Yalu, as at Lissa, the fatal blow was too terribly sudden to permit of surrender.

But meanwhile the Chinese fleet has practically ceased to exist. Four ships destroyed: two others, the most powerful of all, in the hands of the dockyard for the next two months; the remainder damaged, defeated, disheartened. The Japanese remain absolute masters of the sea; and as such there is no doubt that they can bring very great pressure on the Chinese Government, and that without landing a man. Much has been lately written of the appalling prospects of the war becoming a war of races. It has been assumed that the Japanese are to throw their army into China for a war of invasion and conquest. They may do so; it is more probable that they will be the first to recognise the diffi-

culties of the situation, and to take other measures to compel the Chinese to such terms as can be accepted. They may threaten, or even occupy, Peking; so far as we know there is no military force at the disposal of the Chinese Government which can prevent them. Or with the command of the sea they can control the whole coasting trade, and they, at least, are not ignorant of the fact which we, in England, are apt to lose sight of, that the internal traffic of China crosses the Yang-tze at Chin-kiang-fu, and that in 1842 the capture of that city by Sir William Parker immediately brought the Chinese Government to terms. The seizure or close blockade of the mouth of the canal now might be expected to have the same effect that it had fifty years ago.

These important events, which were in great measure unforeseen, have opened political questions of great moment on which it would be premature to speculate. They appear, indeed, to have roused Lord Rosebery and his colleagues from the inaction which has characterised their foreign policy, though it is hard to believe that a Cabinet summoned in October with mischievous precipitancy had no larger object than to reinforce the British naval squadron in the Chinese waters by some four ships and a thousand men. That measure should have been taken at once by the Admiralty on the outbreak of the war.

But the results of this first short campaign suffice to show that the unwieldy fabric of the Chinese Empire has been severely shaken, and that, in the hour of trial, it has shown a total want of organisation and of competent authority. Its armies have been dissipated and its principal fleet destroyed. It is vain to speak of the immense resources of an empire when none of them are in a state of efficiency, and even the forms of civil government and military power appear to be wanting.

On the other hand, the success of the Japanese operations by sea and land reveals the existence of an active, ambitious, and skilful power hitherto unknown in the sphere of Eastern politics, and especially in the North Pacific Ocean. The existence of Corea as an independent State, holding the peninsula between China and Japan, is for the present at an end, and that region, which has so much geographical and strategical importance, may be said to be open to invasion and occupation, possibly by more than one of the neighbouring powers.

This country has no territorial interest in the quarrel, and we profess no predilection for one or for the other of the

contending parties. We wish well to both of them, and have no desire but for the restoration of peace; for, whatever be the ultimate result of the war, both Japan and China will be weakened and impoverished by it. But bound as we are by the laws of strict neutrality, which is the only rational policy to be pursued, we cannot forget that Great Britain has naval and commercial interests of supreme importance as regards our trade with both the belligerents, and still more as regards the distribution of naval power in the North Pacific, to which we have more than once called attention in this Journal. The safety of mercantile navigation over the Pacific Ocean, and the security of the Australian colonies and of North-Western America, are matters of paramount interest to the British Empire. We trust they will now receive more active attention than has hitherto been paid to them, and that the naval strength of this country will be adequately shown in the Eastern seas and this vast portion of the globe.

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